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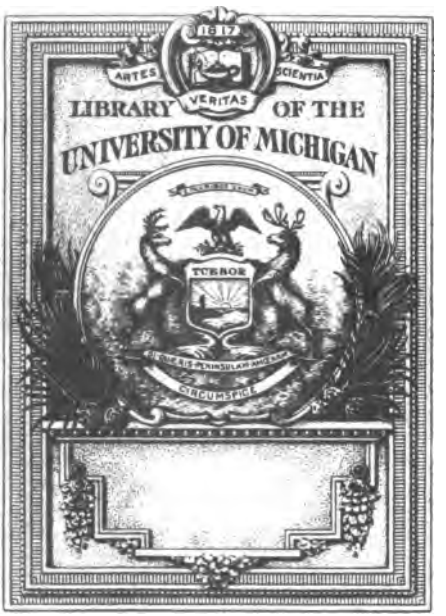

THE GIFT OF
John Bowditch

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John Lowe.
From
Edward King.

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MY PARIS:

French Character Sketches.

By EDWARD KING.

LORING:
319 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
1868.

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PREFACE.

ADAM made no apologies for being; neither does my book. Every man sees Paris differently; mine was the Paris of a stranger,—a young man; time, Exposition year; and my business was to indite letters to the *Springfield Republican* and *Boston Transcript*. The wide popularity given to the correspondence through the medium of those excellent journals was as unexpected as generous; opportunities for the study of certain phases of Paris life were never better than in 1867, and the numerous demands for a resumé, in substantial form, of a year's experience in the French capital, have prompted this volume of character sketches.

You could hardly expect a comprehensive book. He who portrays Paris to the full must be a mas-

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ter. The people, the places, and the peculiarities of which My Paris is made up are, at least, faithfully portrayed; Hombert exists; Josef, his garçon, will answer your ring at the porter's lodge; Bourlet's death may be found recorded in the little village whither we sent him; Marie's history is like that of many; and the life of hotel, street, and café, is as I have pictured it. People interest me more than palaces; Napoleon's intense features awaken in me no finer enthusiasm than the dust-whitened faces of his workmen, patiently remodeling the great city. The best houses sometimes have the most unattractive doors. If I cry your mercy as I swing wide open my portal, and invite you to enter My Paris, it is because I know my faults, and appreciate your curiosities.

Springfield, Mass., 1868.

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MY PARIS.

CHAPTER I.

COFFEE ON THE BALCONY.

THE balcony is gone now, and Baron Haussmann, who has shaken old Paris to its centre, is to blame for the sacrilege. I can hardly fancy a huge avenue sweeping remorselessly over the site of my Parisian Lares and Penates. Old landmarks vanish now-a-days rapidly as did the crowd Napoleon blew from the steps of St. Roch, when the French Revolution was fated to finish. The modern Babylon gets improvements, wondrous adornment, so marvelously quick that one might imagine the last of the Cæsars had been taught the secret of summoning the obedient genii. Myriad blue-bloused workmen stand in rows, wield their nervous arms, and straightway magic palaces rise, glittering promenades are thronged, where of late stood only mean and narrow streets, dirty and hideous pavements. Asphalte goes down, curbing flies in, macadam echoes but

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gently to the press of shining carriages. Ragged eminences are levelled, airy bridges span hitherto inaccessible rookeries, charming little squares blossom out of mud-puddles. Elegance shoulders the uncouth to the rear, and with it hustles into oblivion much of romance.

There is Clemence, the dress-maker over the way, blinking from the deep window at Robert, with whom, I half suspect, the poor creature is fondly in love. "Evil to him who evil thinks." On the next floor the panorama is curious enough. An old German observes the swallows skimming so lightly above the house-tops, and now and then tempts one of them to near his window by the persuasive accents of his flute. At the sash beyond is a gay party at dinner, and Marie is at this moment passing the salad. The little fairy clock on the mantel sends the short pointer gently to "six." So ho! I must glance down to the Place, and see if the old astronomer is bent double, tracing his Saturn or Venus on the stones which pave the centre, where stands the great Colonne Vendome! Ay, is he; busily at work; and so brightly falls the sunset on his white tracery that one may almost see the gnats fleeting across it, in frisky oblivion of science. Now and then a carriage wheel cuts over the lines, or the jingling sword of a grenadier smites against them. Sometimes an ugly gamin shuffles idly over Saturn, bent on his erasure; but if he knows the devout planet-gazer, he touches his white cap with salute of reverence.

Glance up now to the boulevard, and over the heads

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of the promenaders see the lines of quiescent people in the café. Adolphe, in his white apron, with his hair curled to that distracting turn which the Parisian garçon delights in, brings the fragrant coffee, wipes the clean round table genteelly with one hand, while with the other he pours the "little taste" of Cognac into the tiny goblet. Look farther, over the roof of the new Grand Opera, out beyond the hum and bustle, and behold Montmartre, glum and scraggy, standing in bold relief, with its wind-mill sails hanging idly, the only sign of torpor visible in all the fresh evening.

A knock at the door, authoritative, prompt, and enter concierge with coffee. A long journey has he had from the cuisine; six flights of steep, smooth waxen stairs, winding about the interior of this huge hotel. Slowly and painfully has the old fellow hobbled hither to my chimney-pots, and right glad is he to sit down. Be generous, O soul! here is for thee and thy servant. Sit thee down, gray concierge; nay, take the arm-chair thy kindness has procured for me; look about thee, and give vent to thy cynicism.

Bitterly cynical, indeed, is my concierge. The book of his life is written in letters of fire, which have burned into his brow, and the pain of which has drawn hard, tense circles around his mouth. His is not an enviable old age. Soldier in his early life, roué and loafer in his prime, wine merchant and cheat in his mad course, his fortieth year finds him in prison for a long term. Disgrace, privation, and confinement wear their channels in his visage. At fifty he is very old, and the iron

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frame that was so inured to exposure and toil in the days of soldiering is gradually giving way, so that he pants, and sits staring and ready to swear, after he has pointed at the coffee, and motioned me to take it and seat myself on the balcony.

A little bird flies down to the iron railing, but likes not the aroma of the mocha, and gets him to an higher perch. You see I call this tiny platform projecting from my dormer window, high over the Rue de la Paix, a balcony, more from satiric sense than fidelity to truth. I open my window, one huge sash, swinging wide like a door, and am among my chimney-pots.

It happens that I place myself with my back to the boulevard, and my face toward the twin towers that rise majestic, black, elevating time's night into modern day, in the distance, beyond the Seine. Our Lady never looked on me thus before. I swallow my coffee, and betake myself to reverie. Methinks I see the ancient island of Lutetia, woody, desolate, and Lieutenant Labienus landing from his galley on the shore. Such an infinite gulf between then and now! O children of Lutetia!

Civilization carries its sting with it. Strangest of all is it how one power can send its thrill down the ages, thrust its tingling vitality into the pores of a nation, centuries after that race is created, and hold its sway, strong, terribly binding, even though there is effort to throw it off. How fares it with ye, restless, passionate, pleasure-loving people below? Is not the thrall most

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potent? You had 1793, 1830, 1848; to-day you have Hugo, Girardin, Rochefort; yet your master rode through the Place de la Concorde only an hour ago, and the red, white and red flag still flutters over the dingy office in the Place Vendome, at the bureau of a dignitary of war. What power, demon, fate, demi-god, holds ye in thrall? Are ye responsible to yourselves alone for this apparent blind inertness, this dumb, cold apathy, this insignificant ignoring of the duties of citizenship, of freedom, of universal progress? On the same field of Mars, where long ago your fathers fancied Talleyrand and two hundred priests could inaugurate a reign for the goddess of reason, you built a huge toy-shop, wherein to welcome the nations, to cry peace, and yet in your own land is no peace. Shall it be well with your children if in this great era of transformation, this melting of the nation in the crucible, you let a Cæsar, stumbled out of the murk of dead centuries, preside at the test? Are you not caught too easily by the glitter and fantastic radiance of the present? Better for you were the Tuileries crumbled to its primal condition of brick-yard; were Napoleon still smoking his villainous meerschaum in the castle of Ham; were Haussmann transformed from maker of streets to builder of castles in Spain; were Marshal Niel doing penance in an Algerian desert; were Madame Musette confined at Saint Lazare; were Pere Hyacinthe to preach Puritanism at the Bal Mabille; were Eugenie to do charitable errands in the Rue des Martyrs, sooner than in the hospitals!

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What is Paris, what was Paris, what will Paris be? Practically, it is the queen city of the world, covering seventeen thousand acres, containing two millions of inhabitants, and fifty thousand houses. Without troubling our heads too much with statistics, we may judge something of the improvements making, from the fact that Baron Haussmann has expended 453,000,000 of francs on only twenty new boulevards and squares. Future generations must do a good share at payment of this little bill. Paris is the heart of France, —the center of the world. By-and-by, New York will usurp its functions. To-day it stands pre-eminent. Germans and Americans call it the unique city of pleasure; the Prussian admits that it is a paradise; the Russian finds it his educator; the Turk his puzzle; the Japanese a mystery; the Egyptian a thing to be worshiped. The Parisian born finds it impossible to shake off its influence. Even in the pleasant avenues of Saint Germain; under the leaves at Meudon; by the river at Passy, or on the tower's top at Vincennes, he feels himself desolate. Outside the city's walls he feels among strangers. Paris is France, but France is not Paris. The Parisian is a Frenchman, but only two millions of Frenchmen are Parisians. *Nous sommes d'accord*, my concierge and myself, that Paris is a puzzle. Just that. Let us call it a puzzle—a labyrinth, with the army for its Minotaur. You understand that perfectly, old fellow? Yes, for you have been a bit busy with books in your day. Modern Lutetia is infinite in variety, in virtue, in vice, in magnificence, in

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wretchedness. It is the city of contrasts. Here a new pleasure is born daily, and Paris tastes it, eulogizes it, and dismisses it before sunset. Here is charming domestic life, and utter lack of it. Here, side by side, are wonders of science, and ignorance of the common details of education. Here on the Madeleine's marble floor kneel together Marie the cocotte, and Marie the pure bride. At one end of the city stands the Tuileries; at the other lie hidden the "quarries," where nightly scores of vagabonds find rest on damp earth. Here the comfortable forever jostles the miserable; here all human cries so blend together, that only one pæan of harmony seems to be heard. For what harmony ever went wandering starward, which had not in it concord and discord wondrously blended, the massive minors of misery giving undertone, grand and pathetic, to the enchanting whole?

Let Victor Hugo tell what Paris was. "For Cæsar, a tributary city; for Julian, a country seat; for Charlemagne, a school; for Hugh Capet, a family palace; for Philip Augustus, a fortress; for Louis the Headstrong, a gibbet; for Charles the Fifth, a library; for Louis Eleventh, a printing establishment; for Francis First, a cabaret; for Richelieu, an academy; for Louis Fourteenth, the place for beds of justice and burning chambers; and for Bonaparte, the grand starting-point for war. Tiberius, so to speak, laid the first stone of Notre-Dame; it was he who found this place good for a temple, and who had erected there an altar to the god Cerennos and the bull Esus. On Mount Saint Gene-

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vieve Mercury has been worshiped; Apollo adored on the island of Louviers; and Caracalla, that emperor who killed his brother, Geta, to make him a god, on the site of the Tuileries. The primitive water merchants of Paris were fifteen hundred years in advance of the Samaritan woman." For the rest, you have only to consult the books, musty and fat, in the Bibliotheque du Roi. You may go back to the time when Cæsar's lieutenant christened "Lutetia," the forlorn island which he came upon in the midst of the Seine, and linger as you please in the mists of tradition, legend, and history. You will find the task well worth your while; but my motto is "Forward," and the concierge winks merrily at me from the arm-chair as I announce to him my purpose to write of the children of Lutetia. From the days of Clovis until now, search as you may, you will find nothing more romantic than you may discover in the modern Lutetia, Paris of to-day, the city increased in extent from nine meagre acres to seventeen thousand, pushed forward in the progress of the centuries from an obscure hamlet in a forest islet to the forefront of civilization, to be echoed in all lands and tongues as *the* city.

. . . . . .

"And so Charles is conscripted, and you have nothing to do but to let him go, concierge?"

Shrugging his shoulders, eye-brows at utmost possible arc, hands describing minute semi-circles of careless gesture, as they mount in air to seal with emphasis the affirmative of the concierge.

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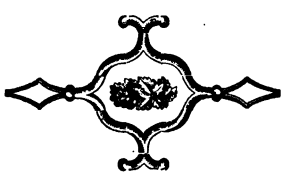
"And you are glad, or how is it that you seem so careless of his fate?"

"Ah, well! if one must! and then, some one must serve as soldier, *n'est ce pas?* What could he do, *L'Empereur*, without soldiers?"

Verily, concierge, what could he?



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CHAPTER II.

MY FIRST WOES.

DON'T wonder the Frenchmen sometimes call the channel between France and England the Styx. To monsieur, coming, all life and animation, with his nervous gestures and shrugs, from his rosy country, among the undemonstrative English, and into the mists of old England, the contrast must be excessively painful. But I cannot believe Charon ever allowed people to be as seasick and uncomfortable in his bark as you may be in the dirty little boats, I will not dignify them with the name of steamers, which run from London Bridge to Boulogne, Providence and tide permitting. The channel has all the ugliness of the Styx with all the wickedness of Scylla and Charybdis. It is a treacherous strait, and one which the traveler should avoid when he can.

But I was going out of the mists into the sunshine; I was bound for the coast of France. A neat German waiter growled me out of bed at an hour long before the sun was due on the horizon, packed me into a cab, shook his fist at the cabman as an admonition not to

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cheat me, slammed the door, and left me shivering in the uncomfortable temperature of mid-January, and with confused ideas of French and English accents drifting through my brain, as "cabby" cracked his whip, and rattled through the Minories, under the shadow of the old Tower, along narrow and crooked streets crammed with vans and fighting teamsters, and finally drew up with a bang in front of the station at London Bridge, from whence the "Rhine" was appointed to sail at 7 A. M., precisely. First came to the door the English nuisance, who differs from the French and Italian nuisances of his gender and profession in that he is more offensive, and still decidedly more humble. Uriah Heep could not have equalled the humility of my porter as he opened my carriage door, nor could the oldest, snuffiest, and most ignorant Italian official in the mountains have been as offensive as was said porter when told his services were not to be taken until the pay was agreed upon. Mem: when you set foot on European soil, establish firmly as your principle that all bargains shall be made beforehand.

Climbing over a mass of barges, leading from the dock—if you can call it a dock—to the boat, I found myself on an inferior craft, which would hardly be considered fit to carry cattle in America, country of princely steamers and cars. Item, the deck was dirty; item, the floor of the cabin was dirty; item, the beds in the berths were desperately dirty. I shall not forget the cry of horror which a little French damsel gave, as she looked into the ladies' room and saw the

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questionable accommodations there. The presentiment of seasickness, and the idea of shelving herself on such filth, was too terrible; it hastened her epic of suffering. In plain words, how she did vomit an hour later!

Do you like an Englishman with turned-up nose, turned-up toes—of his shoes, soft hat with flabby rim, little turned-down collar, a real abortion in linen, and a red-covered guide-book in his hand? I don't. I am charitable, but I cannot like him. We had such an one on the "Rhine," and you should have seen him staggering and writhing under what was, after all, like himself, a "pleasant swell." I was delighted when we got ashore in France, to note his frantic efforts, for he had utterly disregarded Hood's advice—

> "Never go to France
> Unless you know the lingo."

In strong contrast to him were a party of his own countrymen, going to France seeking for the work out of which they were crowded in London. They were shabby enough, God knows; and their dinner, out of a large bag in which they had stored everything, bread and butter and shirts included, was a pitiful affair, because it had an air of starvation about it. The English workman is too often shabby, and the English tourist is too often too rich.

All the concomitants of travel were on the boat, and we drifted down the Thames and out toward the French coast on one of the prettiest mornings, after all, that is

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often vouchsafed England. From seven in the morning until four in the afternoon we went forward bravely, and rocking just enough to make the freshlings wofully sick. Our Englishman held out manfully for some time; he looked philosophically into the waves, he descended to the cabin and read Murray, he ascended and conversed, but suddenly!—I, just released from the throes of a Cunard steamer and the mid-winter Atlantic, managed to keep my dignity and bile, but it was simply because the berths below were too dirty to lie in. Once well in rough water, I felt a desire to lie down; if I had lain down I should have been sick. Mem: keep on deck when you are green at sea. The dainty little French lady did the worst thing she could; she sat by the fire and held on to her mouth; the result, before noon, you can imagine. When we were nearing Boulogne, she said in English, "Were you sick?" To which I, with reasonable pride, but the air of telling a lie, responded "No; and you?" Upon honor, the question recalled such thoughts to her that she sobbed "Ye—yes"—and fell to nausea then and there.

How brave one is when he first sets his foot on foreign soil! What a sovereign regard he has for his nationality; and yet how uncomfortable he is after the first day's journey among the echoes of a strange language. While this little French woman was recounting her experience, we felt a shock, and I, running up the cabin stairs, saw the sailors attaching the boat to a large, square built, high stone pier, on

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which were three figures which one sees everywhere in France. They were a sergent-de-ville, a priest, and a common soldier. The first sauntered indolently by, with his cocked hat most gallantly poised on one ear, and his long rapier hanging straight to his heel; the second gathered his streaming robes about his splay feet, guarded his shovel hat from the sea-breeze, and clenched his gilded prayer-book; and the third paced back and forth as if moved on wires, and his musket seemed frozen to his shoulder.

Suddenly there came a sound as of magpies in the distance; or no, like the grating of innumerable saw teeth on iron, and then such a clattering of wooden shoes as one hears only in Boulogne. Here, in the frosty weather, were dozens of old women, with dirty handkerchiefs wrapped around their heads: with short skirts disclosing skinny ankles, and for stockings straw stuffed in the wooden shoes. They ranged themselves in rows about our baggage, and then came the descent of the harpies. No one could understand them who understood French even passably well; for they talked a most horrible *patois*. They seized and bore away our effects, and we were anxious enough to follow. So we passed up in single file, each declaring his nationality as he landed. I went to the custom-house, where the only things in my baggage which the official seemed to be frightened at were a small brush broom and a Bible; both were supremely beyond his comprehension.

My first day in France was not one calculated to awaken pleasing impressions. It snowed,—a light,

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filmy, ethereal fall of white flakes—for it was too cold to produce a heavy fall. It was cold, indeed. The policemen shrugged their shoulders into their coat collars; the old women shivered and muttered "Sainte Vierge," as they carried the huge bundles; the hack drivers shrank into their ample red waistcoats, and beat their little horses to keep up a circulation; and I was set down at the beautiful railway station in time for the six o'clock Paris train, in a state of intense frigidity, and a quandary.

Quandary, because although I knew the French of books, I did not know the French of railway stations. I stared at one of the officials, and he stared at me. He was a lank, long man, like Coleridge's ancient mariner. His high cheek bones, his crisp black hair, his lips made to ring out labials, told me he was very French; my soft hat and the color of my hair told him that I was a Saxon. I was not frightened, but felt certain the train was about to move, and pointed desperately at my baggage. He moved not—this idiot; but asked me some questions in rapid accents, so I ejaculated the word "Paris," and pointed once more to my baggage. He took it, weighed it, placed it in the train, and then asked me, after I had feed him, for more. This Twist-like demand I confess I understood, but my apparent ignorance of French was truly astonishing. I was determined to have the better of him in one instance.

I don't care what bachelors say about Eve's being a curse to Adam. It was a woman who came to my re-

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lief in this trying case. Very pretty under her Paris bonnet, and her brown hair, was the French face, but into an ugly frown was it contracted the moment it looked at the railway official. Quick and sweet were the accents she addressed him, but their meaning was acid. He cringingly obeyed her order with regard to her baggage. She saw my embarrassment, God bless her! The official laughed, and I could have kicked him. He thought I was an Englishman, and hated me. She interpreted in moderate English my demands, and the result was that I didn't go off to Calais, instead of going to Paris. I should surely have taken the wrong train. I know she was a milliner, because she had hosts of bandboxes, but I respected her, because she knew the worth of the adage, "A friend in need is a friend indeed." Her bonnet strings fluttered away, so did my heart: she closed the door of a compartment in the car, and I never saw her more.

Then the train with its odd engine, with two huge staring lights in front; with its short, squat cars, full of windows, which seemed made not to see out of; with its compartments, which the social system of old countries has so long thought necessary; with its queer little closet for the conductor, perched on the end of the last car, and with the conductor himself shouting angrily, "*Prenez vos places*"—a command which I only half understood, and did not enter the car until I was pushed in! Fancy my misery when I found I was alone.

There was six hours' ride before me with no one to

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speak to, and no means of speaking if I had had a companion. There was my baggage to be reclaimed, and no friendly milliner to come to my aid. Should I see her again? No—and it would be midnight when I reached Paris. There would be the sea of lights, the crowd of travelers, the rush of porters, the trundle of drags, and who would hear my weak, English voice? What trouble I should have! What oceans of misery rolled upon me! How I should search in vain and be mortified.

Nothing of the sort! The conductor took me under his especial care, examined my through ticket, slammed the door in my face at Amiens and at Creil, each of which promising towns I mistook for Paris, and snarled *Sacré nom de Dieu!*—some very bad words—only once, and that was when I nearly missed the train by dismounting, amid a glare of light, at a well ordered station, where I saw the Paris journals. I could, and I would read.

So along lines of high hedges, past vineyards, lying bare and semi-bleak, with the pretty flakes clinging tenderly to the dead tendrils of the vine; along stretches of forest, indefinite yet impressive in the darkness; rattling through quaint towns where the stone-roofed houses were taking their sleep with fresh white night-caps on; finally across an open expanse of plain; then through a gate where I got a dim glimpse at the outlines of fortifications; along great avenues,—multitudes of gas lamps scattered everywhere, suddenly shooting into a huge station—but no bustle—no confusion. We

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straggled out, one and all. I was taken by the shoulder gently, but firmly, and pointed to the "bureau" for baggage; I beheld my trunk—I delivered my billet—I saw a hotel across the way. A small, lithe porter said *Oui* as he saw my embarrassment—and in ten minutes I was in a Parisian café, with four newspapers and two waiters at my elbow.

That night my dreams were disturbed. The incipient exhibition building took the form of a nightmare, and I saw it as I had seen it in pictures—only it was winged and hovering above me, and the iron and glass seemed falling upon me. Then a French milliner and a surly conductor haunted me—the fishwomen of Boulogne seemed to bear me away. I awoke; it was high noon, and I stared out on the lightest and prettiest buildings I had ever seen; I felt confident; I went out after toilet, to walk on the broad streets, and my verdancy was gone until a little gamin beneath my nose said, "Oh, yes! God damn." Shocked back to a sense of my helplessness, I returned disgusted to my breakfast.

But my woes were not to last always.

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CHAPTER III.

IN THE ENEMY'S MIDST.

O there was really no help for it. How was I to manage it? She looked at me, and I returned the gaze. It was ludicrous—and I was at the beginning of quandary number two. She was an Alsatian; one of those malfaisant compounds who speak both French and German, coming as they do from the frontier of France and Germany, and, all unpracticed with dulcet accents though I was, I could understand that she lacked the rapid and equalized Parisian accent. It was all about the price of the room, because I had the feeling of location very strong in the head, and wanted before the day was over to be comfortably settled in my own room. The landlord came in—and, wonderful to relate—he could manage somewhat the English tongue; it was therefore definitely arranged that in consideration of the guarantee of my personal effects I should keep the key of my room of the previous night, while I went hunting a home for the next six months.

It was cold—but there was not even wind enough stirring to mar the beauty of the long festoons of milky

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white, the drapery of the snow, which hung upon the branches in the little parks, or were gracefully pendant from the shrubs in the boxes along the pavement. It was so cold that the sergent-de-ville performed his favorite gestures of shrugging his shoulders up above his ears, sending his moustache up to protect his nose, concealing his hands in the flowing sleeves of his overcoat, and knocking his neatly booted feet energetically together. The cartmen from the country, cowering on the backs of their great white horses, and covered in huge checked capes; the city workmen, hurrying to and fro with their queer comforters stuffed into the necks of their blouses, and their glazed caps pulled frantically over their brows; the cabmen with their red waistcoats hidden under mountains of frieze and warm woolens; and here and there an old priest with his robe flapping insecurely around his doubly swathed legs—all testified that it was bitter cold.

How well I remember my first walk in Paris. I went just where I should not have gone. I went first straggling away toward the north quarter of the city, and stumbled finally into the Rue St. Martin, where I walked and walked past innumerable shops and pigmy cafés—whose attractions I disdained—because I wished to get settled down the first day. Then, too, I turned corners and went through alley-ways until I came under the shadow of the hill Montmartre, where hundreds of years ago Saint Denis suffered martyrdom. I wandered into the quarters where all the roofs seemed to be shrugging their broken shoulders at me; and where old

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women with wooden shoes on clattered past me with baskets on their heads, and recalled the fishwives of Boulogne. Then, retracing my steps, I wandered again, going nearly to La Villette, and that is to say a mile out of my way. At last, however, I saw in white letters on blue ground on a corner the words, "Rue de LaFayette." I remembered that mine host in London had given me a card of introduction to what he considered a most excellent family at number 43 Rue de LaFayette, and thither I bent my way.

The path was straight, now, and I very soon arrived at the place where number 43 had once been, but was no longer. Napoleon and his improvements had squelched it; on its foundations was going up a new and splendid hotel; and at that moment number 43 did not exist on the Rue de LaFayette. So my hopes of finding the amiable Franc family were dashed.

I am glad of it now. I am glad I never found 43. I wonder what deity it was that sent me farther down the street—past the good old church of St. Vincent de Paul, with its ugly exterior and matchless altars within—past the famous Faubourg Poissonniere—and brought me up in front of a beautiful little square, with an ice-covered lake in the middle, and a fountain of artificial rock looming above it; that encouraged me to pick my way across the trampled street, and to hail neighbor Marion there, wine merchant, and ask him if there were apartments to let—up stairs.

Neighbor Marion and neighbor Marion's wife and dog came to the door of the little shop to have a look

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at the *Anglais.* Marion was a little man with full features, a long black beard, and a bobtailed jacket, which seemed to make him smaller than he would otherwise have looked. Marion's wife was a little woman with long, black hair, a short cut sack, and a bewitching smile; and Marion's dog was an ugly object with a bobtail, who persisted in smelling the American leather of my boots. The trio stared a moment, not because they were unaccustomed to strangers, but because the Frenchman never can reconcile himself to the fact that one who does not speak French as his native tongue can be sound of mind.

There were half a dozen workmen drinking in Marion's shop, and playing piquet on the little tin-topped tables; wine and bread and meat were the composites of a meal which an old lady, probably from the bazaar round the corner, was forcing rapidly to disappear; and two cabmen were drinking each other's health and warmth in glasses of *Vin ordinaire.*

"Apartments to let—*mais oui*—Monsieur will have the goodness to come up stairs," and neighbor Marion and I ascended the clean, waxed steps, through a porch lined with house plants, and were soon at the first floor front. There was the glass door of the porter's room, there was "*Monsieur le proprietaire,*" and Monsieur Marion was back in his shop, and left me to fight my battles alone.

"Augustine!" (accent on the *tine*) sang a voice none too sweet on the stairs above, and presently hurried down a bright eyed little servant, who fluttered in at

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the door, and opened it to me, while Hombert, propriétaire, looked up to welcome me.

Madame was in one corner, sewing, with her spectacles on; a comely, good-natured woman, whom household duties did not sour so but that she said, most cordially, "*Bon jour!*" and there came a chorus of "*Bon jour*" from all in the room.

"Hombert, stand up! Why do you sleep on the sofa in that way, when strangers come for rooms. Great ugly parrot—lazy charmer—go my love, with your keys, and show monsieur a room which shall please his taste."

I know that this is the substance of what she said to him, but I can't swear to the exact words.

Hombert shook himself, and got up. He must have been sleeping an hour, for his skull cap was firmly settled down over his eyes, and a bottle of beer was empty on the table. I learned afterwards to time him. If I came in from an afternoon walk and found two empty bottles on the table, and he doubled up on the lounge, I counted him two hours; three bottles, three hours; a little glass of Cognac, ten minutes; four glasses of wine, an after dinner snooze.

While Hombert is struggling out of his skull cap, and getting his keys together, let me describe him for you. He is tall and well proportioned, but there is something in the face, in the eyes, even on the lips, that makes you sure he is a good fellow, but of no great firmness of character. If madame does not hold the purse we are very much mistaken, aren't we? See

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how she hurries him, and he looks at us and laughs, saying in a shrug, "She's a jewel, and she thinks I need polishing."

So you do, old fellow, but not to-day. For there is not a fresher, cleaner concierge in all Paris, this cold morning. Your linen is spotless, your stockings are pure, your slippers are models, and your coat, though not of fine stuff, is neat and worn with grace. Your apron could not be whiter—there is not even a wrinkle in it,—and I am firmly impressed that you will be an excellent host, obliging and faithful.

In French houses in cities the ground floor is never counted as a story, because it is always rented for shops; so we go up four flights of stairs, Hombert and I, but it is in the third story. The room is chosen, and happily enough it fronts directly on the little park, with the fountain and the ice-covered lake. Now bustle begins. Hombert rings a bell in the stairway. Josef, the garçon, comes rushing out of breath, and is ordered to prepare monsieur's chamber. Meantime, I have the most horrible experiences in endeavoring to persuade Hombert that my trunk is at another hotel. He thinks I do not express myself as I wish, and that the trunk is still unclaimed at the station. So nothing is to be done but to pilot him to the hotel, settle matters, and to puff back after him as he leads the procession, with my trunk on his shoulder.

Wonderful changes have taken place since I left. New curtains are up, and throw strange shadows into the mirror which the leaping firelight has made daz-

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zling; here is the green arm-chair and the round writing table, and the marble toilet-stand. Surely, these were not here before. Ah! these and others to follow, monsieur! We are a good house, Hombert, but we do not always keep our promises.

So I was settled. Do you know how inexpressibly like home it was? There was the novelty, the indefinite charm of living among strangers, of seeing new sights, of studying new types of life, but the keenest pleasure was in the new home. I opened the window and looked out. It was cold yet, but how light and cheerful and gay. No gray London mists got into one's throat and seemed to be fighting his life; no dull dead winter of American cold strangled my enthusiasm; no severe sea-breezes came bringing tales of tossing waves and stiffened sails in my ears. I was in the heart of the queen city of the world, which art and science and nature have blessed beyond belief; which has a population of two millions of people who fly from misery when they can, and when they cannot longer shun it, accept it even with mock gayety. It was the city that Cæsar had founded, that Clovis had governed, that Charlemagne had consecrated with his presence; over beyond Montmartre, whose heights I saw lying shadowy dim in the distance, lay buried the bones of the mighty; and on the other side of me, away in some avenue which I had not yet seen, Napoleon, present arbiter, was taking his afternoon nap.

It was growing dark. Josef brought in two candles, wax, fresh and firm as ivory—punched the fire, and

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softly withdrew. The cold said shut the window, and with a parting glimpse at the curious crowds, I withdrew to the arm-chair.

This then was Paris. And why did I not go to promenade on the grand boulevards, and see the world in a walk? Why did I not search for the towers of Notre Dame, or go and stroll in the Tuileries garden? All this I was postponing until the morrow, and duties and memories of travel had well engrossed my attention, when there was a knock on the door.

It was Hombert the faithful, who struggled once more out of his skull-cap, as he entered with an array of clean towels, and an excuse to talk with me. The following exceedingly felicitous conversation ensued:

"Monsieur is American?"

"Oui." Here Hombert holds up both hands.

"Monsieur has come so far!"

"Very, oui." Answers from American side not famous for lucidity.

'Does monsieur find it too cold?"

"Yes; it is very pleasant."

"Will monsieur explain how he would like his room arranged?"

Here both parties indulge in a hearty laugh. Why? Because the American's face is very blank.

"Ah, oui. That will come. Monsieur speaks very well. Does he like the prospect—Paris is very gay and ——"

"No, I have never been there—" Another laugh.

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We both relapse into silence. Finally, Hombert struggles into his cap, and says, "*Bon soir.*"

So here I grow lonesome again, and go to the window to watch the eternal rush of carriages on the smooth pavement, the hosts of gay workmen singing home from their work, the street sweeper, dressed in blue, with the badge on his cap, brushing away the snow; the gaily painted omnibuses, with the strong white horses pulling nobly at the shafts; the couples tripping along to the masked ball round the corner; the old veterans going to play dominoes in the café under Hombert's mansion; and the great tide of vice lounging leisurely forward to swallow its victims. Then a bugle sounds, and a party of Zouaves go by to the barracks around the corner for their supper; and a merry crowd of boys—we are in carnival time—are making the air ring with the harsh harmony of their horns.

And I shut the window, and go out to see what this new life is like.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE WORLD IN A WALK.

RIGHT past the front door of Hombert's mansion, in the gutter where now was the effervescence of the light snow, in 1848 had flowed the blood of the sons of France, who had dared to make revolution. Had I known it then, perhaps I should have looked with still more intense interest upon the locality. But as it was, I was satisfied. The march of Napoleon's improvements had been ahead of me, had spanned a pair of steep streets just beyond our square with a tasteful bridge, and had only two years ago cut the whole open square out of a great hill, some child of scraggy old Montmartre, which shrugged its shoulders in the distance, and seemed to be listening to the sound of its windmills twirling in the night breeze. Under the bed of the street on which Hombert's mansion stood had been dug up only the year before a broken statue of the Roman empress Julia; how it ever came in that locality no man can conjecture, for it was not the section of Paris where Roman remains were usually found.

Paris is magic by night. The day takes somewhat

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of this romance away; but in the evening, "on the asphalte,"—the smooth pavements of the grand boulevards,—or in the quiet shades at Vincennes; on the crowded Rue Royale, in some crammed passage all aglow with shops and costumes, or on the banks of the Seine, in whose bosom are reflected the million lights of the great city, from Trocadero to Notre Dame; on the broad avenue of the Champs Elysèes, where fashion and vice dazzle and tempt, and where nature wooes her sweetest, too; or on some long stretch of path in the Bois de Boulogne, where the moon throws strange shadows upon stranger crowds, all Paris is beautiful by night. The theaters pour in their crowds at six, and pour them out at twelve; the brilliant cafés show glittering groups for miles along the great thoroughfares; the wine shops send out their rollicking clubs of blue bloused workmen, whose costumes are picturesque in the glare of the gas; the hundreds of petty merchants stalk up and down, with their tempting displays of mock wares, seeking whom they may devour; the grenadiers in their gay blue and white tilt past, jingling the metal of their scabbards on the clean pave; the policemen saunter by, with their hats cocked knowingly on one side, and hands held half good-naturedly, half menacingly, on the hilts of their long rapiers; the political spy stalks unknown among the unsuspecting, and opens his thievish ears and draws quick breath through his suspicious lips when he thinks he is sure of his prey; the vagrant skulks a little in the shadow of the carriages at the curbstone, and when he sees mademoiselle the

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rich, the favored of the demi monde pass by, her whom perhaps he can remember to have seen in equal misery with himself, for Paris has its romance of uprisal and downfall, he solicits alms, and gets it; yes—and there, pausing under the café awning, with the brilliancy of mellow light flooding a face which now belongs only to dark and sorrow, stands she whom Paris multiplies like sparrows, whom the great city flings off as the reek of its refuse, to be trodden under foot of men.

These are all distinctive features on the panorama of a walk anywhere in Paris, go you from the Bastille to the Bois: and these are the figures which drifted before my amazed eyes, when I went out for my first walk upon the boulevards. Leaving Hombert at the door in a profusion of bows and a clean apron, and madame, his wife, objurgating at him from the window, because he would persist in annoying me, I strolled down the Rue de LaFayette, whose splendors are only of three years' date, and made my way towards the boulevards. Having placed two or three polite Frenchmen on metaphorical thorns by asking them questions which they could not understand, I blundered on to the Rue Le Peletier, under the shadowy porticoes of the Imperial Opera, where lay curled up heaps of little Italian street musicians, dead asleep,—and suddenly, in a blaze of light and glory, in press and hurry of crowds, in excess of mirth and conversation, or in silence and anxiety of sorrow, in broadcloth and silk, in overall and calico, I found the world in a walk.

I did just what any sensible stranger would have

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done. I went the length of the boulevards, from Bonne Nouvelle to the Madeleine. Past such illimitable lines of carriages! Past such hosts of cafés, not one of which I dared to enter, for I was alone, without much command of tongue, and had a horror of ridicule. Past shops where wealth lay piled in such profusion as I had never seen before! Past theatres, where the entering audience stood in long lines of single file, and roared and stewed and grumbled until I concluded that politeness was not a characteristic of French crowds. I became more firmly fixed in that conviction some days after, when, ignorant and unsuspecting, I fell into the tide of fun, the clutches of the carnival. Then was I tossed in the sea of shoulders, then was I sauced and insulted even in the *patois* of the workmen, in the rapid French of the young aristocrats, until—*Je ne m'y connaissais plus*—I knew myself no longer.

Now I shall not describe houses for you just yet. You all imagine the main physiognomy of the boulevards—broad, light streets, paved with the firm asphalte, and lighted with profusion of gas: on either side rise the immense tall blocks, pierced with the passages through to other labyrinths, and these passages lined with such dainty little bazaars as only Parisian ladies can appreciate. If it is a glove shop, the counters are like your toilette-table; the shelves are perfect paragons of taste and luxury. Here at one corner is a flower store; the lady who keeps it is somewhat withered, and you can see poverty in the

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frayed edges of her comely black silk, but she doesn't look unhappy. Here, amid wealth of odors and blossoms, you may have your choice; and next door is the carnival costumer, who for a twenty-franc piece will send you out upon the walk arrayed angel or devil, as you please, to tweak the noses of innocent passers-by, and bray sharp notes upon a discordant horn. Here, too, is the bookseller's stall, not dusty and grimy, like those we have seen in Nassau street, or even Paternoster Row, but light, airy and cheery, with the tempting wares and rare bargains thrust to the window, where one cannot help buying them.

But why did I say the world in a walk? Because summer and winter, spring and autumn, Paris presents a panorama of all races on its pave, just as it presents all types of circumstance, happiness, and suffering. Because the first impression to a stranger bursting upon the shifting wonders of the boulevards is that he has at last found the universal city, the Utopia of the man of the world. O Paris! with your beauties—Paris, with your advantages of nature and modern civilization—you are, after all, a huge, hollow sham, in whose unrest and misery, I, stranger from America, in soft hat and cloth gaiters, jostling against your beavers and varnished boots, brushing close to your spotless silks, see nothing but merriment and splendor. Fortunately, the dream shall not last long.

You can compare the boulevards to two hemispheres; and for the antipodes take the Madeleine and the Bastille. Some one else has said this, but it is so

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good that I repeat it. On this cold winter evening I walked down to the Madeleine and stood before it some time, impressed by its noble severity, its perfect grandeur. He who built that church knew well how to build; the rows of massive columns all around, with their Corinthian capitals, and on each side the niches for the saints make the great pile, rising from amidst the foliage, and with the perfume from the flower-market at its base drifting around its grand and simple roof, the finest of modern churches. As I went away, I fancied St. Hilary smiling at me from his perch in the frosty stone, and telling me to be gay, for it was carnival time.

It was getting late and cold by the time I had had my first view of the Madeleine, and I went back rapidly toward the great Café Riche and the shadows of the Imperial Opera, with an eye to escalading Hombert's staircase as soon as possible. Idiot that I was! I should even then have gone home without mustering courage to have entered a café, if an accident had not driven me in. It was when I got once more well away from the boulevards, and was on the Rue de LaFayette, with Montmartre in plain view, and Hombert and his skull-cap not many doors off. A horse had fallen in the traces, and a curious crowd had blocked up the street. So on the corner of the Rue Cadet I came upon the blockade, and had my choice, to pierce it, or enter the "*Café Bechet.*"

This was the sign enclosed in glass, brilliant in painted letters on the window pane. Pronounce the last word *Basha* (long a) and you have the name.

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Here I made my first entreé into a Parisian café, and here I first met Monsieur Bechet.

There was a long and circular counter, so neatly tipped with bright tin or pewter that the red wine which ran so generously made it seem like silver streaked with crimson. A figure of Signor Polichinello adorned the pyramidal pedestal in the centre of the bottles, and a young lady (you may have seen her yourself at Bechet's) whose beauty, if not angelic, was enchanting, adorned the space behind the counter.

There was François, five feet high, and active as a spring-board, pouring Burgundy from one small-nosed bottle into another, and not even soiling his irreproachable apron in the operation; there was Alphonse, rushing frantically with a tray filled with absinthe glasses toward a party of old cronies who were busy at dominoes; and there was Charles, with a mug of foaming beer, setting it down on the marble of the table before me, pushing the evening papers to my elbow, then vanishing like a shadow.

Monsieur Bechet was a character such as I can hardly hope to draw. He was not so peculiar in gait and accent as in character. I came to know him very well. He was of most indefatigable energy, most inexhaustible patience. The café was open from nine in the morning until half an hour past midnight. When the hands pointed "straight up and straight down," as the Irishman said, at that witching time just before the small hours, he began to turn down his shutters. Some few clients might linger, to finish a paragraph in the journal, but

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in general, no! He was lame, and nature had blessed him with a rotundity of abdomen such as all temperate men cannot attain. He always wore a black cloth cap, stuck on the back of his head, as if hung there on one hair more springy than the others. I am sure the waiters stood in mortal terror of him.

Two parties of workmen were taking a supper of bread and meat and wine as I entered, and I am confident they were enjoying it. What would have grown to a disturbance of the peace here was innocent "hilarity" there. Nothing gross, and no intemperance. First came a little soup, made of flour and common vegetables; next a *ragout de mouton*, or a real traditional beefsteak (*biftek*, in French, if you please); and then perhaps a fragment of cheese. Beer after wine would have been dissipation, to their thinking.

By the time I had dispensed with my glass of beer, Monsieur Bechet assured us all that the blockade was over, and messieurs would no longer find the policeman so stupid. It was forever so—and *mille pardons*—Charles, this gentleman—and, aoh! the gentleman is Americain—*et bon soir*. Would he come once more—and la France did it please him—but the French beer was not so good—(chuckle of flattery here) and adieu—so we part like good friends, he holding the door open, and I get back to Hombert and the shadows of Montmartre.

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CHAPTER V.

THE TRUE BOULEVARDS.

THE complacent Englishman, who swallows his fried sole at the Diner de Paris, dabbles in his finger-glass, awkwardly pays the waiter his *pourboire* of half a franc, and then goes to saunter upon the boulevards, may reflect, if he can stoop far enough from his national dignity, that France no longer fears England; that, in fact, he is walking upon the ruins of the ancient bulwarks which the Gauls erected against the hostile Britons. As he strolls onward, daintily picking his teeth, (a national gesture,) he may remember that toward the end of the seventeenth century, Paris began to thrust its frowsy head over those walls, and to cry, "More room!" While passing the Porte St. Martin, which still towers magnificently amid the modern grandeur, with its inscription to *Ludovico Magno*, he will inevitably reflect, if he knows anything of history, that Louis Fourteenth had a good deal of spunk to tear down his bulwarks, leaving only these arches to praise himself, and his city in a measure unprotected, while he established new fortifications farther off. Not much

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like the boulevards of to-day were these vast promenades then. Sad and solitary enough were they, and it took many a year of patient cultivation to bring them into anything like avenues of travel. The whole extent of the ancient line of the bulwarks was then called the Course. But so long a time was required to wipe out the traces of the fortifications, that custom finally named the promenade "the boulevards." Now-a-days, alas, the long circular line from the Madeleine to the Bastille does not reserve this name exclusively to itself; but dozens of new avenues not built on the site of old ramparts are called *boulevards*. Some years ago an official announcement reserved the name for the original and principal promenade; but this was disregarded, and to-day Paris has, besides the Grand Boulevards, the Boulevards Sebastopol, Strasbourg, St. Michel, Haussmann, Neuilly, Malesherbes, and will have a dozen more in as many years. Then there are the "outside boulevards," so called because they were originally separated from the city by a wall, beyond which nothing could pass from the country until it had paid the octroi, or city dues. When that wall was taken down, after the annexion of many of the communes in the vicinity, these streets were greatly improved, and are now very beautiful. They are planted with four rows of trees, forming a most delightfully shady promenade in summer, and at right and left there is a macadamized road for carriages. There are twenty-four of these exterior boulevards, on the right and left banks of the Seine, and their names recall

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those of the ancient communes now swallowed up in the city. There is still another series of boulevards, just within the present line of the fortifications. It is called the strategic, or military route, and is divided into many sections, each bearing the name of a marshal of the first empire.

The grand boulevards, however, being the key to Paris, the central point of its extravagance of matter and manner, whenever you hear them spoken of, you may at once call to mind that species of semi-circular promenade, (without doubt the finest in the world,) which extends from the Colonne de Juillet, high on the hill where the Bastille once frowned, to the severe and imposing architecture of the Madeleine, with the odor of violets from the flower-market at its base floating around it. This central artery of the city I have chosen to call the "true boulevards," and shall now show you some of its characteristics.

Many a tourist in Europe never gets far beyond the true boulevards in Paris. Why should he? *D'abord*, there is the Grand Hotel, with its gaping court-yard, whence he can sally forth on a promenade which seems sufficient for any one. Just round the corner is a café, where he can see that part of French life; and the theatre and the resorts of the demi-monde are at best only a few steps from the Boulevard des Italiens. "What's the hodds in going to the Pantheon?" said an Englishman one day. "It's honly Sen' Paul's hover again, climbing hup those wretched stairs. I'm sure I'd raythe take a bit of beer at Thorpe's, or go look

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at the prints in the shop windows in the Hitaliens." And he was doubtless a fair representative of thousands who visit Paris yearly.

What is the secret of the great attraction of this promenade? Other streets are as fresh and gay, have the same advantages of lightness, airiness, verdure of trees in the midst of rush and crowds, but no longer the same prestige. The boulevards are now par excellence the social centre of Paris. Here the aristocrat comes to lounge, and the stranger to gaze. Here trade intrudes only to gratify the luxurious. The cafés monopolize the majority of the ground floors; and business only shows its head stealthily above them. If you want a fine hat, go into the Passage Jouffroi; you will also find the new books there, and endless articles of bijouterie,—of no earthly use save as ornament. But if you wish bargains, you must seek the other side of the Seine. There—*chez les bouquinistes*—you may find volumes long to be cherished, at prices to suit even the most slender purse; but on the boulevards, or in their adjacent passages, no! Feuillet and Dumas, Jr., see their new romances in the windows on the Boulevard des Italiens, marked at the highest market price; if they wait two months, and step over to the Quai Voltaire, they may find their nurslings going astoundingly cheap. On the grand boulevards you find porcelains, perfumery, bronzes, carpets, furs, mirrors, the furnishings of travel, the copy of Gerome's latest picture, the last daring caricature in the most popular journal, the most aristocratic beer, and the best flavored

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coffee. But prices have of late years crept up in this fashionable quarter, and he must have a long purse who will "do" the boulevards. One of the especial nuisances in the vicinity of the Bastille is the merchant of antique furniture, who blossoms in the most aggravating types, and who is one of the most arrant swindlers on the globe's face. He knows the worth of a stranger's patronage, and will profit by it, if any man can. Beware of his escritoires and toilettes, his *petites tables en bois de rose*, and all that flummery. Let not the fever of export America-ward consume you.

Perhaps commerce does usurp a trivial place upon the true boulevards, especially above the Boulevard Montmartre. The real centre of the promenade is the Italiens, the finest built, the most persistently haunted, and the gayest of all the ten boulevards which coil together. While its brotherhood were shunned by the wealthy, it was already a beloved and honored avenue. Fashion flies to it as its inevitable refuge against ennui. You may amuse yourself there in no matter what kind of weather. In the evening it is so crowded that in summer it is hardly comfortable, yet it is probably the widest promenade bordered by houses in Europe. It is certainly the liveliest. Tortoni's café, on this boulevard, is the rendezvous for all that is brilliant or profound in Paris, and has been since the beginning of the century. Above, on the opposite side, the Café Anglais exhibits its heavy windows and inhospitable front; but within is a very cheery and most expensive

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place. There you may hear the revelers, in and out of carnival time, keeping up their orgies until broad daylight, and sometimes until eight o'clock! For what is early morning in Paris to the wealthy and the careless? It is a lost segment of the twenty-four hours. The dweller in Paris, who has money enough to live without work, never sees the sun rise. His bed-time is habitually one A. M.; shall he unveil the curtains of his eyes before eight? That hour brings to him confused noise of a servant in shuffling slippers at the door, a mingled scent as of coffee and rolls; and he struggles out of his sheets to unbolt his door, while the man-servant enters to help him back to his couch, and serve him his coffee, his letters, and his first ideas for the day, in bed. There is no morning paper to glance into, unless you wish to read the stupid *Moniteur*, or five other official or semi-official blankets, through which Parisians and strangers, as a class, object to wading; evening is the time when one looks for his favorite journal; so the boulevard-haunter generally munches his roll lazily, thinking little unless it be of the street cries outside, or of the fact that the Emperor rode to the opera last night, and got very few cheers along the route, or of the play he has seen for the tenth time at the Porte St. Martin, or—oh, ah! here a yawn, and he half spills the coffee in his bosom, and gradually struggles into wakefulness. If he is of the *Jeunesse doreé*, ten to one he doesn't get through this programme before noon. As for the ladies who stroll on the boulevards, God save them! who knows

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how they spend their mornings? Possibly—probably, in most undignified snoring.

To the stranger who is willing to be a trifle cosmopolitan, and whose virtuous habits engender early rising, nothing can be more delightful than to get out of a fresh May morning at six o'clock, and stroll down the "true boulevards" from the Variétés theatre to the corner of the Rue de la Paix. The most absolute quiet pervades the fashionable avenues at that hour. You do not even see a current of workers, weary-eyed, going to their Ixion-wheels. The cafés are closed, and will be for nearly three hours yet; not a shutter is taken down from a store; the gratings bar entrance to the vaulted arcades; and only now and then an uncomfortable looking omnibus glides up to the station near the Passage des Panoramas. The tall, yellow-white, silent houses seem like the ghosts of the gleaming, rollicking palaces of pleasure, luxurious traffic, and life you saw at midnight. Pursue your way through the Boulevard des Capucines, past the Madeleine, even to the Place de la Concorde; gaze up the long avenue of the Champs Elysées, and you will see nothing save houses, trees, squares, deserted as if plague-stricken. But how the sun's mellow beams, a few hours later, warm into joyous life what was of late so cheerless!

Before seven o'clock the street sweeper—generally a frugal and good-natured German—has made the gutters pure with fresh running water, fed from hydrants to a movable hose on wheels; and the rag-picker, having been his dreary rounds many hours before, no taint

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left by last night's tramp of the thousands offends sight or smell. Would that the morals of boulevard-haunters were a tithe as clean as the boulevards themselves!

If you get tired in your stroll, there is a seat ready for you, a comfortable double bench, which served as a resting-place for some vagrant last night, until the Argus eyes of the policeman saw him, when he was ordered to *Allez!* In the evening, if you wish a seat, better to gaze at the shifting panorama of faces, in the vicinity of the Café Riche you will find an old lady watching a host of light chairs, the rental of which is two sous each, and on which you can repose your bones. Fancy one sitting at his ease in a chair on Broadway, or the Strand in London! Hundreds of gay promenaders relapse into rest at this central point, and sometimes almost a blockade is engendered there. In the long summer nights, Dumas, Sardou, LeMaitre, Girardin, Thiers, Theophile Gautier, Couture, Prince Napoleon, General Dix, George N. Saunders, hosts of German princes, crowds of gloomy looking and extravagant Spaniards, tall and genial Russians, talking almost every language save their own, swarms of English, sneering at every foreign custom, and the lank Americans, may be seen in carriage or on foot, drifting by to the opera or private engagement, or simply enjoying the delicate pleasure of Parisian loafing.

But to return to our intelligent and virtuous foreigner and his morning stroll. As the bells in the church-towers sound seven, omnibuses begin to make their appearance. American cities might learn much of com-

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fort for travelers from the Parisian omnibus system. You, good stranger, having for a moment studied your guide, find all clear before you. Can you not see the whole of the boulevards for three cents? Here, at the little station near the Passage des Panoramas, you enter, and the polite official, in flat glazed cap and clothes of navy blue, finds time to say, "Good morning," as well as to hand you a billet, printed red, yellow or green, according to the line you wish to take. Your billet is numbered, and, as the right omnibus rattles up, the conductor calls out the numbers,—One, two, three, four, etc., to twelve. So the interior is full, and you are to ascend. The Paris omnibus carries twenty-four persons, twelve inside, and twelve perched on benches on the "imperial," as the top, protected by strong railings, is called. You mount by easily-winding steps; you sit down with eleven other persons; there is no crowding, no "room for one more;" the conductor pulls up a little sign, *complet*, "all full," over the door, and the watcher on the pavement for a "'bus" sees there is no hope here. When the conductor has collected six sous each of the "insides," he mounts to your perch, and demands three of you and your fellows.

You get a species of bird's-eye view of the true boulevards as you rattle along. You go up the gradual ascent of the Boulevard Montmartre; and that sombre-looking theatre on the right is the Variétés, where Schneider has won so many triumphs as the Grande Duchesse. Just above is a popular café where hosts of actors and writers may be seen any day taking

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their absinthe and coffee. The shop-niches on either hand strike your eye, they glitter so; all the goods are so artfully thrust to the window. You pass up the Boulevards Poissoniere and Bonne Nouvelle, and to those only relics of the old fortifications, the Porte St. Denis and Porte St. Martin. The great archways are black with age, majestic, imposing; around their base huddle the servants, with their water-carts, going to bring water to the hotels they serve, from the nearest distributing aqueduct; the venders of vegetables, with their quaint little shops on wheels; the seller of roast chestnuts, ubiquitous in cities of all nations; and the bareheaded servant-girls, ogling the short, swart Zouaves, who now and then shuffle past. Hercules, trampling under foot hosts of corpses, and grimly shouldering the traditional club, frowns on the vivacious scene below from a bas relief of the Porte St. Martin. He seems discontented with his situation, which certainly may be compared unfavorably with that of the less famous Triumphal Arch.

So you get on, past the Theatres Porte St. Martin and Ambigu-Comique, until you arrive at the Chateau d'Eau. Here so many improvements have been at work that your friend, who was here last year, and promises soon to come again, will not know a place once very familiar to him. The beautiful fountain, with the bronze lions guarding it, which once stood here near the theatre, now adorns an immense square farther off, and to the Parisian an old landmark seems gone. You would hardly fancy that immense and ele-

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gant building in white stone a barrack for soldiers, yet it is,—Prince Eugene's Caserne; and near by you may observe the flower-market, with its long rows of booths, guarded by white-capped, rosy-cheeked girls, already at their posts, every one of them in love with some soldier at the barracks.

Here you roll up to another omnibus station, this time merely a neat portico, built in the centre of a little square, and surrounded by trees. It stands also precisely in the boulevard's middle, and glancing across the street you see a gigantic building. Do not mistake it for a palace, because it has the elegant tower which smacks of mediæval architecture, and which is so conspicuous at the Louvre, at its four sides. This edifice is a monument to commercial enterprise, and furnishes fresh proof of a fact you have long suspected—that the French out-Yankee Yankees in shrewdness. The whole of this Brobdignagian pile is called the Magasins-Reunis, or consolidated shops, as you translate it. The interior is simply a vast grouping of wholesale and retail stores, where goods of every kind and quality are kept, precisely as on the boulevards. The company which heads the enterprise has a capital of 12,000,000 francs. Its scheme,—chimerical at first sight, but shrewd on reflection,—is as follows: Every purchaser, (who, of course, pays cash,) is guaranteed reimbursement to the full value of what he expends. When he makes a purchase of 100 francs' worth of groceries, he receives a card promising, at the end of a term of years, to give him its full value in groceries,

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or jewelry, if he wishes, on presentation. If he buys an ounce of tobacco, the guarantee is the same. Great is commercial ingenuity in Lutetia!

Catch the passing omnibus, get that last remaining seat on the imperial, and continue your way. You now enter the Boulevard du Temple, where once six theatres stood within a stone's throw of each other, and which was called the Boulevard of Crime, because these theatres presented such horrible melodramas. Here the bourgeois formerly held sway, but now-a-days the elegance once confined to the Italiens has penetrated the quarter. The people, however, have a steadier air; even the mansions and shops seem staidly respectable; fewer strangers are seen; yes, you are getting away from the cosmopolitan section of the "true boulevards."

Now you will roll through the Boulevard Filles des Calvaires and Beaumarchais. You pass the houses where the famous quack Cagliostro once lived, and where Ninon de l' Enclos nourished her morbid loves. In a few moments you are at the Place de la Bastille. Only a column, so shaky because of its high elevation that Paris fears its fall, marks the spot where stood the hideous prison which the first Revolution blotted out. You are at the upper end of the true boulevards. So you take the ticket of *correspondance* which the omnibus conductor gave you, and at ten o'clock find yourself at the Grand Hotel, having come back by another route, all for three pigmy sous!

Astir, indeed! The waiters in the cafés are rushing

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in and out of the doors, attending to the steadily increasing crowd of patrons under the awnings; they run, hurling *v'la* and *tout de suite* at the impatient. The peddlers, with the brass labels dangling at their necks, number and license appended, entreat you to buy everything; the boot-black, whom you wish to patronize, and who is always a grown man, sits quietly at the corner, his little box studded over with curious coins; he touches his hat as you address him, and repeats the gesture when you donate three cents. He is neatly dressed in cotton velvet, and when he kneels to shine your boots, it is on a little piece of carpet.

If you pass by a section of the street where a building is going up, you find a high board fence erected all around the spot, and large squares, like those of a checker-board, marked off and numbered on the fence. Above, a sign informs you that a speculator has purchased the location, and will sell these squares cheap to whoever has anything to advertise. The workmen toiling at the building wear wooden shoes, with wisps of straw answering for stockings. At noon they recline beside the pavement, and take a siesta, unmindful of the brilliant crowd hurrying by and almost over them.

The city hacks, or *voitures de remise*, are plying industriously now. Not much like the omnibus-horses—the great Norman stallions—are the diminutive and fagged-out animals which try to trot properly along the macadam. The drivers all wear one uniform,—glazed tall hats, black coats, red waistcoats, and butternut pants. When you enter their carriages, they hand you a card,

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on which is printed the price per hour or for single course, so that you can never quarrel about fees. When you are set down, they expect from two to five cents for their own drinking fund. All Parisian coachmen have an inherent love for three cent glasses of cognac.

The *sergents-de-ville*, stereotyped in whisker, cut of hair, and twist of eyebrow, and almost identical in pose and mien, attract your attention. The long rapiers at their sides are rarely, if ever, drawn; these amiable guardians have tongues of such sharpness that swords are decidedly at a discount. Here a hack horse has fallen—something rare on the fine streets—and a crowd gathers. The black cocked hats of messieurs the policemen are at once visible, and their accents do all; there is no scuffling. Each policeman carries in his pocket the itinerary of all Paris, so that you may never fear losing your way on boulevard or minor streets.

You pass down to the entrance of the Grand Hotel; as you enter the gleaming court-yard, with its pave of marble and its dome of glass, you see that you are among those who speak the English tongue. That tall, urbane gentleman, there, is an American banker across the way; he is talking with a worn-out Congressman, hied hither over seas, trying in vain to recuperate exhausted energies; at the little table next them are a group of young Englishmen, drinking cognac and swearing profusely, as they rehearse last night's pleasures. That pale man, sitting aloof, is an ex-colonel in the Confederate army; that rotund little fellow is a professor of billiards, and you see by his coffee that he

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is French. No ladies up yet. Come at ten to-night, if you wish to see them sipping ices on the long marble platform in front of the reading-room, and watching the toilettes of those who constantly alight from or depart in carriages on the smooth pavement.

High noon brings out a great current of loungers for breakfast, and the boulevards gradually break into thorough life. Whirr! the street is now really active. At two o'clock promenading is at its height. The theatre ticket-offices are all crowded, and every omnibus is crammed, if it has a pleasure excursion label on it. It is too uncomfortable; the sun gets ardent, the crowd larger; go you to the Madeleine, buy a bunch of violets at the flower-market near by, buttonhole them, then hie to the Champs Elysées, or the Bois de Boulogne, until at least five P. M.

When you come back, the news-dealers are busy. "*La Liber-r-rté! Figar-r-r-ro, Le P'tit Journal, Monsieur!*" Trade is brisk. Here again is the supremacy of Parisian taste. The news-vender's shop is a neat *kiosque*, or Turkish tower, open only on one side and closed at the others, with stained glass on which advertisements are painted. Inside is just room for one person and shelves for the papers. You step up, exchange money for journal, with no bother and bawling of dirty newsboys. Now and then the venders announce their wares, but they do not thrust them in your face. These *kiosques* are liberally scattered the whole length of the boulevards.

Six, dinner hour, and a great rush for the familiar

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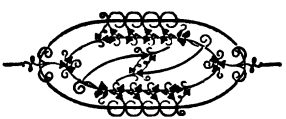
doors of Garny, the Diner de Paris, Diner de Rocher, Peters', and the host of popular restaurants around the Palais Royal. Vice begins to peer out, too, taking an early start. The gay lorettes go in couples to the most expensive restaurants, and prepare to enter their carriages for Mabille. Seven, eight o'clock; people with an object now, hurrying to concert, engagement, theatre, ball. But I have already pictured the history of the true boulevards after nightfall. That history were best written with a cigarette end dipped in coffee.



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CHAPTER VI.

OVER AN UNCORKED BOTTLE.

PARIS being the paradise of the senses, it is not to be supposed that any combination of sense conducive to enjoyment would be neglected by its inhabitants. Who ever heard of a beefsteak badly done in Paris? Who ever got his coffee cold; who ever had his nerves unstrung by the appearance on the table of a brace of unsavory eggs? Who can utter an exclamation against the French cook who knows so well his art? You may dine with Petieau, on the boulevards beyond the Seine, where the cheap lace and dingy silks of third rate grisettes flaunt against you, and you will find the food irreproachable; you may sit in a cabinet at Tortoni's, where even to breathe costs you a franc, and you will not find much better cooking than in the cheaper place. Artists in all the pleasures of the senses, the Parisians realize many bodily benefits which other nations ignore, and suffer proportionally in consequence.

In drinking they have taste which surpasses ours. The Parisian has a nature which requires a good deal

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of fluid; but he does not care to absorb it brutally like an Englishman, not hastily like an American, not greedily like a Russian, but leisurely and genteelly like the insouciant and polite Parisian that he is. Then, too, he never drinks alone, gloomily, with hat smashed over his eyes, and a general air of suicide about him; he has, you must remember, no habit of hanging desperately by his elbows at a tall bar, and looking up fiercely at some greasy haired Ganymede behind it, while he yells "Whisky straight." No, his manners are more definite, gracious, and dignified. Granted; object same in both cases, to get a drink; proved conclusively; manner of getting it much more worthy of him who claims to be a gentleman.

Hombert sometimes gets thirsty, trudging home with little Ludovic, who goes to school near the grand old church of Saint Vincent de Paul, and whose good father never fails to go punctually after him when the clock strikes five. Hombert, thirsty and dusty or snowy, is passing the shop of a "*liqüoriste*," or wine-seller; he goes in the door as if he intruded, and lifts his old hat politely, with a pleasant salutation, which is always returned. So monsieur behind the bright tin counter, which shines like burnished silver, inquires what monsieur will be pleased to have, and gives gracious assent to his patron's command, and pours with consummate grace, and hands the dainty glass, receiving "Thank you" in return. Then, drinking and payment over, polite phrases, bows, and lifting of hats come in again at parting. Now this is pleasant, and more calculated to

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promote respect than, "Here, whisky,—d—d hot, and be quick about it."

Hombert is a type of common life; no particular education, nor mental nor physical grace. I grant you his politeness is artificial; I grant you it was a bad form of society which first built it; but I can prove to your eminent satisfaction that the results are good. You may say our temperament will not allow us to be as deferential in our intercourse with others on the basis of trade; or you may drag up the old American plea that we have not time; but that is as false as frivolous; we have always time to be courteous.

Now you may not like me to dilate in this fashion over my uncorked bottle; but we have time before us; and before we describe anything else, we should study and paint characteristics. As I know, however, that you will not consent to listen long at any one time to one subject, let us drop politeness and talk of other things. Josef has brought a bottle here which is only Macon; but it is carnival time, the square chunks of wood burn with sparkle in the fireplace—the queer little French clock on the mantle keeps time to the lilting measure of the horns outside—why shall I not imagine this is sparkling Epernay? Why shall not my very nature effervesce like the foam of the bottle, and my veins swell with the generous currents of red wine? I have just timed Hombert below; he is in stage number three of sleepiness; and he and I shall not go to witness the "going to the ball" for a short time yet. So enter Josef with a slender goblet, clear as crystal, and pour, Josef

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—*verses;* so he drinks also to the health of carnival, and leaves me staring into the fire, where I seem to see two pictures, which you will excuse me for thrusting before you. It is only two hours to wait before midnight, when the merry revelers will be out; meantime, the sips of wine and the glow of the fire call up picture number one.

There is a great vineyard, such as I have already seen, with the tears of snow clinging to its vines; only now it seems in midsummer, and every incipient cluster on each vine begins to blush and darken and purple, and threaten to bleed wine from its pores. And there is a young peasant, so stout and hale and hearty, down on his knees in his simple costume of blue, arranging the vines—happy, free from care, and with a face that tells of simple pleasures, simply enjoyed. I follow him from work to the humble stone cottage where he lives, and watch him as he sits at the evening meal, chattering as only a peasant Frenchman can, and regaling himself on olives, fresh rolls of bread, and purpling grapes, while he drinks good wine trodden out from the press not long since. His little farm seems all one garden; there are no rough uncultured plains, no stony Vermont sheep pastures, nothing but fertile acres hedged about with over-hanging vines, and with flowers scattered in every corner. Surely, this is the Arcadia of peasant life; if this man has no responsibilities to or privileges in his government, he is at least happy; and why need he trouble himself about external affairs and foreign policy? I am heartily pleased with the pleasant pano-

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rama of his life, and admire his innocent yet manly gayety.

But see, either the coals shift in the fire, or the scene changes. Can it be possible? Yes—and now my good peasant is in tears, now his face is very white, and now his teeth are shut firm; he looks about him for Helene, to whom he was to have been married next week, and the poor girl reads her fate and his in a glance; he is conscripted to serve in the army, and she—well, if she were a New England girl, my second picture need not be so sad.

Sad enough is picture number one, however. I see my new soldier march out of his little village, tears in his eyes and rage on his lips; yet, after all, with a dumb, cold submission to fortune. He is not rich, he cannot pay a heavy commutation; and as he marches out of the old moss-grown, grape-scented village, he forgets to pray to his patron saint, and his nature grows a bit harder and colder.

The coals shift again, and I seem to see him in barracks at Paris. Perhaps he is the discontented Zouave whom I love to watch every morning, when a squad go by to breakfast around the corner. He has the air of a prisoner rather than of the "jolly soldier." But the image in the fire goes on, and my peasant soldier grows disgusted, weary with inaction, and when he roams about the streets off duty is a heartless roysterer, whose gayety seems to himself ill-timed. There is no more peasant life, no more of the dear old grape-gatherings and wine-pressings for him; others have

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taken his place, and after seven years of military service—perhaps in Africa, perhaps in constant war—he will no more be the same peasant. Once a year perchance he writes to Helene, and remembers her tenderly, until suddenly he hears from her no more, and when he goes to his native village, on his brief respite of furlough, he finds that she is dead—dead at least to him.

For now the picture changes, and it is Helene the peasant girl. Years—few but hard—seem to have passed, and to have touched her none too lightly. And she seems in Paris. Has she, too, left the vine-covered roofs of the village; has she been drifted out like her lover into the great city against her own will? Yes, the old story; for what hope for her when he went to the army for seven weary years? He could not support her, and her parents are growing older and poorer every year. By and by there comes a rumor of political news; it sends her lover into foreign lands to fight; it sends a bread panic into her father's home, so that she is a burden upon him; and it sends her—God help her!—to Paris and the tender mercies of the "city of the senses."

Are my pictures in vain? Is not what I see here in the coals the inevitable history of thousands every year? The military records will tell you yes.

But again the coals shift, and still I see the girl Helene. Alone and brave she has arrived in Paris, her only wealth her rustic charms, and that grace inherent in every French woman. Sad enough was

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it for her to leave the old home, but sadder far is it to thrust her into this radiance of lights, and music, and delicious sensations, to be tempted and flattered, caressed and ruined, and driven to the "middle world of vice" against her will. So strong is the current going down, that slender peasant girls may not brave it; so steady is the current flowing out of Paris, bearing on its bosom ruined lives and broken hopes, forgotten aspirations and sullied purities. I will not follow Helene in her downward road. 'Tis too sad, swift and terrible; so I am glad the coals die gradually into ashes; and as I pour from my bottle of Macon, I am inclined more than ever to ask what shall be the fate of a nation that makes its young men soldiers against their wishes, and gives thousands of its best and freshest jewels, its noblest and purest women, to be trodden under feet of swinish Paris; Paris, the great cess-pool, where country strength, country beauty and virtue sink without much hope of resurrection. "Is it not so?" I say, repeating my thoughts to Josef, who comes to warn me that Hombert is awaiting me below, and the garçon solemnly asserts, "Yes!" Perhaps the two pictures I have seen would apply even to his history.

So kind Hombert and I seek the Rue Cadet, and watch the motley crowd pouring into the Casino. It is an all-night masquerade, which begins at midnight, and the maskers are just arriving. Here are devils and saints; Don Juans and monks; operatic characters in masks and cloaks by dozens; here are young girls in every gay costume, mounted on the shoulders of their

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cavaliers; beggars, knights, clowns, kings, princes, queens, statesmen, harlequins, all blended together in magnificent confusion. The spectators opposite the entrance applaud frantically; away in the depths of the long gallery we hear the magic music begin; and in the whirl of gayety and mad pleasure, nothing but broad daylight will sober the maskers. See, now! that slender girl dressed like Pomona, goddess of fruit and wine; what perfect beauty, yet what reckless sadness glows upon her face! How do we know that she is not the lost Helene of picture number two, and that one of the party of red-jacketed Zouaves across the street be not the lost peasant of picture number one, that I saw in the coals to-night?

Let us leave these sad thoughts behind! Let us plunge into the carnival. Let us forget the sword that hangs over the feast, and look simply at the outer gayety. I am resolved to philosophize no more. And now we are straightway in the mellow brilliancy of the hall, we are fairly entered upon the spirit of carnival.

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CHAPTER VII.

AT THE CASINO.

TWO cherubs holding torches, three angels—whether fallen or otherwise I shall not say—looking gravely down over the door; a brilliant line of gas-jets stretching from block to block, and the word "Casino" burning in a mystic circle above two gilded and carved iron doors, and you have the entrance to one of the most famous balls of Paris, an important accessory of carnival time; it lasts also from September to April, but its full culmination is reached on Fat-Tuesday, (Mardi-Gras).

In turning over the leaves of a recent French work, I find that no less a personage than Harriet Beecher Stowe visited the garden Mabille many years ago, and that the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was charmed with the delicacy of the danseuses, the elegance of their cavaliers, and the perfect distinction and grace with which they gave themselves up to the quadrille. Hum! Paris has got well under way in its decadence since Mrs. Stowe wrote on the subject of its demi-monde. Or perhaps Mrs. Stowe was deceived, by the glitter and beauty of these wondrous gardens, into

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the fallacy that Parisian pleasures are, after all, innocent. The audacious contortions, the immodest attitudes, all the license and Spanish freedom of the Parisian balls, must they not have existed then as now?

Mabille is the summer Casino, and the Casino is the winter Mabille. All the gayety which runs riot in the sparkling garden in the month of roses and perfumes, goes recklessly to the brilliant hall in winter, and the Casino is the centre of carnival. I say the centre, because there is even more license there than at the opera ball, and all the Parisian character blossoms there.

It is a mean, narrow, and dirty street in which the Casino stands. The Rue Cadet leads out of the famous faubourg Montmartre, and is a small avenue devoted to second-rate shops and restaurants. Its upper outlet is on the Rue de LaFayette, and not far from the mansion of Hombert.

It must have been a good many years since Hombert had danced at these gay balls. The old fellow held his joyousness, nevertheless; and if he could not participate, laughed and applauded most heartily to see the others enjoying themselves. Pushing our way through the crowded vestibule, we were about to deposit our pasteboards in the hands of the door-keeper, when a shrill voice called upon "Messieurs" to deposit their overcoats. I looked, and saw one of the inevitable nuisances of any public place in Paris, the old woman who has the privilege of checking your unnecessary garments, and demanding a few sous therefor. Having safely got over this Charybdis, we jostled by the

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Scylla of the door-keeper, and I thought I was safely in, when a little mishap occurred, which brought tears of laughter into Hombert's eyes, and vexation upon the features of a stately girl.

She was dressed a la Marie Antoinette, the queen of the Tuileries—not the broken down queen of the Revolution—and was masked completely. Whether or not trains were the fashion in Louis Sixteenth's time, I forget; but I know she wore a tremendous one, and I set my foot accidentally and squarely upon it. She turned, and I very meekly took off so much of my hat as I could at a moment's notice, while she inveighed against me in no gentle terms. Pardons duly adjusted, I essayed to pass her, and she tried to pass me. Hombert brought up the rear gallantly; the urbane usher smiled; she made a sally, so did I; and we both stuck fast in the door.

Here was a dilemma, and I perspired freely, until good Hombert, coming up unconcernedly, pushed us both in with an awkward sprawl, and while mademoiselle went away to the galleries, muttering what may have been the direst vengeance, I landed on the floor of the Casino.

There was Arban in the gallery, with sixty musicians; and he was drawing out most decided sweetness. A lovely waltz was in progress, and in the long hall the wildest scene was enacted. There were lengthy promenades, and seats on each side of the middle ground, where the dancers were busy; beyond the hall was another immense saloon, where masks were carrying on their intrigues; and above was still another saloon,

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richly decorated, with galleries shooting out from it on either side. These galleries were filled with elegant tables and seats, and a busy crowd was drinking beer and light wines, and smoking,—a privilege denied to those below.

The costumes of the dancers were more *outré* and strange than any I afterwards saw on their way to the more aristocratic balls. Some of the dancing was inimitable, fresh, inexpressibly gracious; again, it would be indecent, ungainly, and frantic. The double line of spectators, gathered close at the borders of the dancers' hall, and grinning at the antics of a woman who should have been at home making cheese in some corner of a petty province, where she came from, annoyed me. I was willing to see the spectacle of a carnival ball, but I was not willing to see other people enjoying it with so much gusto. Hombert, over his glass of beer, cocking one eye thoughtfully at the capering multitude, seemed to see nothing beyond the fact that it was carnival, and that the young folks must amuse themselves. Alas! and so many haggard and love-forsaken lives of men and women shut in behind this access of gayety, of which he did not seem to know, or care to know! O, Puritans of New England! many are your sins of formalism, but you have nothing so bad as this! Society does not condemn virtue and sanction vice; does not gild the bitter pill which even the most ignorant nature must shudder before it can swallow.

Besides the dancers there were hosts of ladies, alone, or attended by cavaliers, masked and costumed like

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kings or beggars, promenading the galleries and making their merriment heard in the remotest corners of the hall. Here and there a dainty hand clutched a cigarette, as well as a wine-glass, and now and then some young demoiselle, decidedly uproarious, would be borne around the room on the shoulders of her companions, very much as mythology says the satyrs and fauns were wont to amuse themselves with the nymphs.

One little man, on the evening in question, interested me particularly. He was almost infantile in stature, but so subtle and flexible in his body that he seemed moved on springs. He was dressed as a harlequin, and to see him spinning across the room in a waltz with a tall woman was enough to suspend respiration for the time being. Another, who persisted in dancing in citizen's clothes, much to the disgust of all around him, and whose favorite gesture was to twist his cravat knot around under his ear, and slap his boot legs with his hands as he danced, was the center of attraction for some time, until he came down with a dull thud upon his back, having dared too many capers upon the waxed and slippery floor. After that his hour was over, and he betook himself to obscurity.

And this ball began at midnight and lasted until dawn. Hombert and I shortly got enough of it, and, returning to the lower regions, claimed our clothing of the female Cerberus, and went out. It was gray in the sky, but the dancers were still coming and going. Away on the boulevards we heard the echo of the chorus:

"Ta-ra-ta-ra-ta-ta-ra!"

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Over and over, without cessation, as bad and malicious as American fledgelings on a Fourth of July night; gayety in ebullition, brimming over like a full goblet, much of the savor and sweetness to be lost in the mad rush and hurry. The mimics who portray laughter when they have tears in their hearts are after all numerous here. For a great element of these balls, such as we had visited, is bad. It is the non-working population of Paris which forms their sub strata; and they are sad and bad enough, God knows, could one but thoroughly examine their lives. It is the sacrifice which an empire inevitably makes to vice, that it shall have so many of its fairest and bravest, in return for so much material pomp and power.

There are very many places like the Casino in Paris, which fling wide their doors in winter, and pour their habitués into the gardens like Mabille in summer. The Valentino, the Prado, are among the most famous; all are on the same plan. Less "enthusiastic" when the carnival is finished, they are still by no means always decorous or proper places to go to. The suburbs of Paris are crowded with them; every charming forest has its ball-room attached, where artificial gayety attracts those not contented with nature. Asnieres, Clichy, Vincennes, and Versailles are favorite resorts for those who wish to dance, all through the summer season.

The common Parisian is, after all, a pretty trifling compound of clothes and heels, with an education such as one cannot avoid picking up in a great city. He

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has moral sense enough to know that much which he does is wrong; but not enough to care to do right. *Cela m 'egaye*,—"That pleases me,"—is his motto, which he means always and everywhere to carry out to the full. With not much forethought and with very little prudence, it is no wonder that his race is degenerating gradually, but with a downward tendency as sure as gradual.

Hombert was a jolly dog, who had no care now on his mind. Being a Parisian, and knowing his wife was keeping watch and ward over the house, he invited me with him to a café in carnival, and as a picture it was one well worth seeing. It was on the faubourg Montmartre, and we entered a long court, and passed through a gate before arriving, but once inside the doors the spectacle astonished me. A company of young students were at one of the corner tables, just started home from the ball, and arrested on their way by the temptation of a glass of beer. They were singing at the top of their voices as we entered. Along the sides of the room at the tables sat some dolorous figures in dusty costumes, which I recognized as dancers at the ball, who felt, without doubt, their limbs giving way beneath them. The waiters were frantic with work, for it was no pleasant thing for the nerves to have a party of masked demons leap into the middle of the room with a very fair imitation of the Indian war-whoop, and commence a furious dance, upsetting half a dozen beer glasses. Do not think any of this merriment came from intoxication, because in America

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drink is so essential to gayety. No; there were none intoxicated, and besides beer, they were imbibing nothing more serious than *soupe au fromage*, a curious mixture of soft cheese and tart soup. Imagine this on your stomachs at three or four in the morning, after a night of furious reveling!

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CHAPTER VIII.

NOTES FROM CARNIVAL.

THE Romans had their Saturnalia, and the early Christians modified this pagan festival into a feast, during the several days preceding the great fast which we now call Lent. *Carni vale*—"farewell to meat,"—thus I read the origin of these mad festivities which were going on all around me; and the echoes of the horns on the boulevards brought up old memories, half forgotten stories, the fragrance and richness of a hundred good traditions which linger about carnival. I thought of the showers of roses and bonbons in Rome and Venice; of the gloomy old palaces dressed in glittering decorations; of the mad excitement and inexplicable folly which seizes even upon the stranger when he is thrust into the midst of the gayety. Carnival—all that was romantic, absurd, comical, unrestrained in the outcry of the great masses for pleasure, was here expressed; it was Argus winking merriment with his hundred eyes; Briareus throwing sweetmeats with his hundred hands. It was music and strong choral singing; unlimited shouting and license; hordes of processions, armies of maskers;

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nations of drinkers and clinkers of glasses. It was the acme of folly, the culmination of extravagance, the intoxication of mirth. All this, and more, crowded thickly upon me as I read how and when carnival had its origin.

Do not think the Paris carnival is as enthusiastic as it once was. The old Parisians lament the slenderness of the modern display. But if it is poor now, it must have been most wondrous once. In Paris, carnival begins six weeks before Ash Wednesday, and thence onward to the above mentioned day, all is a mad whirl; urchins scoff at you beneath your nose, or pretty grisettes make mocking gestures at you as you trip past, and there is no appeal. It is the time of license, and what shall you say? The balls, which crowd every quarter of Paris during carnival, date back 150 years to their beginning. No less a personage than the duke of Orleans first authorized them, and won the eternal thanks of the French people for it. The maskers really are allowed by law to appear only on certain days, the three preceding Lent, and at Mi Careme or Mid-Lent Thursday. Then comes the grand excitement. The masks embrace every variety of historic or poetic character the world ever knew, and the crowds which rush to see them hail them with the most ecstatic delight. Napoleon First, whose nature was too severe, sad, and practical to love the carnival, was yet enough of a Frenchman to order its immediate restoration after the horrors of the Revolution, when he was made first consul. How the great nation took it up again, with

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its richness of costumes and follies, after it had been lying prostrate and bathed in blood for many years, all the world knows. Such madness of joy was never seen in Rome as characterized the Paris carnival for years after 1793 had fled away with its ghastly horrors in its train. The procession of the fat ox, the washer-women's feast, the nights of the suburban balls, the eve of the opera-festival,—all these have now lost their antique grandeur, but they are still passing gay.

How well I remember the dull gray day—the weather god was unkind—when the *Bœuf-Gras*, the fat ox, was paraded before my eyes. I tore around the corners of four streets out of breath, and rushed at the tail end of the procession. The ox was garlanded, and behind him, in an immense van, were hosts of pretty girls, dressed like nymphs and goddesses, and their lovers (were they?) belabored the horses, and shouted as only happy Frenchmen can. Now there was no inspiration of liquor in this; for drinking, this regular cool-headed "priming" preparatory to a lark, so common to Americans, is rare in France.

Then, too, one night I sat in the corner seat in the Café Riche, and watched the moving panorama. There is a broad asphalte or pavement here; and around its ample corner is the Rue Le Peletier, where the Imperial Opera stands. There, too, on the corner, is an immense illumination, which makes everything for rods around as bright as noonday, and which draws the crowd like moths to the flame. Under this brilliant gas-pouring pass the figures once a week during car-

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nival; fourteen opera balls are given; and, Oh, good Christian, they begin on Saturday eve at midnight and finish when the cock crows at Sabbath dawn! Then the weary and dissipated pleasurelings drag their limbs after them to the Café Anglais, or to Tortoni's, and, seated before wine, perhaps they may then somewhat exceed the limits of Parisian sobriety. But this is only once a week. Midnight is the common and natural hour to enter the ball. You see dinner comes at 6 P. M. with a real Parisian, and he has good sense enough not to bolt it; so necessarily he has not finished much before 8. The rest of the time he may exhaust in reading his journal, smoking his cigar, dressing for the ball, and at 12, clad in horns, hoof, and tail, or perhaps in regal robes, he enters the gilded doors of the opera, and is fresh after twenty dances at 5 A. M.

Some twelve or fifteen years ago a great flutter was made in Paris over the fact that these opera balls began at such an undue hour. But Paris healed itself marvelously quick of all that. It is Strauss who furnishes the music for these balls, and what hour more fit for his music than midnight? Carnival has the least bit of romance in it, and the witchery of magic must lend its charm. The French say "no ball has a good effect which begins before midnight." After all, this is a trifle more reasonable than to strike up the violins at 8, and tread through the mazy measures until sunrise, "as we do in America." Night—the devil's hour—is the hour of Parisian gayety *par excellence.* French mothers and sisters would hardly think of going to the minister's

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soiréé before the chimes in the church-tower had struck twelve.

The opera-ball has been for years, and will remain, one of the most lively expressions of the Parisian fever. Every year they talk about its decline, and each year also it vindicates its claim to immortality. The word "decadence" is illy applied to an amusement the nature of which is to be low. The elegantly-gloved dandies and the delicate, airy women would not find what they seek if the triviality of the affair were absent. Do not flatter yourself it is a stately affair, where grave masks dance genteelly with grotesque figures; it is a mad whirlpool, wherein all that is graceful is cast away and unlimited license of attitude takes posession of the field. It is a salmagundi of all ages, classes, and conditions; an apotheosis of embracings, of whirlings, of jumpings. A fat monk grasps slender Iris in his arms and tosses her aloft, and she comes down on the back of a satyr or a prince. No unmasked people are allowed upon the floor. They are confined to the galleries, into which the masked ladies pour, to tweak the aristocratic stranger by the nose, and ask him to invite them to supper. The tables, in some obscure nook, are crowned with the choicest fruits, richest wines, and most dainty boxes of delicate cigarettes. The gaily-dressed venders of fans and gloves and odorous bouquets solicit patronage. The interludes are short; then suddenly comes the voluptuous thrill of the Strauss music once more, and such breaking from tables, and scrambling in *outré* costumes is never seen elsewhere.

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It is quite possible that this Strauss will lose his privilege of furnishing the music at the opera-balls, and they would be nothing without him. Previous to the opening of the great exhibition, he had the shrewdness to renew his contract with the administration of the Imperial Academy of Music to 1870, and he has two years more before him; but after that, when the new opera is opened, he may find "Othello's occupation gone." Still, the Parisians will hardly give up without a struggle their "ball of Saturday eve." From the month of December, 1854, up to December, 1866, comprising thirteen carnivals, the directors of these balls have poured into the treasury of the opera the sum of 637,345 francs, and have given to the hospitals 283,629 francs. During these thirteen years 142 balls have taken place, and each of them has received an average of 15,000 francs. The expenses are only about one-third of this sum. The first of the opera-balls was given in 1716, and people of quality danced there like furies. The chevalier who suggested the idea of the balls received a reward of 6000 pounds sterling from the goverment. Then came the idea of making wax masks which resembled exactly the great people of the day. So when you go to the opera-ball you may almost fancy you are hand-in-hand with Napoleon on one side and the Princess Mathilde on the other, while the honorable members of the Corps Legislatif kick up their heels around you. Invention has even been carried so far that many enterprising individuals wear two masks, one made to conceal the other, so that when, in

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the process of an intrigue, they are implored by some lovely intriguante to unmask their faces, by pulling off mask number one, their identity is still hidden, while they appear before astonished eyes as some grandee of the empire. At one of the balls, in 1765, all the ambassadors were present and participated.

But let us drop facts for the present, and watch the figures as they drift by. A light snow comes down, and is quickly transformed into mud on the crowded pavement. So daintily the ladies pick their way across the stones, and trip under the huge portico, past the frowning gendarme, and into the gay hall. There is the cynical face of a speculator under the cowl of a monk, and his feet are by no means in monkish sandals. He is going to dance. There is the literary Bohemian, giving his little all voluntarily for these few mad hours of pleasure. There is Madame, the marquise, but no one would recognize her in that horrid melange of ink and yellow, with an enormous carrot nose wagging back and forth as she walks. And who could swear to the identity of the rich tailor's wife there, who is going to intrigue with half a dozen of her husband's clerks, and then laugh with him over it, at the clerks' expense, the next morning? There is rank under that satin domino, guarded so lightly yet carefully by a slender hand in a snowy glove. There is talent of voice and brain under all these visors that pop out of the carriages, and shoot into the vestibule with such a suspicious air. Why do these women go alone to the ball? Ah! that is the question that society does not put to

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itself before crushing the heart of the rose which must yet manage to flourish and blossom for a little time, by artificial care, must yet give out its bloom and heat and odors for the amusement of onlookers, and then, sere-hearted, must be swept from its petals by some rough gust. There are no sadder pictures than those that may be found even among the reckless gayeties of carnival; no pages of life which one can read with more sincere tears. For if ever there was a "Vanity Fair," it exists in carnival; if ever there was sound and glory of parade without, and vexation and despair within, it is in the bodies and souls of these women, who throw themselves headlong upon this current, and laugh even while their tears swell the flood that bears them away. For if ever daylight came to sad hearts welling up their sorrows to introspective eyes, it comes to the hearts of these women when dawn throws its first glance into carnival. For if ever the treachery of dissipation was transparent yet fascinating, it certainly is here. For if ever life seemed a base and unreliable dream, a vapor intangible, a mystery past finding out, it seems so here. Yet on goes the music of Strauss, and the patter of the feet, and the costumes glitter and cover up the consuming griefs of ruined lives, broken horoscopes, disastrous futures. The money pours into the treasuries from the pockets of the rich, and the rich gratify their passions and vanities, and vanish away; but the stain rests upon Paris and its people—on Paris, which else were so fair; on its people, which else were so noble.

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CHAPTER IX.

ALONG THE SEINE.

THERE came a warm day, cutting the cold halves of February nicely in two. It was a kind of anomaly, it had been so long since we had had a moderate atmosphere. Paris is at the north of France, and the skies which overhang it can furnish as bitter and as biting blasts as our New England heavens. Yet I can imagine nothing more cheery than a cold morning in Paris. And a cold evening is by no means formidable, for the life and gayety which swarm from corner to corner warm you by their attrition, and shut all shivering and fear of cold away from you.

The few pigmy grains of snow, which had been endeavoring to whiten the level of the streets, melted in the sun's grateful rays on that bright angel-visit of a day. The sun was such a welcome stranger, and warm breezes were so eagerly received, that the whole population seemed to have swarmed into the open air, and to have given itself up to excess of promenading in the Tuileries Garden and on the Champs Elysées. The old stone lions on the columns at the wall corners

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in the Place de la Concorde seemed to smile down benignly upon me, as I passed that day on my way to the banks of the Seine.

The Seine! There was a charm in the word which the sight of the dull-colored but swiftly-flowing flood did not highten. The romance vanished for a time, and I almost felt disposed to postpone my visit. No end of bridges; hosts of barges, many-windowed and two-storied, lying along the shore; here and there swift eddies breaking around a buoy, and dancing away into the dry corners under the arches; below, near the broad quay, a coal-boat, come all the way from Dijon, with its grimy master unloading his merchandise in what seemed to Yankee eyes the clumsiest of ways; the washerwomen, beating the linen with their ugly mallets, and screaming to each other in sharp tones; the stone Zouave, who served as a caryatid to support the Pont de l'Alma, scowling ferociously, as if he did not relish the swash of the water around his knees; further down, a horde of scurvy workmen washing the inevitable white horses, and yelling out profusion of weak French oaths; the row of fishers, casting a furtive line here and there; and the dirty boys fishing up the chips and fragments floated down from Bercy;—all this did not attract so much as it repelled, and I was angry with La Seine for not being a more presentable stream.

But I had not seen it then as later, when from Marly's hight I watched its sinuous course through flowery meadows, under romantic banks, and along the bases

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of noble hills. I had not then seen its beauty at Passy, nor its sheen and glitter, as, escaped from the taint of Paris, it wound out toward Saint Germain. I had not then visited its pure sources in the forest of Chanceaux, nor watched it as, diminutive and clear, it rippled along the Cote d'Or. I did not know that it was only soiled and laden with filth in the city. Even as with the human current that flows into Paris, pure, to drift out heavy and full of bitter dregs, so is it with the Seine.

So, on our first acquaintance, the Seine did not impress me favorably. However, the remembrance of the black, bitter days that were coming again, when a trip along the water would by no means be practicable, decided me, and I began my promenade at the bridge which crosses the river directly opposite the palace of the Corps Legislatif. This was the most unromantic point that I could have selected; but I walked rapidly up toward the island of the city, the real Lutetia, from whence Paris sprang. It was this old island which Julius Cæsar sent his lieutenant Labienus to look at one day, and explore it out. The lieutenant made a favorable report, and ancient Paris shortly sprang up.

The river Seine enters Paris shortly after having received at Conflans the waters of the river Marne. The two streams together make one of considerable size; but the beauty is spoiled by the fact that it is imprisoned in walls and between quays from Bercy to Passy. The railroad which encircles Paris cuts across the Seine on a magnificent bridge, which was built ten

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years ago, and named after Napoleon Third. Then the river ripples past Bercy, little suburb of Paris, where all the wines from Champagne and Burgundy are landed and placed in warehouses, until the great capital below calls them out for its supplies. Lower down it flows under the famous Pont d'Austerlitz, the bridge which Napoleon First built in memory of his victory over the Emperors of Austria and Russia, at Austerlitz, in December, 1805. This bridge is profusely decorated with ornaments, and on the side are inscribed the names of the officers slain at Austerlitz. It has been twice rebuilt, and under the restoration there was an attempt to change its name; but every Parisian said "No!" A little below, the canal Saint Martin, coming down from Petite Vilette, empties into the Seine, and the river begins to feel its bondage and degradation, to be doomed to serve as a highway and sewer for Paris. Its waters turn a darkish color; here an enterprising Frenchman has moored a barge, made like a small manufactory, and is grinding colors for artists, poisoning the current of the Seine with the refuse he sends out. Then there was an island a little farther down, which the old Seine loved tenderly to caress on its bosom, but practicality has walled that up, and attached it to the main land; it is covered with houses, the Seine's channel is turned from it, and the romance is gone. Still farther on the river detaches a little inlet, which, in hurrying back to rejoin the main stream, forms the "island of Saint Louis," enlarged, in the seventeenth century, by the union of two lesser

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islands, lying east and west; the eastern, called *L'Ile aux Vaches*, or "Cow's Island," and the western, the Isle of Notre Dame, because it originally belonged to the chapter of that cathedral. This last name was that of the Isle Saint Louis, for some time, until Louis Fourteenth gave permission to have it baptized in the name of his holy and illustrious ancestor, Louis the Good and the Ninth.

And this is the island of which I spoke; here is where Lutetia was founded, and around this mass of bridges and quaint buildings clusters much that is most ancient in the Parisian's history. This "island of the cité," upon which I stand, close to the Morgue's black shadow, and under the very towers of Notre Dame, not out of hearing of the clatter in the Place de la Greve, and with only a short distance to walk to see the Louvre on the Seine's other bank,—this is the germ from whence sprang all. Ten miles away, on the other side, are immense new streets, wonderful warehouses and palaces, rapidly replacing the rudeness of the old centuries; but the *ile de la cité* remains almost unchanged. No, not so; for there, opposite the old Hotel Dieu, is an immense new hospital creeping up, brilliant in marble and in limestone; by-and-by even the old island, the antique source of all, will be swept out of memory by the march of improvements; here, where Cæsar had his two forts at the extremity of the bridges, there are now wondrous piles of architecture, frowning down on the modern periods when men believe so much more in books than in stones.

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We will not now linger at Notre Dame, nor under the portals of the ancient Hotel Dieu. We will not wander much upon this old island, which seems haunted by the ghosts of restless centuries; we will not linger on the bridges, nor the curious, high quays; we will only now slip through this alley-way beneath Notre Dame's shade, pass through the park at the back of the cathedral, and, turning to the left, we will pause a moment before the long, low, unromantic building perched on the river's very brink, and facing the street with a double entrance. It stands close to the Pont St. Louis, and from that bridge many a human life has cast itself away in despair, next morning to be stretched on the leads in the Morgue, with its dripping garments hung above its head, and the trickling water daring decay to approach until the identification was complete.

One can hardly write of the Seine without describing the Morgue. The two are inseparable. The Parisian nature is so variable, nervous, unwilling to suffer misery of mind, that it easily rushes to suicide for relief, in a hundred cases where an individual of another nation would shrink away from death. The Seine, whose banks they have lived on so long, is mute, and can give them no counsel; they plunge in its depths to hide shame, or despair, or a thousand types of error. Then the boatman, who makes it his task to row after corpses, finds them here and there, and drags them up from the slimy depths, and they are carried to the Morgue. Hundreds yearly are

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found, and well is it known that hundreds also drown themselves who are never found. There is a tradition that the boatmen do not always do their duty in attempting to save those who leap into the river, since, on account of the difficulties attendant on the recovery of a corpse, the municipal authorities award fifty francs for a corpse, placed in the Morgue, and twenty-five francs for a would-be suicide rescued alive. Whether the boatmen have the heart to let people drown before they fish them out, I do not know; certain I am that some of them have types of face which would justify any grade of villainy.

Entering the front door of the Morgue, one finds himself facing the dead ones at once. They are ranged in a ghastly row there behind the glass partition, on iron tables, with the water dripping, drop by drop, on their livid faces or swollen limbs, and with a strong piece of zinc firmly weighing them down. There is always a chattering crowd delighting itself with the spectacle in front of the glass, pointing out this or that one which it recognizes, sometimes even turning away in disgust from this or that one which it loved. I remember once to have been visiting the hospital near Notre Dame, when a woman came in in such an excess of tears, that every one crowded around her to know what was the matter. In a dead body at the Morgue she had just recognized her drowned husband, and on the very day when she came to place their eldest child in hospital, because they were too poor to care for those who could not work at home. Forsaken

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or despised love, starvation, insanity, and murder, all have their victims at the Morgue.

Passing away from this dark corner, and coming back to the bright quays which adorn the banks of the Seine, we come beneath the walls of the rambling and ancient palace of justice; and a little lower down, the round, peaked towers of the Conciergerie, where the victims lay, and whence they were called out during the reign of terror. This is still on the island. Over beyond, on the north side of the Seine, we catch glimpses of the splendid Hotel de Ville, the Place de la Greve; and farther down, the broad boulevard Sevastopol, with the Place St. Jacques, its lovely little square, and the famous old tower with the virgin at its top beyond. The Conciergerie looks bare and terrible enough from the river's north side; the various centuries have added to it their architectures, and made it a mongrel which is by no means pleasing to the eye. Along the quay, on the south side, there is nothing of particular interest, save the bureau of police, where hosts of the *sergents-de-ville* are always clanking their long swords; and on the north, just above the great front of the Louvre, we see the queer spires of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois. Between the Pont Neuf and the Pont de l'Alma the Seine presents a most enchanting spectacle, especially in summer. Being, of course, somewhat narrow, it is not a fit place for any kind of yatchting or boating; but there are hosts of bathing-establishments moored in its waters, all elegantly decorated and painted, and patronized by such crowds!

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Then, near the bridge, which is ornamented by the statue of Henry Fourth, there are gardens just on the water's edge, and cafés, and drinking places of all shapes and sizes; little retreats for student and lover; and boats to be hired everywhere for a few sous, if you feel inclined to drift about on so small a river. There is no danger of any steamboat coming to crush you; those which run to and fro are only pleasure-boats going out to St. Cloud or Sevres, and made small enough to go under all the bridges without unhinging their stacks; and no large vessels, of course, come farther up the Seine than the boundaries of Paris on either side. Now and then there is a freight-barge drifting in from the country, so large that it has to wait for very low water to pass under the arches; but, in general, small craft only ply upon the bosom of this pride of the Parisians.

Opposite the Tuileries and the palace gardens the river is by no means handsome itself, although it is not absolutely filthy; but Napoleon's taste has had its banks adorned with shrubbery, and its waves covered with pleasure resorts, so as to conceal anything unpleasant that might otherwise drift in view of his palace windows. Do not understand that because the river is walled in on both sides it has the ugly and straitened appearance of a canal. It is everywhere of very considerable width; and the white stone of which the quays are made relieves the turbid dark waters most perfectly. In some places the Seine is light green; and away down at Passy, or at Point du Jour, the waters

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have that rich dark color which tells of light imprisoned within, and of purity even to the bottom. As the river flows by the Corps Legislatif Palace, past the Place de la Concorde and the old Palace of Industry, as it drifts onward by the Esplanade of the Invalides, and makes a detour as it approaches the bases of Trocadero, it is charming. At night, when thousands of lights from the immense stretch of city on either side are glancing in its depths—and you can see them from the Pont d'Iena even to the two black towers of Notre Dame—the effect is magical. Artificial as it may be, it is enchanting, vague, beautiful.

After passing this section, the river makes a wide sweep toward the south; and from the Pont d'Iena even to Passy it is again, though differently, charming. Here and there are little islands; the quaintest boats are continually bobbing about; and at Grenelle the suburbs of the city on either side the Seine are faëry. On to Passy, and from thence to Point du Jour, where, from a high elevation, you get an excellent view of the good river patiently winding its way from its entrance under the bridge at Bercy, down past the Jardin des Plantes, over the artificial channel made for it at the Island Louviers, past the Isle of Lutetia, and beneath the towers of the black, angry landmarks of history; past palace and hovel, garden and bare pavement, street and quay, splendor and misery, on to and through pleasant fields, at last out into open country, where vines grow long and carefully trained, and on the hedges, and where the city begins to feel its influence

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shaken off. The river at Point du Jour is sometimes unduly lumbered with barges and freight-boats; but the stretch between this place and Passy is lovely. Do not think I saw all this in my first walk along the Seine, for it took me many weeks to collect perfectly in my own mind all the ingoings and outcomings of the famous French river. If the Parisians were worshipers of anything, they might almost adopt the Seine as one of their gods; for they certainly reverence the old stream even now.

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CHAPTER X.

"MOUNT OF PIETY, THE MANGER, AND GOD'S HOTEL."

IT is a May day, and so warm in the crowded Rue de Rivoli, where the glittering carriages are always pressing, and their drivers are snarling, that even the few faint breezes from the river, wafted from wine-fragrant Bercy, will be grateful. So I go down the stone steps into the Tuileries Garden, under the cool trees, past the rippling fountain, and thread my way to the bridge where old Henry Fourth's statue frowns and fawns at the same time from its bronze horse. I lean over the parapet, and look into the smoothly-flowing Seine. It has the sun's rays in it to-day; they radiate from depths calm and pure to surface broken only now and then by bouquet cast carelessly over the parapet, or wooden missile from some heavy-laden barge. Here and there the blue-bloused rowers pull merrily, singing under breath. I see the glitter of the ripples dashed from their oars, and I grow lazy and pensive. Even here there is the hum of travel, the buzz of voices. I sit down on a stone slab in a recess of the bridge, and try to rest.

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But here can I not be left alone? No; for at my left I see a figure approaching, not a repulsive one, in truth; but one for which I care little now. It is a young girl—yes, girl, as the word goes, for she is still young; and May adds beauty to her charms. She is not thinking of the May-day, nor of the gayety around; for she sits down wearily upon the stone bench, and as her hands fall at her side I see her lay by her little bundle, and look at it, musing.

A queer bundle. First, there is a little roll of dainty flannel; and then, a piece of coarse cloth and a needle. There too, as the packet opens, lies a piece of money —silver—and a five-franc piece. Good. I am sure she is happy if she has a little money. Is she a sewing-girl? No, I am mistaken; she must be waiting for the omnibus. Ah, no! for past us they go, one, two, three, in line, and she stirs not. Pshaw! why need I vex myself with her bundle or herself?

But her manner! and then I have nothing to do, and I am sure she is going of errands. I shall loiter idly in her wake, and see what she does. By-and-bye she leaves the seat, and goes pensively along the walk, and we turn into the Latin Quarter.

Through obscure streets and by-ways we go, I half uncertain that I am more than idiotic in my fancy that she is bent on some strange mission. Lo! we tread now up the grand Boulevard Saint Michel; we turn off, and here and there we drift in the crowd.

It is an hour, and the sun is hot; but at last her dainty steps are hovering in front of a plain, unpre-

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tending looking shop; she has come to her journey's end, and here the errand is to be done.

We are at the *Mont de Piete.*

The Mount of Piety! fool that I am; and I did not know all this time that that five-franc piece was sacred! When I saw her fingers close over it, as she sat in the corner on the bridge, as if it were her last hope, why did I not think? And now I shall see another phase of Paris poor-life.

Have I puzzled you? The Mount of Piety is the grand resort for the poor in their last extremity. It is nothing more nor less than a pawnbroker's shop, and the above fantastic name was given it as a kind of sublime sarcasm. This is the grand establishment where starvation gets a few days' respite by leasing its clothing, or where the prince can leave his diamonds, even though he come disguised in a workman's blouse. This is the centre, which has its branch offices all over Paris, and which has, and will have, its customers by thousands every year.

But what, you ask me, does a young girl want of such a place, when she has money in her hand? You shall see.

That silver is a "blessed piece." Poor work-women, whose lives are constant struggles to keep out of death's jaws, have one resource. When they have a five-franc piece, and can lay it aside, they take it to their priest, and he blesses it. Thenceforward it is silver respected and honorable, and is the life-boat of the sea of poverty. This poor girl is going into the

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pawnbroker's den, to leave the piece in his hands. He will give her four francs and a half for it, and when she comes to redeem it she must pay him five. It is a bargain which he makes so often that he says nothing beyond the words, "Look at your number."

Now, reasoning a priori, we know she is married, because it is only the family cares and incumbrances that could drive her to bless a piece, and pawn it. Perhaps this is the way she funds her debt. Perhaps she will make some little present with the loan from the blessed piece, and trust that the saints will help her redeem it. Perhaps a hundred things. Now we are inside the door. A little pang strikes me as I think that I have no excuse for entering, and I wonder how I should feel if I had. Here we are, in a row, and such faces as are around us! Haggard and weary faces; eyes sunken and frightened; often in the mass of heads one bowed with shame or grief; all this taken in at a glance, but the most prominent these four:

A workman, in blue suit, whitened with mortar, and with a linen slouch cap perched on his curls. His wooden shoes clank on the floor, and on his arm he swings a canvas bag. Out of work, and ready to pawn his tools.

A brazen woman, defiant and insipid, tossing her head at the humbler spectators,—humbler because more shabbily dressed; and the pendants are gone from her ears. She is waiting to hand them over. They are worth forty francs, she gets twenty, and goes round the corner to eat in a cremerie, and afterwards to buy some new lace.

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An old man, in a dirty coat, with eyes that tell of opium, and unsteady lips that hint of absinthe; a dirty, hideous, frowzy old beggar, who makes your eyes ache to look at him, and who fumbles at his batch of trinkets —relic of past days—thinking of oblivion that he will obtain with them; when he has his paltry sum he will buy opium and tobacco, and smoke them together.

Fourth, the young girl with the "blessed piece," standing quiet and sad, shifting the silver from hand to hand, now pressing it to her lips, either to assure herself that it is the real article, or to breathe a prayer for its safe return.

Multiply and vary these figures, add soldiers, here and there a shabby student, a distressed foreigner, and you have the people at the wicket. They come and go like the ripples on a cesspool; and the faint odor of wretched squalor mounts on the air. There, at the other end of the room, is the wicket where the pledges are redeemed, but the crowd around it is small. Yet I feel sure that my little friend here in front will reclaim her blessed piece there some day.

This is a famous institution, this "Mount of Piety." It is not like Dante's hell; the circles increase upwards in intensity. This is a well-ordered establishment. On the first floor, if you could enter, you would see rich stores of jewels, which have passed through this wicket, and wait their redemption; on the second, furniture, and the floors bend under millions of pledges, large and small, that will never be redeemed; paintings, tapestries, musical instruments, are here in pro-

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fusion. Two more stories, the same symmetry of arrangement; and such luxury of toilets, come here from the demi-monde, to wait until the dissolute owners want to put them on again, and can spare the money to redeem them. At last, to the fifth floor, and you are in the poor loft. Here, in some corner, will the workman's bag of tools, and the old man's souvenirs, and the poor girl's blessed piece, be laid away. And here you may note how far misery can go, and how tight poverty thrusts its victims to the wall. Here, piled on shelves, are hosts of mattresses, not always over clean.

The poor people, who have pawned all the clothes they can spare, next pawn their beds, and sleep on straw. When they are out of work, when the dull season comes, they must sleep without bed, and with but little bread. "The Mount of Piety!" What offerings are made upon it! Who shall say that every article has not tears invisible on it? And the number of individuals, to whom loans are made on these securities, is sometimes *a million and a half* yearly. Into twenty establishments like this all the week Paris sends its desperate poor, who are too spiritless to beg, even if they were not afraid of being arrested, and who have not the heart to steal, because that field is taken up by others more miserable than themselves. These pawnbrokers make 25,000,000 francs in the aggregate yearly. A Shylock might have his den in their vicinage.

But to our lady of the "blessed piece." What does she, poising lightly the four francs and fifty centimes

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in her hand, the price of her pledge. She counts it carefully, and goes out. I follow, at a distance, as before. Back through the narrow streets, and down to the wider ones, where she stops at a wine shop to buy a bit of cordial. Then her step quickens, and I am sauntering behind. You may smile when I inform you where we halt, but I am not inclined to laugh. It is almost pathetic.

We halt before *Les creches.*

The young woman knocks at an humble door; it opens; a smiling face greets her, and I am left at the door of the *creche,* to tell you all about it.

I have studied out the whole history now. This young girl is married, and lives in straitened poverty. Her husband is a workman, who, may be, now and then has to pawn his tools, like the one we saw at the "Mount of Piety;" and she has a place where she works week-days to eke out their pittance. A child is born to them. What can they do? They cannot leave the little innocent to die of neglect in its cradle. But work they must. So the mother takes it to *La creche,* or the "manger," so called because the infant Christ once slept in a manger.

The *creche* is a charitable institution, where the infants of poor people are received and cared for, always provided that the mother comes to attend to the child twice a day so long as it needs her personal care. The children have the best of attendance, and grow into responsible babyhood very happily. But the mothers! Can it be happiness for them to have no

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cradles at their hearths, no child's voice in their homes, and to drag their weary limbs a mile after their work to look on the loved ones' faces?

So the story goes on. Our little woman to-day sold her "blessed piece" to buy something new for the baby, in addition to the flannel robe which was, but is no longer, so puzzling to us in her "queer bundle." It was for the baby that she endured the long waiting among the noisome crowds; it is for the baby that she carried that gaily-colored cup when she left the wine-shop; and it is for the baby that her heart has been beating all through her weary day's work. Think a little, mothers, with your children around you, of the expedients this poor creature has to resort to, to be honest and cherish her share of human love and motherhood!

There are twenty "mangers," or "cribs," in Paris; and since 1844 forty thousand infants have been received and cared for in them. They were established to aid honest misery, and their aim is most essentially accomplished. The mothers contribute two sous each daily for the support of their children. That is all the burden they have. The State and charity supply the rest. Perhaps I have no right to tell you that, as I loitered near the "manger," I saw a dozen workwomen come wearily to the door, sit down on the benches, and count over the week's slender earnings, (it is Saturday); then ring, a tumultuous throng, anxious to see their red-fisted, round-eyed progeny, and that it reminds one of the poor market woman who lived

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two miles from the "manger" where her child lay cradled, and went six times daily to nurse it! Twelve miles! and all for the baby's especial good! Verily, we need not believe that temporary separation estranges the child from the mother's care.

But our lady of the "blessed piece" lingers not long at the "manger" to-day. Her bundle is missing when she comes out, and her face is radiant; then it takes on sadness once more, and the steps are the least bit wearier. We go back to the river side.

Is the journey ended? Is the mother's mission done? No; we do not cross back to the old stone seat on the bridge, but we move on, and approach that ancient island where the great cathedral of Notre Dame lifts its blackened towers to heaven, and where the stone apostles and martyrs seem to rejoice in the sunlight of the May afternoon. Is she going to pray the saints to return the blessed piece? No; she stops short at the corner; and in front of this huge stone edifice, dark with age, she mingles once more with a motley throng.

We are at the *Hotel-Dieu!*

Yes, this is the quaint old hospital, in quainter language named "God's Hotel." And rightly is it named; for here God, through His charity, cares for the just and unjust alike, and gives his mercy to all. He or she who has starved and sent blessed piece and mattress to the "Mount of Piety," to keep the little one snug and comfortable in the "manger," comes to "God's Hotel" when poverty is no longer to be borne

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lightly,—when want and discouragement strike home. You must brush down the cobwebs of the year seven hundred to get a glimpse at the origin of this hospital.

She pauses, with tears in her eyes, and the slender stock of money goes fast, as she buys such comforts as he within needs, and then settles down to wait until the doors are opened, and the "friends may visit the sick."

So the story still goes on. She had a half holiday from her work this pleasant Saturday. I see it all! And she has been to her poor lonely home, and taken the blessed piece from its hiding place, kissed her prayers upon it, and made it the means of carrying to her child the proof of her mother's love, and now to her sick husband, in a hospital-ward, comfort and nourishment. Well, well! why can we not all be poor, once, to know how bitter, yet how sweet it is, when love goes with it?

One o'clock. The doors are opened, and up to them surges the crowd. Each man is examined to see that he takes nothing "forbidden to the sick" in his friendly zeal; and the women must vouch for the contents of their pockets. I follow our little lady, and the tall official laughs as he looks in my hat to see if there is strong liquor stowed away there. Then he passes his hands rapidly down my sides, to verify my assertion that I have concealed nothing, and I wander into the wards.

How light and clean and cheerful every nook and

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corner is! How swiftly fly our lady's little feet, as she hurries to the ward where I am sure lies the partner in the ownership of the "blessed piece," and the father of the little one in the "manger!"

Yes, I am not deceived; for there, in bed No. 471, last of the list but one in the "department of medicine," lies a wan form, and to it flies the little mother, and round its wasted neck puts two tired arms, and on its breast sheds bitter and pitiful tears. He was very pale to-day; and was he better? and the baby was so well—all this quick, full of hope, cheering up him who has almost lost courage. Then the little presents are produced, and the wine is drank, and the lips meet now and then, while I look hard at the other patients, and try to persuade myself that it is not so affecting after all.

And when, an hour after, I come back to the same ward, there she sits patiently, reading to him from a little paper (I am afraid it is their monthly expenses which annoy them), and the tired look comes on his face when she must go once more back to the "manger" where the child lies, and thence home. Sadly she passes out; he looking at her from under the white curtain until she is lost to view in the long corridor.

She steps across the square, and into the grand old cathedral. There she kneels before a chapel altar, and prays. I wonder if thoughts of the far different "Mount of Piety" from the one she has so lately left drift through her mind; and if she remembers him who first was poor, and lay in a "manger," and who,

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too, comforted the sick in the "God's Hotels" of his time? The incense from the altar drowns all grosser senses; day, with its noise and care, is shut out; poverty is in oblivion for the moment, as she prays. The music from a choir in the gallery, faintly chanting, comes to our ears; the solemn voices of the priests, saying prayers with some children in a corner, are heard but gently; all is quiet, and peace, and reverence. Even now, in a hundred corners of Paris, how is her little history of the day repeated, by many sorely tried hearts, racked with expedients to live, and upheld by love. Verily, all Paris is not vain and fickle; all is not sensual and mean. If it were, one could not pray so earnestly after selling one's "blessed piece," leaving one's child in an alien "manger," and visiting one's husband, out of work and health, bound to his bed in "God's Hotel."

Now she rises and leaves the cathedral. She has not seen me, and I never see her more.

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CHAPTER XI.

SIX SOUS WORTH OF COFFEE.

URSED be the man who first adulterated coffee, for he has ruined the taste of the whole western world for a most delectable berry! In the aroma of the real substance, free from baser foreign element, there is something more delicious than in wine, more perfect than in the richest Chateau-Margaux. One drinks it in at the nostrils with infinite gusto before one puts his lips to the rim of the saucer, and imbibes the liquid, which "does not inebriate." What charming associations twine themselves in the painted wreath on the cup's brim! What visions of dreamy (and dirty) Orientals, braving the noontide, with the coffee's fragrance fighting the fumes of their narghilas; of slight Italians sitting under awnings in perturbed Rome or sullen Venice, and drinking the immortal decoction fresh from China goblets; of the handsome Viennese balancing the cup in his daintily gloved hand, and varying the old burden by lightly singing:

> "Who loves not *coffee*, wine, and song,
> He is a fool his whole life long;"

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of the swart Bavarian, even, setting aside his beloved beer to go for the evening Mocha; of the humble *café au lait* in the poor Swiss cabin; and, finally, of the myriads of fresh glittering establishments, cushioned and gilded and mirrored and waxed, where the nervous Frenchman slowly sips his pet potation, and dreams all his reveries of the past and future over it. Thrice hail, noble berry! thou who dost not palsy arm nor wither sinew, thrice and all hail!

And blessed be the Armenian who first introduced coffee to France! He was shrewd, a species of Yankee, in mind; and he made the most of his novelty. To him, then, are due all these gay resorts, these hosts of little half homes, where Paris of to-day shows itself, and lets all the world mix with it.

If we take our seat here in the Café Riche, where dark Spaniards are forever muttering discontentedly over absinthe, and then sending for coffee to counteract its results; if we settle ourselves in this comfortable chair under the awning, and hold our little dissertation until our six sous worth of coffee is gone, who shall say us nay?

Here, at 11 A. M., the crowd begins to centre, glitter, and press. From the Faubourgs St. Honoré and St. Germain come the gay carriages, passing and repassing; mesdames the gloved, waving good mornings to messieurs the ungloved, under the awnings; Jean, the gamin, lilting by in his wooden shoes, mimicking some old beau who holds his cigar after the manner of the Renaissance while he drinks; an Italian beggar drag-

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ging one foot wearily after the other, and now and then posing his heavy harp to sing out of a heavier heart; a fresh grisette, in white, hurrying toward the Rue Vivienne, and the bridge, and beloved haunts beyond; and a wagon, full of country folk, rattling by now and then, while all the city-bred coachmen elevate scornful noses. Now the speculator, from breakfast, *en route* to the Bourse, arrives, gulps his coffee, pockets two lumps of sugar, and rushes away to raise funds; at his side the picture-vender, in coat that has seen better days, drinks the same with slower gestures and more enjoyment. There is no aristocracy at the café. All through the huge city, in students' haunts, in the poor people's quarters, in the Boulevard du Temple, and the Faubourg St. Germain, Paris, at this hour, takes, or has taken, its cup of coffee. If a bit of brandy follows, be assured 'tis but a trifle; no huge deadly English tumbler, which makes one shudder to handle; but a tiny crystal glass, wherein the liquid lies clear, pure, and not o'er deep. This we may swallow or not, before we turn to the history of the café.

We cannot accuse our French friends of having this time imitated the Greeks or the Romans. No Athenian would have seen fit to waste his time exactly as the luxurious Parisian did. Still, I fancy he had his pet boisson, and quaffed it readily at least once a day. The only difference, if really found out, would be in measure and manner. No race but that which invented boots made without stitches, and set La Fontaine's fables to music, could have produced the café. When

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you see, over a lot of newspaper paragraphs, the heading, "Paris café gossip," be sure it is very apropos; for nothing happens in the city, or in the world's orbit, for that matter, which is not thoroughly discussed in these daily resorts. Three-fourths of the French population that can read and write go to the café to read its newspapers; preferring to pay six cents for paper and coffee rather than two cents for the paper alone. Then there is always one's elbow neighbor at the next table to appeal to if the Emperor has done wrong; or the ladies to bore with long jokes, if some one of their number has been sensible enough to commit suicide.

Egypt sent up the coffee first; and more than two hundred years after, in the year of our Lord 1867, it sent up some of its Egyptians to shiver in the bracing air of Paris, and to sip the familiar liquid in a café, with frantic gestures, which the waiter rightly interpreted to mean "more sugar." London had coffee imported to it ten years before Paris, but did not adopt the Oriental stranger. Marseilles, on the Mediterranean, was, in 1644 and the following years, a great resort for adventurers from Italy and the lands farther south; and an Italian, named Pietro della Valle, in one of his journeys, brought up a few samples of coffee. French noses smelled it, and, in 1660, large houses were engaged in its importation from Egypt. Some Frenchman conceived the idea of a public coffee-house, and straightway Marseilles had its café.

Some time after there was a great festival in Paris, and an Armenian drifted in among the hundreds of

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speculators present, and opened a café. Here the thing was a novelty and a temporary success. When the fair was over, he removed to the Latin Quarter; but as his establishment was in a cellar, where only strangers and dissolute people got together, he very soon sold out, and went to London, where, it is needless to say, it is not considered disreputable to be sticky, foggy, and muddy, even in drinking places, and where he could sell in a cellar without reproach.

So the street people of Paris took it up. The poor folks, after the day's work was done, or at noon, when the *grand monde* was abroad, would march through the streets, carrying a huge tin machine full of coffee, in one hand, and a little fountain in the other. People who wished to imbibe would beckon from windows, or call the venders into shops, and for much less than a penny could take coffee *al fresco*. "A penny, and sugar thrown in," is an old proverb, now getting into disuse in France, rising from the cries of these ancient peddlers of 1600 and something. None of these peripatetic merchants got rich, however.

Then Paris remained twenty years again before it established the first café. Speculators had been frightened by the Armenian's experiment, and looked wary; so that a foreigner had once more to set the ball in motion. A Sicilian, in 1689, opened a fresh, clean coffee-room in the heart of Paris, opposite the Theatre Français, where, to-day, the cafés are so high priced, that if you are a stranger, and ask for an ice, they charge you twice what it is worth. Next came an

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Armenian again, but not the same one; and this fellow, to humble his Sicilian rival, introduced the Oriental fashion of smoking when one took coffee, and announced that the *Gazette de France*, and other journals, could be read gratuitously in his establishment. So gayety and fashion centered there. Of course the Latin Quarter and its restless students soon imitated this new notion, and Paris at once had three cafés. In this last one gathered all the poets, novelists, and painters of the day (with the inevitable tendency of literature and art to be wherever there is anything to drink). All this more and more increased the popularity of the café, until—

Upon my honor, I wasn't aware the dissertation was so long; and there yonder is Alphonse wiping his mustaches, and going away, and the waiter looks inquiringly at me. Ay, old fellow, another cup of the berry, and who thinks of the expense?

Until Voltaire, and all the brilliant circle of his time, people whose books and names and memories have become dust a century ago, were regular frequenters. Rousseau used to go to the Café Laurens as long ago as 1700; and there he wrote those couplets, which, ten years later, were the cause of the banishment of their author from France. A favorite dodge of literary men used to be to read a sonnet, or an essay, or a phillipic, before the crowd in a café; then, with kind permission, sell copies, and next day so-and-so was famous. Books, after all, do no more than word of mouth did in those gossippy days.

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The cafés of that time were only mere shops, narrow, badly ventilated, full of smoke, and poorly lighted by wax candles in the evening. Luxury and comfort did not come in until the second half of the eighteenth century. Then, as if by magic, sprang up a café ornamented with mirrors and furnished with marble tables; the precursor of the splendors of to-day. Some years since this old relic was blotted out by one of Napoleon's pitiless new streets.

Will you believe that, while in 1672 there were but three of these places in Paris, in 1754 there were between six hundred and seven hundred, all of more or less importance. They were too sensible to introduce billiards into them until Louis Fourteenth—that splendid fool—came upon the stage of royalty, and they were also in every sense irreproachable, until the manners of that dissolute time gave them dissolute customers. In 1789, Paris boasted eleven hundred cafés. This was at the beginning of the great Revolution. The French Revolution was born over a cup of coffee, was discussed in a café, and its most terrible cruelties were planned in these resorts. Each party had its café; and it would have been as unsafe for a strange partisan to have gone among his political opponents when they sipped the juice of the berry, as for a Montague to penetrate a Capulet's parlor. The royalist went to the Regence, the revolutionists to the Procope. The habitués of this latter one, when Franklin died, in 1790, hung the walls with black, and wore mourning themselves three days. Franklin had lived among the

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French, and they learned to love him. But, O rare inconsistency! these were the patriots who sent a deputation to the offices of half a dozen newspapers, during the Revolution, telling the editors they could not write what they thought. The French idea of liberty has always been rather confused.

But, at the Restoration, the cafés glittered in all their glory, more even than they now possess. Paris possessed three thousand cafés, and every one of them was crowded to bursting, daily and nightly, with people who came there to interchange their thought and sip their coffee. To-day there are four thousand; and in the exhibition year many were erected temporarily, their owners having made fortunes, and pulled them down to make way for better buildings. Four thousand! not rum shops, nor poison breweries, nor hardly beer establishments; but public parlors, where one goes to lounge or to write or to read, and to drink simply as pastime. There is not one man in five thousand in Paris who drinks strong liquors at a café, either habitually or ever. There is not one in ten thousand who ever intoxicates himself in these places. It is the strangers who have made the cafés, in some quarters, dubiously respectable. The Parisian never intended them for anything more than to subserve to his social nature; that, fresh from bed, he should take breakfast and read the paper beside his friend, whose sleeping place is mayhap a mile from his. The speculators, who are about to ruin each other, hob-nob in the morning; and at night, when returned from business,

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they drop in at their favorite haunt, one looks at the other with his hat jammed over his eyes, and says, "Poor fellow, drown care in your coffee; it shall be your turn to-morrow." The huge Paris world centres twice, thrice daily; it is at the café; it gossips at the café; it intrigues at the café; it plots, it dreams, it suffers, it hopes, at the café. These places are oases among the deserts of Paris life, where society comes as near being real as it can in France, or in any empire. Soldiers, rag-pickers, duchesses, lorettes, business men, actors, and opera-singers, artists and writers, thieves and policemen, street peddlers and cheap hotel-keepers, all have their different cafés.

Waiter, here are six sous, two for you, four for the owner; wipe the table with your white napkin, and—*Bon jour.*

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CHAPTER XII.

"CONCIERGE, OPEN THE DOOR."

MADAME LA MARQUISE lived on the third floor of the great house of which I am about to tell you; but she kept her carriage. The tailor was just below her. Above were hosts of furnished rooms, whose occupants never saw them between 8 in the morning and 9 at night; fifth and sixth stories ditto; attic—God save the mark!—occupied by an hundred over-worked, underfed, constantly tempted milliner girls, who dragged their weary limbs up there very late at night.

Nowhere may one be more alone than in one of these immense Parisian hotels;—caravansaries rather let us call them, because the lodgers are here to-day, gone perhaps to-morrow; because splendor and misery, under the same roof, never meet each other; because a dozen trades are busily plied here. But the builder of Paris has hit upon the most commodious form of structure for a city, and has united elegance with a reasonable degree of comfort. This great block before which we pause is only a stone's throw from the Grand Boulevards. It rises majestically high, with its

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Mansard roof and dormer windows so far above you that you pity the muscles of your neck, and do not look up; the fine yellowish-white, mellow-tinted stone, which long ago was put up in rough blocks and carved after it was set in its place, rejoices in heads of lions and dragons, in quaint old gargoyles; and the double door of solid oak, now swung open, because the porter's watchful eye is upon the entrance, gives you a glimpse into a court-yard, broad, well paved and drained, around which the house is built.

This style of building is so totally different from anything in our country of hasty wood and brick, that a description of it cannot fail to interest you. The block stands between two streets; that is, it fronts upon one principal avenue, which empties into the boulevards; and at its rear is a narrow by-street, also reaching the central point after tortuous windings. If you have occasion to enter by day, as you pass up the entrance-way from the wide door, the *concierge*, in blouse and generally in apron, salutes you; and he is the dragon who guards the local Hesperides. You behold the porter's lodge at one side, whence the apparition issued. It is generally a small room, with shelves running around it, and numbers and hooks for keys below them. There the lodgers, who are legion, enter to take their bougies, or wax candles, when they come in for the night; and there they leave their keys in the morning. This prevents burglary, absconding without paying rent, and a dozen other miseries of lodging-houses in less fortunate cities.

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Monsieur the concierge is generally married,—at least, he has a family around him,—for his labors are almost incessant, and would be insupportable if unshared by others. The concierge is the factotum of the establishment; he rents the rooms, receives the money when due, makes the beds, and sweeps out the chambers, aided by his wife and sons; serves meals to all lodgers who wish them in their rooms, posts letters, effects errands, receives and forwards messages, and is expected, in person or by proxy, to keep a faithful guard on the door in the court-yard. How necessary this is can be judged by the fact that this house alone boasts two hundred lodgers, seven separate businesses, and has hanging about it a host of retainers, coachmen, and the like. A concierge must have discriminating powers; that is, when a man enters who seems eminently respectable, and apparently seeks Monsieur the tailor, or Madame the milliner, on pressing affairs, the concierge must mentally decide whether to let him pass unaccosted. In trips a young lady, whose jaunty hat but jaded face tells her story in a minute. "*Ou allez vous, Madame?*" thunders the concierge, and the little lady is stopped, trembling. She thought she was stealing up to Alphonse's room, unobserved; but the practiced eye singles her out, and so she leaves a wee note for Alphonse, which she had prepared in case of emergency, and flutters out as she came. Meantime, Alphonse, who has staid in lodgings because it rained a trifle, fancies he hasn't feed concierge as heavily as he could wish. A man of bills and receipts

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arrives, in gorgeous uniform of blue, with cocked hat, and with cumbersome portfolio attached to his button by a light chain, lest some one should snatch his treasures in the street. Urbanely the concierge greets him; the bill is produced, money paid, a glass of wine is tendered for the collector, and away he goes, touching his hat. The Commissioner of Police looks in with his register, and him the concierge treats with utmost deference, while the gloomy official copies in his book the blank which every new lodger is obliged to fill,—whence come you, whither bound, age, color of hair, country, occupation, etc., *ad nauseam.* Here comes a shopping-porter with a bundle for the new arrival, *au troisieme*, up three pair of stairs; concierge pays the bill, if necessary, and collects on delivery. Rat-tat-tat—*Facteur!!* What frightful halloa is this? Concierge is up five flights, with coffee for old General Bigorre, who never rises until noon, so his wife answers the knock. Nobody but the postman, in his soldierly garb, with his leathern letter-bag before him, who delivers the morning mail for the house, and is off. Whir-r-r! here enters to the paved court a splendid carriage, with the Scotch coachman snarling in broad French to the toy dealer who sits near the door; this is Monsieur the banker, who occupies the rear section of the house. Concierge doesn't question him. Cling! goes a bell in the lodge which communicates with the fifth story; the Englishman in No. 19 wants a cutlet and a bottle of Burgundy for breakfast, rolls whitest procurable. That little box-like closet opposite the

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lodge is the kitchen; there, in two minutes, the cutlet is sizzling, and concierge has despatched his eldest boy around the corner to the baker's for the rolls, and to the wine-shop for the Burgundy. A pretty little profit the concierge makes on these hasty purchases. Here comes the laundress with the linen, which five days ago was taken outside the city to be washed, because Madame the concierge doesn't like to have it washed in the Seine, and beaten with stones and mallets. What a huge pile, as it is descended from the clean van, and the driver clatters in in wooden shoes with it on his broad back! Accounts are settled, and concierge and family crowd round their dinner in the little lodge, only to be constantly disturbed by some caller, who asks "pardon" and a mass of questions.

At nine o'clock at night the concierge carefully closes the great doors which open on the street, and all communication thereafter with him is by the bell which hangs over his bed-head, and rings vigorously at the slightest touch of the nob outside. As most of the occupants spend their evenings on the street or at the theatre, the jangling at the bed-head is kept up until two and three in the morning, and the lodgers are constantly seeking their keys. If any unfortunate one stays out so very late that much ringing fails to awaken the tired sleeper, he must put his head through the little wicket and yell, "*Cordon, s'il vous plait!*" —"please pull the cord which opens the door." And by-and-bye he will get to his candle and key.

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Enter the court-yard, and look about. This is a fair type of such a house as would be your home in Paris, if you came hither. Spacious enough, and open to the heavens. No need of any ill smells, for pure water keeps the gutters sending all slops rapidly sewer-ward. The pavement is, like that of the older streets, of hard, square stones; and in rainy weather there are no puddles, because all rain at once flows to the gutter. The lofty block is pierced on each side by two large entrances, where stairways climb to the chimney-pots. Inside, the passage-ways are so long and narrow and solid that they remind you of the streets in Venice. At the left is the milliner's, with her chattering flock of bonnet-trimmers; farther up the court is the tailor's purgatory, where the cross-legged sewers sit; but the tailor's reception-rooms are above, and front on the street. Other businesses occupy spacious apartments. At the rear end of the court is a passage-way like that in front; go through that, and you will see the stables; mount above the stables, by neat stairways, and you will see where the servants, who belong to the various lessees, sleep. One business establishment has its own kitchen, and boards all its clerks at private table; its own set of servants are subject only to the scrutiny of the concierge when they enter and go out. In the fifth story, the lodgers and concierge finding it equally inconvenient to get coffee and rolls from the lower world, an old woman tends a neat little kitchen. Bells from the sixth flight reach her sanctum; and the poor girls who perch among the chimney-pots, or, as we

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should say, under the ridge-pole, generally get their meagre breakfast of her.

All along the boulevards, and on all the principal avenues on this, the most important bank of the Seine, the houses are built on this plan. The blocks wholly given up to commerce, even of the lighter kind, are very few. In general, they are museums of all the avocations, and the homes of many grades of society. In the Latin Quarter, you will find the maison meublée, or furnished house, more often distinct, and the business establishments also occupying blocks by themselves. But of that more anon.

Take Hombert's mansion as a good example of the smaller lodging-houses in the Quatier Breda. With him a stranger would find an excellent room, hung in neatest blue, tastefully furnished with sofas, inviting bed, veiled under soft blue curtains, a profusion of tables, a marble mantel, bath-room close at hand, and service free, for perhaps one dollar a day; in the hotels on the Place Vendome, and on the Rue de Rivoli, twice, and possibly three times that sum would be demanded for a chamber no better in location or furnishings. Yet strangers think it is very hard to go out of the beaten tracks, and so are constantly cheated, yea, fleeced, until they are ready to declare Paris the most expensive city in the world. Think of the American family that once paid eight hundred francs for a carriage to the Bois de Boulogne, one review day, when teams were in great demand! Such spendthrift idiots deserve soundest ridicule from their countrymen.

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Transit is so easy, and attended by so many genuine pleasures, in and about Paris, that it is desirable to spend some portion of one's time in the suburbs. Its cheapness commends this plan to thousands of foreigners from all parts of Europe and America. Auteuil, Neuilly, Passy, Versailles, St. Germain, Vincennes, Asnieres, all are charming towns, where rents are remarkably cheap, and to and from which the monthly fare, by railroad or omnibus, is but a trifle. Artists, literary men, gentlemen traveling alone, sometimes find towns as far out as Enghien and Montmorency, as Chateau-Thierry or Meaux, none too far into the country to allow them a stroll on the boulevards three or four times weekly.

But to return to Hombert's house, describe the garçon, and give you a bit of personal history, illustrating the freedom of these minor lodging-houses. The garçon in this situation is not a fortunate mortal. He is generally worked beyond his strength, is a slave to his travail, never having leisure; and the existence of his family—supposing he has one—is decidedly precarious. Josef, garçon with Hombert, was a small, shrewd fellow, from the north of France, with a face which belied the thirty odd years he had seen. Fancy his duties! Forty chambers to arrange daily, and *arranging* signifies bed-making, thorough dusting, and most vigorous scrubbing, and then waxing of the floors; innumerable errands to run for the sixty or seventy lodgers who inhabit the forty rooms; and so many calls to answer at the door (there was no court-yard to

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our house) in his capacity of concierge, that I never could see how he could work at all: Josef was a real Parisian in sentiment, if not in habit; and when at work was always humming some gamin's song, or echoing, in roystering accents, the street cries which came drifting in at the windows. His salary was very small, and eked out by the customary donation from the lodgers of five francs per month. Josef had a queer history; he had been a provincial actor, and once engaged in a small business; but his partner had absconded with the profits the two had made, and Josef had gone down, instead of up, in the scale of prosperity. Now he has a wife and children; and the wife, who serves as cook in a rich family, does not earn enough so but that both see the wolf's teeth now and then. But precious little does Josef exhibit his cares! Outwardly he is the gayest, most thoughtless garçon in the whole quarter. You should see him saunter up and down in front of the little wine-shop below, late in the evening, when work is over. He never wears a hat, not even though he penetrates to the grand boulevards; and, in his blouse and long white apron, with his matted hair overlying mischievous eyes, is one of the curiosities of our quarter. No over-dressed young lady, or frightened-eyed small dog, escapes his untranslatable and satiric *Ah! ça! par exemple;* or, *A quoi ça sert?* Josef rarely gets out of the hotel orbit, and is withal more virtuous, intelligent, and capable, than the majority in his trade, many of whom can neither read or write.

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Nowhere is there more absolute freedom, so far as regards one's convenience, than in a Parisian *maison meublée*, or *hotel garni*, as they are called, of minor size. The concierge is by no means vigilant as to the visitors who arrive to see his lodgers, and only assures himself that no rogues or thieves creep in. French law provides that the lessee of a room by the month shall be given fifteen days' notice before he is turned out, in case ejection becomes necessary. The Paris Bohemian often finds this a gratifying provision,—the only one which keeps him from vagrancy and the station-house. Hombert's sixty odd other lodgers were as unknown to me, while I remained under his roof, as to you. We all had different hours, various pursuits, and, never meeting around a common table, were strangers. The commensal feeling in America is one often stretched to pleasant acquaintance, sometimes friendship; and the Yankee in Paris sighs for a more social manner of eating and drinking.

Once, while *chez Hombert*, I became almost penniless, and how to subsist until the arrival of certain remittances was a serious question. I found it necessary to reduce the expenses of my diet, and so resolved to visit a grocer at the corner, whose little shop always contained fresh cheese, butter, eggs, coffee and fruits. The baker's was near by, and *Comestibles* was the sign over another attractive shop, across the street, where the most tempting displays of cold meats, packed, pickled, wrapped in glittering paper, and rolled in wet cloths, made the eye demonstrate hunger. My plan

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was carried out; and, smothering my pride, I used to march down the stairs every morning, gallantly swinging the little pail the green-grocer had lent me, and return, often meeting Hombert, with the aroma of hot coffee flooding the dim stairway. So, with calls on the baker, the meat seller, and the grocer, I eked out existence at twenty sous the day, until the blessed letter which contained a remittance fluttered into my hands. I wondered why Hombert did not sneer, or feel dubious about his rent-bill; but I found the habit was one so common among Parisians that he had not even noticed my economy. Money saving may be easier effected in Paris than elsewhere, provided there is a will—nay, a necessity to save.

We have looked inside the lodging-house—the Parisian's refuge—enough for the present; a word more concerning exterior architecture. Greater height, glittering color, and tasteful ornament, distinguish the buildings throughout Paris from those of New York, and, in fact, most American cities. It will be long before the Western metropolis can boast such a promenade as the avenue on the Champs Elysées, such a drive-way as the Boulevard Haussmann. The streets may be made as wide and firm in one city as the other, may be as profusely lighted in New York as in Paris; but our unfortunate penchant for brick, as a building material, precludes possibility of much effect in architecture. Paris is very cheery on a stinging cold day; there is no such bleak, forbidding aspect hanging over its palaces and the homes of its people as in London

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or Gotham. The fine limestone, which is so soft when first lifted from the quarry, but after exposure in the form of walls and foundations becomes almost as firm as granite, gives Paris architecture its cheeriness. Then, too, the French mind has a tinge of the grotesque, manifested almost always in wall carvings, which adds to the general effect. The master of an Italian villa often has a caricature in stone on his gate-post; but the Frenchman prefers it over his door. The *rentier* who builds now-a-days in Paris finds it for his interest to rear as costly and elaborate a structure as possible. If you wish to visit Hombert you will have to make haste, for his domicile is plain-fronted, and quite in the old style; the march of imperial improvement will soon level it, and the corner will shine resplendent in new limestone.

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CHAPTER XIII.

MABILLE AND ITS KINDRED.

TWO rag-pickers once paused beneath my window. The month was May, the weather delicious; time, midnight. The garbage heap boasted at its top a single flower, so little soiled that the moonlight showed its pure white petals, as the woman, who was young but hideously ugly and broken down, touched by some rare instinct, put it in her breast. "He!" said her male companion, breaking into a laugh, and swinging a rotten potato into his basket, "does that remind thee of Mabille?" "Wilt be silent, blackguard?" retorted the woman; and nothing was then heard in the street save the prodding of their hooks in the heaps of waste for the few convertible bits of rubbish.

The word *Mabille* recalled a certain phillipic I once read against the seductions of this wicked world, in which the famous garden was instanced as one of the fiend's special attractions; and I remembered that as yet I was ignorant of the whereabouts of this lair of the devil. Carnival time had shown me something of the Parisian's manner of amusing himself; and I

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had since given my attention to more serious matters than the *can-can* and the music of Strauss and Wagner, Gungl and Lanner. Curiosity now got the better of me, however, and I determined at the earliest chance to get a peep at the middle world and its revelry. Let us call it revelry for politeness' sake; with greater justice should we name it the nightly purgatory of the middle world.

Not far from Prince Napoleon's beautiful Pompeian villa, on the Avenue Montaigne, abuts the entrance to Mabille. If you view it from omnibus-top or carriage, by day, it looks prosaic and dull enough. The gate is plain, not over large, and you may catch glimpses of shabby workmen repairing coarsely painted scenery, dabbling in fountains, hanging lamps, and dusting iron seats. Indeed, the whole quarter, from the Rue du Juillet, down past the Tuileries garden, along the Place de la Concorde and the Champs Elyseés, even to the eminence where the Triumphal Arch towers in the centre of the radius of new streets, seems but a sorry promenade by day to him who is familiar with its nightly attractions. In a warm summer eve, the walk from the Place de la Concorde to Mabille is one of the most fascinating in the world. Myriad lamps are aglow, glistening among the trees like fireflies; the booths of the petty merchants, the pleasure resorts for children, the puppet-shows, the sheen and glitter from the concerts in the gardens, the perfume floating from the bouquets of flowers, the grand equipages dashing past, coming home from protracted drives in the Bois;

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every thing contributes to a vague pleasure, such as one would feel could he come suddenly on the confines of faëry land.

I found that I had passed Mabille a dozen times without noticing it; but the evening after I overheard the rag-pickers' colloquy, when I tried to find the garden, unaided, I did not succeed. At last the Avenue Montaigne was reached. At the garden gate were numerous policemen, shouting to the carriages, which blocked the way, to move on. Now and then a grand carriage would drive up, and a woman, dressed better than I ever yet saw Eugenie, would be escorted to the gate by an obsequious footman; and even while the carriage stood in front of the gate, an equally well-dressed girl would bounce out of an omnibus, and hurry past the first comer, as if to exhibit her toilette quickest. Favorable night covers so many wretched devices and failings in the middle world!

It was Saturday night, nine o'clock. The bells in certain New England villages, beyond seas, five hours before, had rung the curfew, according to still lingering custom, and the villagers had couched in quiet slumber. Here, the Saturday night was just beginning. The habitués of the middle world were entering their purgatory, out of which they would not come until perhaps the sun heralded Sunday. In slumber, in dinner, in dress, they had passed the day, and were now fresh, radiant, spirituelle, ready to crack the heart of a prince, or respond to the smiles of a traveling merchant!

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A truce to all that! How did Mabille look? I entered the gate, and bought a ticket at a little wicket. It cost five francs, for it was fête night, and the directors charge an excess of two francs on such occasions, to reimburse the expenses of a firework display and an augmented orchestra. Strolling up a long alley, broad, deliciously cool, breezes fretting in the tall trees on either hand, I caught a glimpse, in the distance, of a fountain, and what seemed another alley, leading into a stalactite grotto. Hastening thither, I found that I had been deceived by clever scene painting; but the illusion was so perfect that I hardly could be angry. Everywhere this illusion was repeated, and I could fancy myself, as thus far I met not a soul, unfitted for this revelry by night, and could have said, with Oberon:

> "But we are spirits of another sort;
> I with the morning's love have oft made sport,
> And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
> Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
> Opening on Neptune with fair, blessed beams,
> Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams."

But I was not destined to remain in obscurity until the dawn; Oberon disregarded me as his fellow, and in the farthest corner into which I had wandered I heard the refrain of a bewitching air. Dozens of skilful musicians were vieing with each other in wonderful harmony, and now and then shrill laughter and hum of applause smote the ear.

> "Methought it was the sound
> Of riot and ill managed merriment,

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Such as the jocund flute or gamesome pipe
Stir up among the loose, unlettered hinds,
When, from their teeming flocks and granges full,
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the gods amiss."

Thus much might I say with the lady in "Comus;" and this further, concerning the music, with Comus himself:

"What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove:
Venus now wakes, and wakens love.
Come, let us our rites begin,
'Tis only daylight that makes sin.
. . . . . .
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light, fantastic round."

I passed a long shooting-gallery, where women were sending pistol-balls into a target with startling accuracy. One of them addressed her gallant as "Come, my little Prince, shoot better than that!" and suddenly I burst into the magic ring, and stood as spell-bound as all the charms of Comus could have made me.

Fête night, and such crowds! Every shade of character, wealth, and refinement, rubbing together, each in ignorance of the other. I hadn't been in the circle five minutes before I saw the Prince of Wales get his toes stepped on by a young foreigner, who, like the prince, was trying to avoid the long train of the lady in front. Both begged pardons. You must know that it is the fashion at Mabille to form two semicircles of the promenaders who only come to look on, and do not wish to

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dance. Each of these arcs is set in motion in opposite directions, around the smooth, circular floor where the dancing is in progress, and thus a complete panorama of costumes and faces is presented. The tide is constantly in at Mabille; there is no ebb. The crowd is large at the opening hour, equally large all the evening, and vanishes all at once. I filed into one of the arcs, and was soon going round and round, seeing this:

Everywhere delicate lamps, in the foliage above, shaped like dew-drops, shedding languid splendor; they sparkled in the avenues, glinted in the grottoes, winked over our heads. The brilliancy was keen and searching as the sun's, and every diamond, pearl, atom of jet in the toilets around me, glistened. Over the circle, where the dancers disported, ran a high raised ornate tubing, from which gas-flames, scarcely an inch apart, sprang dazzling. It was a living line of light, the effect of which surpasses description. Great tropical trees bore clusters of glowing fruitage. In the centre of the smoothly sanded dance platform stood the musicians' pavilion, where the orchestra was then playing a mazurka. Suddenly there was much huddling and confusion; our opposing processions broke up, men and women ran and tumbled madly toward the centre of attraction, and soon a line was formed all around. The dance! the dance! "Great heavens, Alfred, come away!" said a little Englishwoman, pulling on her husband's arm; "if this is Mabille and its pleasures, a very small taste suffices me. Come!" and he went, blushing to the roots of his hair.

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But it takes some time to arrange for the dance; and while the orchestra is rattling through the overture, while the moon peers down from the broad blue heaven, looking discontentedly upon the mad crew in the roofless garden; while that group of Frenchmen are shouting, "Hurrah! there comes Selina! now for a festive dance!" let us recall a few facts to explain the origin of Mabille, and its kindred.

Paris generally pleads for its courtesans. No matter what work the Frenchman has done, he regards it as good. This is his real reason for idealizing and investing in poesy the incorrigible ones who throng such places as Mabille and the Chateau des Fleurs, who blossom at the students' ball, and take their revenges on society by unstringing hundreds of hearts. The courtesans made Mabille, just as years ago they made the "Ranelagh," so long a famous resort of the "middle world" in the Bois de Boulogne. In the latter part of the last century most of the gardens, of which Mabille is a model, were situated in the Bois; and Marie Antoinette herself did not hesitate to appear at the "Ranelagh" on one occasion. One of the forest keepers who saw the necessity, even at that time, of introducing the dance in all those gardens, finally obtained permission, and the prototype of Mabille sprang into existence. The court made it the mode, and thought it no sin; then the middle world took it for its own uses. Monsieur Mabille established his garden many years since; besides his, exist about forty other resorts of the demi-monde in Paris, varied in type, but uniform

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in object—the getting of bread for women to whom honest lives are impossible.

The middle world! Thus I have chosen to call that portion of Parisian society which the French denominate the *demi-monde*, and which has no parallel elsewhere on the globe. Its station is emphatically a middle one. It lies half way between poverty and riches; it disappears during the day, and only wakes and thinks and suffers between sunset and dawn; it is not educated up to the standard of the higher classes, yet ranks in intelligence far above the lowest; and it never oversteps the limits which it has created for itself. Leonie may have a hundred horses in her stable, and as many adorers in her ante-chamber, but she cannot raise herself from the middle world. For the denizens of that realm of artificial light and romantic shadow, there is but little chance of change; you may go to them, but they will rarely leave their country and climate to come to you. All their opinions, sentiments, ambitions, are tinged and influenced by the life they lead, and from which there seems no hope of flying. Now and then come visions of better, happier lives; but these are few and far between; and after the mad round and profit of the magic night, sleep, long and dreamless, is courted, to bring with it oblivion.

The lorettes of Paris are not handsome in feature, but possess that rounded fullness and beauty of form which is so noticeable in the women of all the continental nations. The faces, however, even if stripped

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of the cosmetics which disguise the ravages of time and dissipation, have a certain attractiveness,—a mobility and richness of expression which is rarely seen elsewhere. A Parisian lorette can talk with her eyes, and awe the looker-on with a rustle of her bonnet-strings. She is *insouciante*, the type one sees at Mabille, reckless, but never vulgar, unless she is one of the dancers. You may converse freely with her on any subject, and she will give you glowing and picturesque descriptions, queer little analyses of new books, laughable caricatures of the foreigners she so constantly meets, and you cannot deny that there is innate grace in all she does and says. Hundreds of women live by visiting Mabille, and establishing a little court of their own around them, each suitor hoping, by an excess of generosity, manifested in gorgeous presents, to gain their favor; but he and his fellows are disappointed. Mabille is the site of many princely generosities. Nothing is more common for a Frenchman or Englishman of position and wealth than to enter the garden, fall to talking in the café with some accomplished habitué, who artfully enlists his sympathy in her cause, and when he feels that he cannot stay longer in her society without being compromised, he puts half a dozen Napoleons into her hand, as he gravely bids her adieu! It is as much this kind of profit as the hope of intrigue which draws such crowds of charming women to Mabille. The middle world does not allow the grandees of a higher sphere to overstep its boundaries without paying tribute. Thus society adjusts itself.

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The dance had begun, and it became uncomfortably close around the circle. The dancers formed into parties of four, and were at once ringed about with gaping crowds, composed principally of men, but with women's faces scattered here and there. Whence the dancers came, it was impossible to judge; they did not seem to have left the groups of gaily dressed men and women who filled the outer ring of the circle; not a seat was vacant in the great café,—where had they sprung from?

But see, on the smoothly sanded floor, this young man, who shouts, leaps high, twists his cravat under his ear, slaps his boot-heel, shakes his long hair over his eyes, and bends his spine until you might think it made of rubber. Now he extends his hands in front, and throws his feet back; slipping forward, license of gesture and feature startling every spectator, he falls panting in the arms of his partner, who tosses him gracefully away, while she throws her long garments above her head, and launching into the circle's centre, whirls until the brains of the on-lookers are dizzy. Now she jumps high, and begins a series of sinuous graceful steps, which finally break into the full passion of the mazurka. Higher swells the music; more rapid and passionate grows the dancing; the two couples here are performing rarer gymnastic feats than ever circus arena saw. Once or twice a plain looking man, in black, attracted by the unusual noise, peers into the circle, glancing craftily at the women; he is one of the "administration," whose duty it is to admonish

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when decorum is absolutely gone. The moment he disappears, Selina, who is bareheaded, and draped in cool white, pops her bronze gaiter into the open mouth of an old gentleman close by, and hops across to her partner with one limb higher than her head. This the unlucky male tries to imitate, but falls sprawling. A hasty scramble over him by male No. 2 betokens that he is about to exhibit his eccentricities. Erect he stands, breathes long and deep, then poising on one toe, spins around ten times in the air. The slight, pale girl opposite throws draperies aside, and imitates the feat, amid frantic shouts from the spectators. Impelled by the cries—for dear to the dancer's heart is applause—the four, though staggering with fatigue, finally burst into the voluptuous embracings and unspeakable posés of the can-can. The pale girl has wound a handkerchief about her hair, but it falls, and her glorious locks uncurl; madder grow her gestures, she seems to beckon to unseen spirits, she closes her eyes, throws back her head, and treads the merry measure as if enchanted by fairy music. Her partner endeavors to fatigue her by protracted capering; but, although fainting, she bravely holds out until he grows pale, staggers, and murmurs, *Assez!* Enough! it is, indeed, too much.

In twenty or thirty circles like ours this scene had been repeated, often with less regard to decency. The next dance was a polka; and I passed to the other side of the platform, where two Englishmen, flushed with wine, had volunteered to assist at the can-can. Near by stood the scion of a royal race, resplendent in

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waistcoat, marvelous in necktie, and patting with one gloved hand the bare shoulders of a pretty promenader; he was laughing heartily with her at his countrymen's antics. Possibly Albert Edward remembers when he himself joined in the indescribable dance with gusto.

Suddenly the music ceased, and the myriad breathed murmur of voices began. The spectators retired to the neat iron seats ranged about the garden; groups and couples went wandering in the alleys; and I betook myself to the café. To this charming bijou of architecture was attached a long hall, refuge against rain, never more needed than then; for I had hardly looked about before the hurrying groups testified to the smart shower outside. The musicians hastened in, and took their seats on a raised platform; and the orange women, the bouquet sellers, and toy venders, proceeded to victimize every man in the café who had a lady for his *vis-a-vis*. These minor merchants make their fortunes at Mabille; because, if an habitué does not entreat her cavalier to buy, they threaten to report her to the administration as having done some outrageous thing which will procure her expulsion from the garden. The women are also subject to all sorts of espionage from each other; and if one is more fortunate than another, she is generally marked to be traduced at the first chance.

But few women who frequent Mabille dance. To exhibit themselves so ignobly is always their last resort. The dancers are never famous for good looks. One must go to the students' ball to see the women

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dance because they love to. At Mabille, the feminine dancers are attached like the ballet corps of a theatre, and prizes are secretly distributed among them to incite them to fresh efforts. These professional *danseuses* of the middle world go to the Valentino and Casino in the winter. It is also the custom, however, among the Mabille habitués, to make an excursion once a week to the students' ball, in the Latin Quarter, where many who would not expose themselves at Mabille, dance joyously with the young scholars.

Wonderful, that these faces do not grow old and haggard sooner. Fancy an eternal ball, seven nights in the week, condemned to smirk in the gas-light, to see or join in indecent dances, to gabble with quizzing strangers, and to go home, weary and throbbing with disgust and burnt out energies, to be snarled at by the concierge, and insulted by the other lodgers! To sleep till noon, to rise and dress, to dine, to wander aimlessly alone, to drive—finding no pleasure in the gayety around—to be recognized as "my *maitresse* of last year," by some gross fellow in the crowd, and at dark to enter the ball again!

The rain is over.

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Come into the café. That beautiful girl, with eyes that dazzle, and with such eloquence flowing from her sensual lips, is of Spanish birth. How came the master of the middle world to put his finger on Andalusia! How charmingly she taps that old Englishman with her fan, and leaves him blinking, as she says *au revoir*,

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and trips off with young Lord X., who has been patiently waiting her! See the Frenchman, with the curled moustache and the lilac gloves, bowing so jauntily to a little witch in the corner. He is a government member of the Corps Legislatif. That blonde youth, with such a profusion of gold chain, is a German prince, who spends his money in Paris, and is poor half the time on what would be a fortune at home. That man at the table, just beyond, with his hair flowing from under a velvet skull cap, with his fine face on which is written such disdain, mingled with pity, is Theophile Gautier, the poet. The short and thick Englishman, built like a whipstock, swigging beer and ogling all the women, is a famous English jockey, whose income exceeds that of the German prince. Near him is the editor of a Boston journal, with his wife and friends, critically viewing the scene. That saturnine yet handsome man, whom all the women smile at, is a Brazilian, burdened with money. Close by, in the inevitable old cloak, is a famous Boston legislator; and New York is represented by half a dozen well-known residents in Fifth Avenue. A young Spaniard, who has been rather noisy, is tapped on the shoulder, and invited to leave.

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In the centre of the café I saw a fresh, pure figure. How the face, innocent of paint, put to shame the others round it! The white hand held up a bouquet, temptingly; the face (if one could trust faces) would have prompted me to buy. Poor child! wert thou

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indeed one of those among whom thou wert standing? No, no! I'll not believe it. Thou wert too pure,—and thou didst break the spell! The fireworks went up in a blaze of glory outside, despite the recent rain; the crowds poured out; it was midnight, and right glad was I to leave that

"Spacious garden, full of flowering weeds."

. . . . . .

Later in the season, while walking one evening on the Boulevard Sevastopol, I overheard two students talking rapidly on the Frenchman's favorite subject—woman.

"I tell thee, Charles," said the taller and shabbier of the two, "there is nothing like her in the whole quarter. *Nom de Dieu!* hadst thou seen her dance *Ote donc tes pieds* last night, thou wouldst have burned thy Plato, and become a priest of Cybele forthwith."

"Chut!" retorted the other, "thou art light-headed, boy; 'tis some gross beauty strayed from Mabille, who wishes to dazzle our poor little grisettes. *Moi*, I shall take pleasure in hissing her capers!"

"Thou'rt a stone," said the tall one, growing heated, but still using the familiar *thou* of love and anger; "can nothing move thee? Let us see. Here are twelve minutes left us to make good our appointment in. That over, wilt join me in a promenade at the Closerie, and see the beauty who can outdance even the feather ball of a fountain?"

Reluctantly the other consented, and I lost sight of them directly. But I was determined to see this rare

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beauty; and, mounting an omnibus-imperial, rattled up the ascent of the Boulevard St. Michel, out where old Paris showed its teeth, and then walking amid a crowd of gay young fellows, dressed in shabby black broadcloth, little white neckties, and danced-out boots, I brought up in front of the Closerie.

The students were yelling. I could think of nothing but the opium-eater's expression of "vast and inextinguishable laughter." The grisettes who tripped in ran the gauntlet of a double line of these boys, who were frantic with excitement; disdainful looks would not silence them. The line, despite the policeman, extended down the steps which led into the grand cool hall. One fellow, anxious to have a young lady recognize him, climbed over his friends' heads, and, throwing himself into the alley, smirked kneeling before her, while all applauded. She gave him a breast knot of violets, and hurried on. One queer genius, with his hair combed in a large square mass, now and then dexterously inserted a hook in the shawl of some incomer, and, as she went on, bared her shoulders. A third beckoned mysteriously to every second lady who came in, seemed mystified when she did not recognize him, and begged pardon when she saw through the joke. One small youth, who turned out a fine dancer, poured beer into his neighbor's shoes, when he was not looking.

In the hall's centre the promenaders were going to and fro, waiting for the music to begin. The Closerie was made for use, not beauty, and has no such attrac-

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tions as Mabille. Common tables and benches are placed at the sides for spectators, who must stand aside, for students' dancing is earnest work.

I watched for the two students whose conversation had impelled me hither, and loitered near the door an hour. Yes, there they were, unmistakably the same; and I tracked them. The revelry, which was wild, soon swirled them away, however, and I trusted the dance to bring them to light again.

Such music as you hear at the Closerie! Jolly, rattling, vivacious French airs; none of the diluted foreign dribblings of Mabille and the Casino. The students often sing while dancing. Once this very year there had been a riot, because they would sing the Marseillaise.

There she is! How do I know? Because there, behind her, are my two students, viewing her, captivated. "Art convinced, Charles?" Here is the grisette, in her native haunts, at her best moment, in her simple toilette. Grisette, the poor girl who trusts a student's love while he studies at her side; who finds in him her natural protector, suddenly sees him leave her for life's duties, and must seek another master, who, in his turn, looks for a new mistress.

Here is perfect beauty of face, such as I have not seen elsewhere in Paris. How charming, as she stands modestly looking upward, the white muslin at her throat contrasting with the gay ribbon in her hair! What depths of passion in her eyes, what fervor in her form! Verily, she seems divine.

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But now approaches her a vulgar-featured youth, good-natured but gross, who appropriates her for the dance. Shiver of jealousy all around. Other partners come forward arm in arm; a line is formed; crash goes the music; and in three minutes the beautiful grisette is transformed into something unnameable. Can it be woman, goddess, or demon, thus baring lovely length of limb, and lying prostrate in the arms of the ten mad students who bear her around? Now a trio of youths jump on their knees across the floor to her, she bowing to touch their foreheads; then, one coming too near, her little slipper mars his face with dust. On the other side of the musicians' stand, a hundred dancers, holding hands, drag each other round until their heads whirl, and they sink, a struggling, palpitating mass. In the corner is a mere boy, who is winning great applause by imitating a jumping jack on one of the iron posts which support the hall.

Before I left the Closerie that night, I saw the beautiful grisette going home with the taller and shabbier of the two students who had attracted me thither. So easily won! How my ideal fell! *Par-r-r bleu!*

My glimpse at the Casino in carnival time has shown how the Mabille beauties employ themselves when snow decks their artificial foliage. In winter, dozens of places similar to the Casino blossom throughout the city. The Valentino, in the Rue St. Honoré, the Prado, the Chateau-Rouge, the Pilodo, the Élyseé Montmartre, and many others of note, repeat the scenes of Mabille, in-doors. The Reine

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Blanche ball, on the Boulevard de Clichy, is the resort of shop-girls, seamstresses, domestics, clerks, butchers, bakers, etc., who wish to take advantage of each other's loneliness to form liaisons as master and mistress.

The balls in the suburbs sometimes exceed in license those of the city, although the rural police have rather strict ideas of morality for Frenchmen. At Vincennes, Asnieres, Saint Cloud, Meudon, and many other charming little towns, great gardens rival Mabille, although the ladies who go there habitually are suspected of an intimate acquaintance with the washtub and oven during the day.

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Paul de Kock used to think that one must go to Belleville, to a little ball long established there, to find the grisette in the pure essence. But after what I saw at the Closerie, have we faith enough in *la grisette* to wish to see more of her? Shade of Fantine! why do you not walk among these degenerate ones?

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CHAPTER XIV.

GLIMPSES AT POPULAR GARDENS.

VOLTAIRE talks somewhere about the insipid French style of gardening. The remark, like most of that literary barbarian's sayings concerning his countrymen, was unjust. Exquisite taste and harmony of detail characterize the public parks and gardens, ancient and modern, of Paris and its suburbs. Are the great plats of odorous blossoms on the Champs Elyseés, and in the Tuileries garden, less fine because arranged in delicate circles? Are the woods at St. Cloud or St. Germain, at Vincennes or Versailles, less grand and beneficent because beautiful alleys cut their way through them at regular intervals? Who would dare to call the Parc Monceaux "insipid?" Is the little square around the old tower of St. Jacques, where the statue of the good Pascal smiles, less pleasant because Nature did not produce it there? Doubtless "God made the country, and man made the town;" but it is a pity if man, created in God's image, cannot at least imitate God's works. Behold how beautiful to-day is the vale of Marly! Who would suspect that

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Nature was not architect there? yet Louis Fourteenth's money brought thither every tree. He who finds an insipid style prevalent at Versailles must be guilty of insipidity himself.

It was a park which decided me to stay with Hombert, when I first entered Paris; and it was a garden which at last seduced me from him. The little square Montholon, one of the latest built in the city, is so cheery and elegant that one need never be weary in sight of it. Very shrewd was it of the Government, in building its model city, not to forget the gardens. How they will lengthen the long suffering Parisian patience under tyranny! I think if anything will inspire a Frenchman, 'tis the violet's odor. Hundreds of children earn their living by selling the little knots of the modest blossom which they get in the flower-markets. How the Parisian woman loves flowers! Her window is filled with them. Madame Hombert is always poking at her plants when more important duties allow. The national taste craves wealth of perfume and bloom of petal. So Government has of late been very busy in scattering little and great parks right and left. Result—increase of home feeling, and solid content in each quarter. The nurse-maid, with the children in her care, seeks the nearest square, and lets them frolic on the green grass, dabble in the lily-fringed lake, or loll in the gaudily-painted iron chairs, while she hob-nobs with the ancient soldier who guards the square. At two o'clock of a sunny afternoon, there is always a great influx of white-capped nursery-

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maids and scarlet-cloaked babies. At four they are gone. Then is my hour to steal to my favorite seat there, as I do now; and turn over the leaves of this *brochure* about Paris and its flowers, which that garrulous Frenchman, Alphonse Karr, has sent up from Nice.

Alphonse hints that Paris has been a blossom-lover from its earliest history; that the Emperor Julian used to say, "I shall winter in my dear Lutetia;" and that the little isle in the Seine was overrun with flowers. Charlemagne did most of any of the early French Kings for gardening, and decreed that his gardens should always be filled with certain plants. A heritage of love for the "earth's smiles" was given the successive sovereigns. Even Francis First, murderer and seducer though he was, loved the perfume of the rose, and throughout his reign continued to introduce rare flowers into the city. The poor people in the eighteenth century were so tenacious of their rights to make gardens of their window-sills that the remonstrances of the hard-hearted police of the day drew forth a storm of indignation. Gardening finally became almost one of the liberal professions. The chief gardeners formed corporations, and all candidates for admission had to pass a most severe examination. Strict regulations forbade them to work for less than a fixed sum. But they had a severe time under Louis Fourteenth, when they were obliged to pay heavy tribute to the State to prop his failing wars. The princes of the blood used to donate flowers to the parliament of Paris, by this

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delicate homage declaring themselves submissive to the justice of the country. But Alphonse tells us, with his customary naiveté, that it was not long before this custom lost its charm, for the flowers used were soon artificial, furnished by the "parliament flower-maker!"

Alphonse tells two or three good stories apropos of flowers in Paris. One illustrates the tenderness of woman's heart; another the credulity of all good Catholics in the middle ages. When Marie Antoinette was imprisoned in the Conciergerie, clad in a coarse gown, and forced to recline on the damp floor, she was surprised to find, each morning, on her little table, a charming bouquet. She was passionately fond of flowers; and not until the wife of one of the jailors was denounced and put in prison for communing with the Queen did the poor woman know who her benefactor was.

The other story is especially good. It embodies the tradition that on the day of the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, a hawthorn bush, which everybody had considered dead, was suddenly found covered with leaves and flowers. Probably Charles Ninth thought it the natural expression of divine joy at the death of so many Protestants.

Laying down my book, and looking up, my gaze falls on the innumerous sparrows who haunt such parks as this. The children feed them, and the little dun-coats know precisely when they may expect their dinner. I would not be afraid to count them by hundreds on that very grass plot yonder. In the

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Tuileries garden I have often seen a very old man, clad in a clean white coat, with a little bag at his waist, and with myriads of doves and sparrows around him. He is one of the bird-charmers, as the gamins call them; and, truly, his skill is astonishing. Sometimes he calls a birdlet by name, and the little one comes to him piping joyously. Napoleon may look out of his palace windows and see this.

The royal family has saved but a very small portion of the Tuileries garden for itself. It is raised above the other section; and I once or twice noticed Eugenie and the Prince Imperial walking gloomily there, and evidently wishing they were down below. For there was such exuberance of life there in a bright June afternoon, such variety of costume and manner, one could not help wishing to study it closely. The swart Algerians who guard the gates at the Place de la Concorde forget their sullenness in the sunshine, and the real Gallic jovial spirit comes upon them; they jest together, and crack jokes in their barbaric tongue on the crowds in front of the puppet shows. This garden is the most brilliant in all Paris; and the worker in blouse enjoys it as much as the nobleman in frock coat. From the statue of Pericles, near the palace grating, to the marble lions at the Place de la Concorde, all is verdure and perfume. One side is so densely sown with trees that you must peer sharply to discover the nurse-maids flirting with their soldier lovers. In the warm days which cut into the Paris winter, the restless cockneys are out, venturing on the thin ice in the great fountain's basin,

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or perched on chairs in the long café which adorns one corner near the palace. Descending from the glitter of the Rue de Rivoli into this garden is a blessed relief, and Napoleon would manifest good sense by tearing down his railing, and letting the urchins play hop-scotch in front of his very steps. But now a soldier frowns if you so much as look through the iron bars, and seems to suspect an Orsini or a Berezouski in disguise.

Both here in the Tuileries garden, and on the Champs Elyseés, flourishes the puppet show, an amusement which even the most saturnine cannot pass by. A little portico, the size of a crockery crate, stands in the centre of a bosquet of trees; the children for a penny sit in front of it, and outside the rope great crowds collect. Presently appears on the little stage an ingenious puppet, who delivers, in infantile French, the prologue; then the whole drama bursts upon you. It lasts half an hour, and is usually the serio-comic adventures of some knight with a fierce dragon. There is of course a lady in the case, and she screams, faints, and kisses so naturally, that the Parisian babies learn all the arts of coquetry before they get their first teeth. These little boxes of illusion pave the way for the melodramas of the Porte St. Martin, and the extravaganzas of the Chatelet, which, in mature years, are the Frenchman's delight. When you leave the puppet show, you find the merchant of coco, or liquorice water, beseeching you to taste. So, refreshed at a penny's cost, you pass on to the Champs Elyseés.

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Beyond that let us now hurry, up the long avenues, past the radius of streets around the Triumphal Arch, and seek the great park of Paris, the Bois de Boulogne. Here is a real forest, august with the calm of ages. In the twelfth century some citizens of Paris, who had recently made a pilgrimage to Boulogne-on-the-Sea, besought Philip the Tall that they might erect a chapel near this forest, in the little village of Menus. The favor was granted; in memory of the pilgrimage the chapel was named Notre Dame de Boulogne. All about, the wood extended its sombre shades. It was even then merely the remains of the ancient forest of Rouveray, which had been from time immemorial a haunt for assassins and adventurers of all nations. In Charlemagne's time the wood reached from the Louvre to Saint Cloud. Now Napoleon may drive from one of these palaces to the other without leaving the regular and beautiful streets, hemmed in by magnificent mansions, which he has done as much as any other sovereign to create. Up to Louis Eleventh's time the thickets were almost as savage as when Cæsar discovered the Parisii; but Louis, that superstitious and ferocious monarch, used to leave off tormenting his prisoners at the Bastille to go hunting in the *Bois de Boulogne*, as later the forest was called. The pilgrim's chapel gave its name to the wood.

The petty wars of which old Rouveray's trees were so long silent witnesses did a sad work of devastation. Much of the forest was burned; many nooks, framed by nature, and surpassing any of Baron Haussmann's

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later work, perished. The baron has, however, done so much that he has made the Bois the finest promenade in Europe. Florence furnishes nothing better; Madrid's Prado is infinitely beneath it; who would dare to compare the Villa Reale garden, at Naples, to it, e'en though the Mediterranean lends its charm? Art has given its accessories so gracefully to nature, in all the gardens of France, that the two harmonize perfectly.

Such is emphatically the case at the Bois de Boulogne. Whatever you wish you may have there. You have only to go to Longchamps for the rush and rattle of the race-course or review; to the Pré-Catalan for garden gossip and sociability of the café; to the charming lakes to gather lilies; and a few steps will take you into the wild wood. It is useless to attempt to set an image of the wood before you; you will make your own when you wander there; each finds something different therein. Its distinctive features are Longchamps, the Pré-Catalan, and the lake and cascades.

Longchamps is a magnificent field, in the centre of a lovely valley. Around it runs a fine course, of late years crowded Sundays by the *elite* of the city and of Europe. You must go to the Grand Hotel Saturday night to get a true ideal of chaos come again. Yet it is only the people of all nations making up their betting-books for the morrow at Longchamps. Longchamps is an old monastic domain, and the good monks would turn in their graves to see the scenes

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enacted under the shadow of their ruined home. Only a windmill, perched on a terrace, marks the site of the monastery. Not far from it is the royal pavilion, from which the Emperor and the court view the races once or twice yearly. The racing-season is divided, opening twice, in early spring and early autumn; the first races are generally the most enthusiastic; Paris gladly picking up that excitement after carnival has become stale. The Jockey-Club, founded in 1833, after the London model, manages the races; and from its organizing committee of thirty members three judges are yearly selected, who decide beyond appeal all mooted questions. This club supports the expenses of the principal prizes, which are enormous; to these, other sums are added by Government. In 1863, what is called the grand prize of Paris was instituted; and for this a special racing-season, in June, was inaugurated. The prize is $20,000. Napoleon pays half, and the railroad companies make up the rest. The Jockey-Club makes the public pay well for the expense it risks at Longchamps. There are seating places for five thousand spectators, each of whom bleeds well at his purse. Even to stand near the ropes which hem in the race-course a small sum is demanded; and carriages entering on the field cost their owner an admission fee of several dollars.

It is Longchamps, more than anything else, which has given the Bois de Boulogne its celebrity of late. Strangers generally visit Paris at the time of the year when the racing-season is at its height, and

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they rush to its wonders. The hour of the start is two P. M.; long before that time a steady stream of carriages has set in up the avenue of the Champs Elyseés, and pours uninterrupted to Longchamps until four o'clock. It is no more to see the horses race than to see each other that the gay crowd assembles. The middle world habitués hold first rank here, and every device of equipage is shown by them. It is not rare to see a lorette, whose face floats among your Mabille memories, reclining in a carriage drawn by eight horses, with green and scarlet jacketed postilions mounted on the steeds, shouting and smirking to each other. "The Emperor was in the wood to-day, and he bowed to me," I once heard one lorette say to another. "*Avec ça*," retorted the other, but her retort is not translatable. On the day when the grand prize is raced for, every tree bears human fruit. The gamins are out in force, and frantic speculators even pay hosts of money to be allowed standing-room on the tops of the fiacres.

The spacious garden called the Pré-Catalan, Pré meaning green field, and Catalan being the name of the poet whose sad fate is so well known in history, is the scene of many of the finest of Parisian fêtes. A speculator made a little paradise out of it, filled it with games, puppet shows, restaurants where pretty waitresses serve you in Swiss and German dresses; where, in short, rest and refreshment may be had at prices economical or exorbitant, as you will.

La Muette is a fine Chateau, which Charles the Ninth built as a resort when he came hunting; where

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the Duchess de Berry killed herself by dissipation, where Louis Sixteenth received Marie Antoinette when she came from Vienna to marry him, and where, not long after, an army of "citizen soldiers" was fêted at the republic's expense.

One gets delightful glimpses of the Bois by skimming about that part of the Paris outskirts on the new circular railroad, which, like the Aztec serpent, coils in endless circle around the city, darting through all suburban towns. Passy and Auteuil are almost part of the Bois. They are fine cities, grown out of little hamlets, because the attractions of the forest are so great that crowds wish to live on its borders. The homes of many Parisians, whose names are very familiar to us, are in these fledgling cities. Fresh white villas, encurtained in foliage, rear themselves everywhere, monuments to taste.

The Parc Monceaux is one of the most beautiful of the Parisian public gardens, and its charms are detracted from by few sculptures in marble, bronze, or iron. "Here Nature builds her own monuments; the artist has but to assist her at the beginning, and she does the rest charmingly," said a delighted friend, as we wandered together there. But he was never more mistaken. The fine cascade and the great rock, which are so much admired, were slowly and patiently planned and reared by hand. One has only to enter the grotto to see beautiful artificial stalactites, which, although the first attempt of a daring artisan, are true to nature. The soil nourishes an almost infinite variety of plants;

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the tropics and the temperate zones contrast curiously the colors of their foliage; and in half an hour's walk you may see the Sequoia and the Abyssinian banana. Even if botany is not in your knowledge-box, you will be charmed with the long living colonnades of stately trees, with the little bridges so tastefully spanning the brooklets, and the harmony of perfume and color. This park has served as a haunt for many an illustrious Frenchman. There is a little story, very good to tell, which recounts that one day in the last century, while some people of rank were botanizing in the park, which was then open only to the especially favored, a party of young pupils discovered a gentleman retiring in haste, with his hands full of rare plants. They pursued him, and recognized him as he was escaping. The next day a little gate was put up at the breach in the wall where the intruder made his exit, and the key was sent to Jean Jacques Rousseau, for it was none other than the famous philosopher who loved to botanize there.

All the little gardens, which add so much to the delights of Paris, are of recent date, and the large ones all bear the marks of late improvement. In 1860, the city authorities conceived the idea of dropping a park into each quarter which was crowded, and where the population sought the sidewalks for want of a better place. The soil of Paris is deep and rich with the decay of centuries; no difficulty is found in transplanting almost anything in the Flora; the result, in half a century, will be marvelous. The coming man may eat his

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bread and rest from his labor under his own fig-tree, in France, at least. Government is so powerful an engine, with thousands of hands constantly outstretched for work, that it can build almost beyond belief. The authorities at once planned the lovely little garden which surrounds the tower of the old church of St. Jacques, on the Boulevard Sebastopol, and next, on the site of the old Temple, alleys, fountains, and trees appeared. Thirteen years have passed, and almost every quarter is blessed with its oases. They give substantial guaranty of their use in the variegated crowds which constantly throng them in the pleasant weather.

The Palais Royal garden, where old Richelieu used to sniff the air, is most frequented by strangers, although its attractions are fewer than those of many less famous places. It is a pleasant refuge, however, after the crowding and bustle of the Rue de Rivoli, and the concerts there in the summer twilights offer a pleasing panorama. If you are tired of wandering under the shadow of the arcades and looking into the pinchbeck jewelry shops, come out to the *fraicheur;* seize a chair, sit down under the nearest tree (trust the old woman who guards the chairs to dun you for two sous), and listen to the music. If it had not been for the debts of the Duke of Orleans, who, in 1781, thought he could pay off old scores by turning this palace court-yard into a garden, and renting shops on all sides of it, we should never have had this resort. He carried out his plan; and when he lost his head, in 1793, and the palace was confiscated, the world poured in. The

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garden's physiognomy has not changed much since those days. The lime-trees were comforting shade, then, as now, to all classes; and so great had become the demand for seats there, even twenty years ago, that $6,000 was willingly paid yearly by the persons who rented chairs at two cents each. I confess that to the American who sees Paris at a glance the Palais Royal garden seems a paradise. He finds in the long arcades which surround it everything he wishes; the reading-room, the café, the restaurant, (where the garçon speaks English) the tailor, the bootmaker, the milliner, the broker, and the dealers in everything curious. Beware of what the Parisians call "lorette jewelry;" let not your eyes be dazzled by that wonderful string of pearls which you see at Mabille; ten to one that in the Palais Royal you can buy it for as many francs as there are stones on it. Take an adventure of mine, too, as an index to the character of the genteel beggars who solicit furtively there.

I was walking in an arcade one winter evening, when a dolorous figure in black, his coat collar buttoned to his chin to prove that he had no shirt, and shabbiness visible in his every garment, darted before me. In broken English, thus he:

"Monsieur, I am a poor courier, I find no work, absolutely not none; my wife hungers, I cannot see it. I—— (here his teeth chatter),—for her sake, could you loan me ten francs—I will to pay—my card—*permettez.*"

Naturally I stop, and he becomes so uncomfortably demonstrative, that I at last jostle him, and I overhear,

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as he slinks behind his pillar, to await his fresh victim, in purest French, "*Sapristi!* Comrade, dost think I asked him last night? For he was too deep for me!"

An old chronicler of the garden's beauties, and the character of its habitués, divides the frequenters of half a century ago into ten classes, as follows: "Strangers and curiosity-seekers; gamblers and pimps; those employed by gamesters; young people; old libertines; soldiers; calculators of martingales; pocket-handkerchief merchants, (here a double meaning); watch venders; pickpockets." And this naive classification will answer very well for to-day. The Palais Royal garden is in its decadence; and a French writer has the unblushing impudence to declare that it is because Paris had morality enough left, a score of years ago, to bar entrance to the hundreds of courtesans who had thronged it, and made it the most infamous haunt of modern times.

Belleville, a quarter of Paris where modernism has hardly crept much as yet, feels the first encroachments in the shape of a great park, which will some day rival the Bois de Boulogne as a popular resort. Out of a great lake's centre spring several enormous mounds which give their name to the park,—the Buttes Chaumont. Everywhere in the vicinity the soil was undermined by gypsum quarries, and the scum of Paris had centred there. But Government's tremendous forces soon changed the face of the land as by magic. The useless soil was carried off, and fertile earth piled on to the natural level. The rocks which obstructed

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the progress of alleys went vaulting skyward; the mounds were transformed into picturesque beauties, with pavilions surmounting them; and trees are beginning to thrive in the imported soil. Art is the sapper who hews the way, and nature humbly follows. The Parisians already like the Buttes Chaumont. Restaurants flourish there; a little model of the Sybil's temple at Tivoli is reached by a fine suspension bridge over the lake; and the grisettes and their lovers promenade there, and call it their Bois.

What? It rains,—a light Paris shower, come and gone in a score of minutes; but the children and bonnes run homeward; and I must obey Hombert, who is beckoning desperately at me from the window to leave the little square Montholon, latest built of the Parisian gardens. He wishes me to join him in a glass of beer. What did I say of the Luxembourg garden? Well, another time will do. Coming, Hombert. *Parbleu!* he has wet his new velvet jacket!

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CHAPTER XV.

HOW WE WENT TO MARLY.

TOMBERT shook the door three times, and I got up. There was no repeal, and I had too much regard for the old fellow's veracity to suppose even entreaty would soften his heart. He had pledged his word—oh, *mille pardons*, monsieur—he would certainly drive me frantic with knocking; he should not fail to wake me at the soonest, and —

Bang went his Gallic fist on the door.

I had been dreaming of Marly. That old home of Louis Fourteenth, that now broken and ruined monument to the folly of a ruined and broken dynasty, that sweet valley shut among the hills, with its lines of white wall alone remaining to testify to grandeur gone, had floated like a vision before my closed eyes. I had seen the king walking in the gardens, and hearing in the music of his fountains only the hoarse echoes of the cries of his starving Parisians; seeing in the eyes of his courtiers only the prophetic flame of coming terror. I half awoke, and dozed again; and as I saw

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the armed soldiery riding in among the monuments, razing and pillaging the palace, I heard —

Bang again upon the door.

But I was dreaming of tumult, and noises on my door did not disturb me. So I went back again, a century, in my vision, and I saw the old king once more, dying unhappy, and deserted by all his courtiers and mistresses. And, as I got fully tangled in the most fascinating reverie on his fate, Hombert shook me violently. I awoke; he struggled out of his skull-cap, and —

"Monsieur is aware that it is seven o'clock, and that we are going to Marly?"

So, informing Hombert that I had just been there, in fancy, and getting from him in return a trite remark on the nature of dreams, I donned my clothes, and we sallied forth, after a hasty meal. At the door, punching the pavement with his cane, and chafing in politely restrained impatience, we found Monsieur Oderieau, ancient property-holder, citizen of the first empire, and firm supporter of the present Napoleon. Age had touched the old fellow kindly, and his long gray mustache covered a lip as firm as it need have been at thirty. But such a crabbed, ingenuous, and decidedly French temper, it has never been my fortune to meet since.

He took off his hat and made a low bow as we came down, and at once led the way to the omnibus station across the street. We were soon ticketed for the Gare Saint Lazare; and while awaiting the arrival

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of our 'bus, amused ourselves by watching that tableau which may be seen every five minutes, day and night, in any quarter of Paris. It was something in this wise: Up rattled an omnibus; down from the steps jumped the guard; forward rushed the eager crowd, each holding a numbered ticket; fifty outstretched hands besought the conductor for a place, and thirty-eight people remained, angry and jealous, watching the happy selected twelve who drove off. By-and-bye came our turn. Hombert, Oderieau, and I, by dint of much pushing, reached the top of a 'bus; and there, while the old gentleman spread his umbrella to ward off the summer sun, we chattered until we drew up before the great railway station, one of whose lines pointed toward Marly.

Do you know how a great depot in France looks? It is the liveliest place imaginable, but there is no hubbub and confusion. When you leave a train there are no lines of shouting hackmen to drive you mad; no, indeed; cabby sits on his box, and does not even solicit your order, unless on some rare occasion. At the station we now entered, thousands of people came and went daily; trains were continually rushing in and out under the great white arches; and the grim, quiet officials, in flat glazed caps and clean blue blouses, were forever taking the tickets. The hall where we first entered was immense, stone-paved, and at a considerable elevation above the street; when we came to buy our tickets, five minutes before our train left, there was no hurry or confusion; we stood in single file, wedged

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into narrow, wooden frames where two could not possibly come; money and tickets were exchanged with the rapidity of blows, and the hall emptied us at once upon a broad platform, along which several trains were in waiting. As our tickets were taken, a guard marched ahead of us to our train, and denoted it.

Second and third class cars on the suburban railways are built with two stories; the second being accessible by nice stairs from the outside, and being open at the sides, and covered at the top. Into this upper story generally climbs all that is rich and racy in travel; and he who goes to Versailles or Meudon, mewed up in a first class car, misses much. The peasant, the clerk, the laundress with her basket of fresh linen, and the boors coming home to their dens in the Faubourg St. Antoine, after their day's toil at the chateau, all are huddled together. There is no aristocracy of travel in France, after all. That is, the people, outside of the nobility, do not seem to care for it.

Don't laugh, when I tell you I was at once the cause of a quarrel. As ill-luck would have it, I trod on the toe of an elderly peasant, in gaining my seat as the train moved off; and he, hating cordially the English, for one of whom he took me, said —

"Cocodes (ass), would you murder me?"

Just enough, perhaps, was his criticism; but Hombert's anger was aroused, and to the full he resented thundering at the peasant:

"Ill-mannered brute, where did your mother leave her manners in training you?"

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Thus he, and Oderieau:

"Ta-Ta! Hum-hum! Will monsieur leave the young stranger quiet?"

Then the peasant called Hombert a mackerel, and Hombert called the peasant a pig-headed monkey, and Oderieau brought up the refrain with "beast." The French epithets in a quarrel are by no means choice. Two young women, bare-headed and frisky, joined in the chorus with a shrill laugh, and sang:

"Jamais, jamais en France
L' Anglais ne regnera,"—

"Never, oh never,
In France shall the Englishman rule."

At which all in the car burst out laughing, and our quarrel ceased then and there.

The guard frowned on us as he looked at our tickets, and we glided under high walls, past long rows of white stone mansions, past the great fortifications, and out among the roses and the trees. There is nothing in France more beautiful than the road from Paris to Rueil, where one leaves the cars for Marly. Gardens are succeeded by gardens, arbors span the railway, stations are embowered in vines, and the peasants all wear flowers in their hats. Past Nanterre and Asnieres we fled, and drew up before Rueil. Out we clambered, and passing down a long flight of steps, looked at the mountain beyond, and saw the grand old arch of the aqueduct which Louis Fourteenth built so long ago.

A long car, called the American horse car, but as

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unlike the original as possible, awaited us. The conductor, clad in short jacket and huge hat overshading his brows, shrieked at us in a hurry, and Oderieau and Hombert came blowing to the top, just as I had seated myself between two young mothers of families, each with a profusion of red cheeks and a lusty baby bellowing for "*sa mere!*"

There was a long line of dusty highway before we came to the centre of the little village of Rueil, where an old church-spire marks the tomb of Josephine. Pausing while the driver took a glass of wine at a rustic café, where three or four lantern-jawed peasants, with black mustaches, were playing piquet for empty wine bottles, we rattled away again, seven miles an hour, down a long leafy avenue. I was obliged to do all the reminiscences myself; for, strange as it may seem to you, Hombert had never before been on the road to Marly, and Monsieur Oderieau was by no means sentimental. He stroked his mustache, ogled the babies, punched the urchins with his cane, and said sweet things to the young mothers.

Many a time, down that same avenue had the courier, with horse foam-breathed with speed, rushed to Malmaison to bear Josephine Napoleon's bulletin of love and victory: "I have gained such a victory, but am ever thine, Napoleon." Many a time had the little emperor stumped wearily and thoughtfully himself among these very trees, planning new conquest. As we passed his quiet chateau of Malmaison, I pointed it out to Hombert, who stared, said *Oui*, and wondered

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how that *diable* of a driver could urge his horses so fast on such a hot day.

After leaving Malmaison behind, we passed dozens of villas, embosomed in flowers and vines, and here and there a patch of forest, frowning darkly upon us; then we came upon the banks of the Seine.

The river awoke old master Oderieau's enthusiasm; and, as he finished giving me a dissertation on the beauties of French scenery, we passed the village of Bougival, perched on the hill-side; and, alighting from the car, walked to the bank, and watched the bare-limbed fisher-boys casting their lines, and the washer-women beating the linen; then turned courageously to the steep ascent.

For Marly lies in a valley between two very steep hills. Under a beating sun, a sun which is reflected on a road paved with round stone, and so broad that the great trees on either side cannot shade its middle, to climb to its beauties is almost as terrible as to scale Vesuvius, or thread some of the mazes of the Simplon. A few paces were enough to discourage Hombert, and to make him struggle into a tree's shade. Frankly, I never yet saw a Frenchman who would annoy himself, unless he were a soldier or a policeman. But Hombert feigned half his fatigue expressly for the purpose of cracking a good bottle of wine at a little hostelry near by, perched, as if about to tumble, in the middle of a grove, on a hill-side. Here was a hideous old woman (old French women are always ugly), who had her head wound in a rag, and who badly in-

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censed Hombert by asking him if he worked for Maitre Pierre, on the hill above.

The first thing we saw, recommencing the ascent, was a bare-footed boy on a mule. Never was boy before so disturbed. He surely took us for highwaymen; for we surrounded him, and tried to make him dismount, so eager were we for his beast's assistance. But no! master would beat him; and so, good morning, messieurs all, and a pleasant journey.

After much puffing we came to the top; and there was the old stone fountain, with its rows of pillars, and its immense basin half full of rotten weeds. Where the dainty hands of fair women had dabbled for lilies two centuries ago, the workmen were now bathing the sides of their tired horses, and a bevy of half-naked children were ambling and shrieking out their joy. On one side the road wound up another steep ascent, toward the grand highway which led out to Versailles. Looking back, there were the broad fields we had traversed, La Seine flashing in the sun, the white villas radiant, the domes of Paris in the distance. To the left of the fountain was a second road, not so well paved as that on the right, and, judging from this, we took it, and soon found ourselves at the top of the hill, with the great arch on our left, and with the whole valley of the Seine spread before our eyes. Above, on a huge plateau, were the immense reservoirs which furnished water to the Versailles fountains; and a porter's lodge, with a wooden wicket, perched unobtrusively by the road side, hid behind it all that remains of the

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beautiful valley of Marly, scooped out by the architects of Louis Fourteenth's time, to plant one of the loveliest palaces the world ever saw.

Hombert fell, by chance, to talking with a sedate gentleman he met by the road-side, and soon found he was the proprietor of the estate. For Marly is no longer royal domain. The great revolution finished that. So, learning that we had never been there, and telling me that few strangers ever came, he seemed inclined to accompany and do us courtesy.

But first we went into a little cottage by the way-side; and, in company with a woman, a lame baby, and a dog, we sat listening to the good proprietor's talk until the afternoon heat died out. Then he, cracking a fresh bottle to pay the woman for our shelter, led the way through the wicket into the valley, and there, sitting together under the trees, every one of which seemed haunted by some remorseful shade of the old king and his dead century, the proprietor told us the story of Marly. Very quaint and graphic was his French manner; and I can do no better than repeat it to you. It is a story of retribution after wrong, of sheer popular vengeance joined to that of God, and it has its romance.

. . . . . .

Near the old wall of the palace there is a beautiful avenue of elms. Beyond, the triangular plot, broad nearest the ruins, slopes gently toward the grand old fountain below. Through the branches we get glimpses of the Seine valley away beyond. Hombert

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chews a straw, and looks bored; Oderieau is curious, and the proprietor talks like a man who likes to rehearse the story.

"You see, messieurs, Marly le Roi is nothing remarkable as a village. It hasn't been civilized much for two centuries. The Emperor has remodeled the old water-works which carry the water to Versailles, and by-and-bye I shall show you the fountain-reservoirs on the summit beyond us. But we are a long way behind the times. The superstitious peasants think Marly is blighted; and if my grapes were not prosperous every year, on the arbor *a la maison*, I confess I should think so too. Sometimes I wonder if the old king's ghost doesn't wander down the avenue here, late o' nights, sighing for the rest he never got on earth. *Eh bien!* he was a sad dog, this Louis, as you well know.

"I presume the old king rode through here a hundred times before he ever thought of building a palace in our midst. We are on the high road to Versailles, don't you see; and at noon he used often to ride by the humble cottages, sneering at the peasants who jerked their hats from their heads, and lolling on the shoulder of a painted dame.

"The carriage was a wonderful yellow and gold affair, drawn by six prancing horses, with ribbon streamers at their ears; with a retinue of grooms, lackeys of all sorts, and more carriages behind, filled with ladies. Louis Fourteenth never went anywhere without the ladies at his heels.

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"One day (so the story goes) the king, who was now getting old,—and you know old Frenchmen are rarely amiable, ha! ha!—awoke with his mind full of his past sins. His sneering face was a little tempered with sadness, and he at once announced that there would be no hunt that day. He used to hunt often, messieurs, in the forests which he had planted in his youth. But that day he did an unheard of thing. *Sans façon*, he entered his carriage alone, asking no fair lady to accompany him, and, with only a few courtiers behind him, he ordered the route to be into the most solitary Paris suburb. The coachman knew his master's humor, and drove him to the laughing banks of Luciennes. Here the king got out, and one of the courtiers came up, suggesting that there could be no finer site for a palace.

"'True,' said the old king; 'but I have already spent too much in building.' (True indeed, messieurs; for he had drained the empire, and the poor people were starving in Paris.) 'I should ruin myself here. Let us go on. Do you see that valley, with the little village in it, nestling on the hill-side? Listen! What calm and silence! Even the leaves rustle gently! How quietly one's life might flow on there! I am sure that place will please me.'

"Just at this moment, young stranger, and messieurs all, the sun, which had been bathed in clouds for a time, lit up with glory the humble cemetery of the village. The black crosses and gloomy stones did not escape the king's notice. His head fell on his breast,

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and he seemed to dream. Do you suppose it was a presentiment of the time when, in that same place, among the other disasters crowding thick on the end of his reign, he should see wither and fall, one by one, the branches of his royal posterity, and should feel himself the agony of burying his race?

"But it is a courtier's duty not to let a king be sad, and so one spoke up:

"'Sire,' he said, 'have you noticed that the valley, which seems to please you so much, is narrow, and has no prospect? The hills hem it in. The sides are so marshy that it will be difficult to get in there.'

"'It is just what I want,' said the king, pettishly. 'I want a place where I can build a simple hermitage,—where I can come sometimes to forget the world and the court. A *nothing* will do. What is this village called?'

"'Marly, sire.'

"'Well, messieurs, we will come to Marly two or three times a year, to expiate our sins.' (He was a sly dog, was Louis Quatorze.)

"That evening, as soon as the king returned to Versailles, he sent for his architect, Mansard, and told him to build the hermitage at once. That hermitage, *mes amis*, cost *millions on millions of francs!*

"It was a dream of luxury; it was beyond description. The valley was transformed; the marshes were filled up. You wouldn't think now, looking over your shoulders at the plowed field and that bit of white wall, that, where we sit, there was once a triple row of colonnades. You came through the avenue of elms,

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didn't you? Well, the fountain which you saw is the only ruin left complete enough to give you an idea of the splendor. At the left was the road to Versailles; on the right, the route to Marly; the base of the triangle is bounded now by the beautiful forest which, a century and a half ago, the old king had transplanted from Compiegne, looking like Ariosto's enchanted trees. High terraces rose in a straight line in front, fountains sent sparkling water into the air here and there; then there were thirteen pavilions to pass through before arriving at the palace. An artificial river was constantly fed by great reservoirs. In the centre of the triangle were the halls for the royal guards, the officers, the kitchens, the dressing-rooms; here, near us, were long avenues shrouded in ivy and roses; and statues, basins, cascades, were scattered far and wide. That was Marly at the beginning of the eighteenth century; to-day what is it?

"A hermitage! It was a very hell of broken ambitions, exhausted pleasures, and fitful dreams. Here the old king came to live with his two mistresses,—one twenty, and the other sixty; here he rioted in luxury one day, and fasted and prayed for his soul the next. Well, well, we Catholics do that too much sometimes!

"Marly was a retreat, although it was not exactly a hermit's cell, and the king made it strictly so. It was a place full of pleasures, and the fortunate courtier who got a chance to enter did not regret the money he lost at gambling, or the rebuffs he got from the fastidious king. Louis got uglier as he grew older, and used

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sometimes to insist on gaming away some rich man's fortune to annoy him. Such things were not uncommon in those days.

"But the fifteen years which the king spent here grew dark towards their end. The children born to him were dead, or worse than dead; and his two grandsons died suddenly, in the flower of their youth, one after the other. The ministers from Paris now and then had free access to Marly, to whisper in the king's ear the names of the battles he had lost. He came to his retreat now to conceal his fears; Madame de Maintenon—good soul! they say he really did marry her secretly years before,—could not console him; the defeat of his armies came upon him with heavy force; he was old, gentlemen, and it broke him down. The terrible disease which had slain his family, the tangled finances of the empire, his lost battles, and his sated appetites, all rose up and crushed him. Do you find the moral to your taste, messieurs?

"One day the old king set out to return from Versailles to Marly. On his way he was taken ill, and nothing could save him. Under the roses, here, he died, muttering prayers, and gnashing his teeth at the thought that none of his race was to succeed him. True, he advised, in all sorts of letters, that his successor should not do as he had done; and if remorse and agony of mind could curse a place, Marly would have been blighted. But, look you, messieurs; the peasants sing their chansons in the fragrant avenues; the plowman rides his horse through the ruined foun-

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tain, and doesn't think of the shades that might arise out of it, save when the priest, in the little church below, has been preaching more than usual about spirits.

"All the mad noise and frolic of that age have left Versailles and Marly, and centred in Paris. Old Louis left his mark—and a black one it was too—on the empire. He who came after him wasn't much better. You saw that mansion on the hill-top, at Louveciennes, as you came by. *Eh bien!* Louis Fifteenth built that, on a wager that he would have it done in three months. When it was done he put Madame Dubarry in it as his mistress. Those were sorry times. But let them pass. The whole country around here is darkened with the shadows of royal license.

"What became of Marly at last? Ah, well, the peasants will tell you that it was destroyed in the heat of the revolution, and that the blood that had been wrung to build it turned to a torrent and washed it away. But that is only what they would like to believe. No; Marly stood many years after the courtiers, frightened and satiated with its gay life, packed up and went away, when the old king died. The reign of terror respected Marly just as it respected Versailles. One of the chiefs of that time proposed to blow it into fragments, with gunpowder, and write over it:

"'This was the last lair of the tyrant.'

"But no; the French people had had enough of pillage and destruction, and they said, 'We will let the *hermitage* stand.' Once, in 1793, all the valley echoed to the sound of trumpets, and an armed troop rode in

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to destroy; but a family of rank then living there reasoned with the mob—for a mob it was—and saved the palace. This finished Marly as a dwelling-place; no one dared to live here thereafter.

"Then it became merely an object of curiosity. The good people of a hundred years ago only came to picnic here, wander through the deserted rooms, and wonder at the tarnished fountains. One day popular opinion got the better of superstition in Paris. Marly looked no holier in people's eyes than any other domain; and the directory sold it to a cloth manufacturer for a price which would not originally have paid for the stones in the wall. This cloth merchant tore down the roof of the grand hall, and put cattle in there to turn his machinery. Then, as he got into debt, he pulled down the beauties clustering around the palace and grounds, and sold them for souvenirs. Bonaparte offered once to save the hermitage; but the cloth merchant laughed his terms to scorn; and so every relic of the old king was trodden under foot, washed away, forgotten. There may be a stray coin here and there; but it is so far beneath the surface that you would not care to dig. And now, if you wish to see the sun set from the top of the old aqueduct, we must be going. *Allons.*"

"But," said Hombert, who had been asleep, but awoke just in time to catch the last few paragraphs, "it would have been much more like vengeance if the people had razed the palace at once, in the revolution. They lacked spirit, those old fellows."

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The proprietor looked scornfully at Hombert. "My dear fellow," said he, "this was intended to have been a popular vengeance, but Nemesis took the work out of the people's hands. Or, no; not exactly, either; for what could be more suggestive than to see a man of the people, a vulgar cloth maker, kicking about the ruins of a palace where the sovereign by right divine once dwelt?"

So we strolled back to the little wicket, and up to the three grand reservoirs on the hill. The fountains at Versailles were to play next day, and the reservoirs were full. The Seine below sends up the water, in long pipes, over a steep hill three hundred feet high; and immense engines and water-wheels below force it to the reservoirs. Millions of francs had been spent by old Louis, two centuries ago, on this project, and now Napoleon Third amuses his Parisians, Sundays, at Versailles, with far-fetched jets of feathery spray.

The old aqueduct, towering up with its high arches, a landmark for miles around, has long ago fallen into disuse. The proprietor took us to the top, and, perched on the railing, we could see Saint Germain, where King Louis began his repentance; Marly, where he ended it; Malmaison, where Napoleon and Josephine told their first loves; and away in the distance, Saint Denis, where the bones of kings lay buried. In the woods below, a shepherd was calling his sheep; the notes of his horn were wafted to our ears, and seemed making merry in mockery over the fall of Marly and the most lascivious dynasty that ever disgraced an empire.

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CHAPTER XVI.

MALMAISON.

HO does not remember the favorite home of Napoleon and Josephine? Malmaison, the residence that the good clerks of the time of Charles the Bold christened *mala domus*, because they felt some presentiment of evil hanging over the domain! Malmaison, where Napoleon planned his campaigns, where he first loved, whither he sent his hourly bulletins to Josephine, signed always "*tout a toi!*" This homely chateau, in the midst of a beautiful country, surrounded by gardens lovelier than any others in France, led up to by long, shady avenues, the nest of a thousand cool retreats which are sacred in French history to the memory of a great warrior and an honest woman who died the victim of a cruel caprice, is the shrine to which the pilgrims from all parts of the world paid homage in 1867. It was open then for the first time in many years. It has long since passed into foreign hands, serving now and then as the retreat of the queen of Spain, and earlier as the home of other foreign royalty. But this year, Napoleon wished all the treasures of

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France open to public inspection; so Malmaison was restored, as nearly as possible, to precisely what it used to be before Napoleon abdicated and Josephine died, and before the star of the first great empire began to pale.

From 846 to 1780 history says but little about Malmaison. The domain is known to have belonged to the rich abbés of Saint Denis. It was given to them in memory of the expulsion of the Northmen—a victory which the good monks did not fail to attribute to the efficacy of their prayers. King Charles the Bold gave them the chateau and manor, and they kept it jealously until 1780. Then it fell into the hands of a rich land-owner, just at that period when practical men began to get the property which had so long belonged to the church, just at the time when the aristocracy of finance succeeded to the aristocracy of religion. The French Revolution was already in the air, and only a few years of quiet were left to the chateau before it was dragged into history, to have its name immortalized. The old land-owner was a kind of Mæcenas in his small way, and half a dozen minor French poets used to feed at his table, and draw their inspiration from his gardens. The patronage of a farmer was at that epoch worth as much as is that of a prince of the blood at present. Malmaison got its share of trouble in the Revolution soon after, and, in 1792, the land-owner gave it up to a banker by the name of Canteleu; but the man of stocks and speculation did not keep it long. It was destined to be the scene of court splendors and

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fripperies; and later, of hard, unflinching work, real brain-struggle for power. One year after the banker had purchased it his title was resigned in favor of a handsome widow, the relict of a Monsieur Beauharnais. She loved the location, and came to live there. The name—sinister, and of evil omen—did not frighten her; she was young and gracious, and began to dispense hospitality with a liberal hand. She came to resuscitate the urbanity and elegance of the old French society, which had been broken down in the terrible Revolution just passed; and she succeeded in doing it. The civil troubles were by no means over; and Malmaison was a kind of oasis, out of which the Parisians fled from the desert of Paris life, to recover what they had lost of social joys. The foppishness which had flourished under the monarchy, and been broken in the Revolution, began again at Malmaison. Josephine paid bitterly afterwards for the impetus she gave to frivolous fashion. The epicurean Barras used to drive out to Malmaison to take his tea; and all the crowd of fools that we have so often seen in the pictures of "Barras receiving his guests," flocked thither with him. There was only one sensible man in the crowd. He was looked upon with a kind of suspicious awe, since he had blown the old Revolution into nothingness by means of his cannon, placed on the steps of St. Roch's church. He was a small man, common in appearance, pale-faced, with long black hair, generally alone, and always looking askance at the fops, whom he hated most unfeignedly. He was never so happy as when alone in

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some corner, thinking and muttering to himself; and to this day you will occasionally find an old Frenchman who will tell you that General Bonaparte, the young general, was a queer, unsocial fellow.

By-and-bye, however, this little unsocial ogre became of more importance at Malmaison. The fops were not of so much account when they found that Napoleon was to marry the widow Beauharnais. The general, too, was becoming very famous, and in Paris his name was on every tongue. Pretty soon the marriage took place, and the companions of the great general, Lannes, Bernadotte, and Angereau, came oftener to Malmaison than did Barras and his company. Josephine saw her residence metamorphosed; it was no longer a little court, but a miniature camp, and the talk was concerning redoubts to be stormed and armies to be managed. It was a kind of ante-chamber to a war-bureau, and the only place where Josephine was safe from hearing about battles was in her bed-chamber. Napoleon used even to make experiments and draw plans of battle-fields in the sand. Soon Josephine was alone, for the general was on a dozen battle excursions in as many months, and the courier came every week to inform the folks at home what he was doing. Sometimes it was a tender message; oftener a bulletin of victory. This was the style: "A thousand kisses, Josephine; think of me, and don't get disgusted with Malmaison." Then later the preparations for the coronation were going on. Malmaison had become useless to the man who had made himself master of

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so many fine palaces, and he had decided to quit it as soon as the above mentioned preparations were complete. The French say that from the moment he left the old chateau his star of glory began to go down. The next thing after quitting Malmaison was to quit her who had been his faithful companion there; and soon came to her the news of her repudiation. She was at the grand ball given in Napoleon's honor at the Hotel de Ville a few days before her divorce, and there she burst into tears, and left the festivities for Malmaison.

There she lived, dispensing charity to all around; and it is said to this day, that, even after her divorce, the peasants used to forget themselves and cry out, "Long live the Empress," when she passed by. Instead of the fops and fools that she had once gathered around her, she now had artists and poets; and the chateau was adorned with the rarest sculptures and paintings of many nations. But, just as she seemed somewhat to recover from the sorrow and degradation of her divorce, and to get some of the cheerfulness of old times, came the advance of armies against Napoleon. His power was broken, and her life seemed to be broken with it; for even when she was attending a festival she was taken suddenly ill, and died at Malmaison. On the 26th of May, 1814, the chateau was hung in black, and three days after Josephine's funeral took place in the old church in the neighboring town of Rueil. Hardly a year had passed before Napoleon found his way back to Malmaison. The battle of Waterloo was over; and, on the 23d of June, 1815, the

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Emperor and what was left of his guard rode up the avenue, and the little man was "at home" once more. He found there Josephine's daughter, Hortense, and was received with the warmest hospitality. The story is told through all France, and in all history, that one night he went alone to the tomb of Josephine, and stood before the grave in the little cemetery many hours. But he never published his regrets; and one week afterwards he went to Rochefort to give himself up. Then, St. Helena. Two days after Napoleon left Malmaison, Blucher's soldiers entered it. They could not find the Emperor, but they desolated the old chateau and grounds, they broke the statues and burned the best of the pictures, and for years after Malmaison was deserted. At last the Queen of Spain came to venture into its shadows, and the chateau was restored, the gardens were rebuilt, and all was done as nearly as possible on the old plan, in memory of a man whose name had become world-famous. Here the history of Malmaison stops, and it is tragic enough. Napoleon had never stopped to think that if he had reigned as gloriously as Cromwell he could die as ignominiously as Charles the First.

Stops, did I say, the history of Malmaison? No; there is another page, modern written, by the hand of the Empress Eugenie. She it is who superintended all the work of re-creating the home of the first French Cæsar, and of collecting the souvenirs of Josephine. To walk through the rooms of the chateau, in 1867, was an epitome of the most marvelous epoch of French

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history. It was the desire of the Empress to have the house and grounds free to all that year. They have not been open before, and will not be again, for many years. So I am glad that, in my suburban rambles, I spent a day at the *mala domus*. The country all around it is beautiful. Going thither from Paris, the railway runs through the gardens of Asnieres, past antique Nanterre, where Saint Genevieve, the patron saint (?) of Paris, was born in the fifth century, and where a cathedral, six hundred years of age, lifts up its crumbling spire, and to Rueil, a quaint village, where stands the church in which Josephine is buried, and from whence one walks down a long avenue to Malmaison. Now-a-days, one expedites the distance by taking the "American horse-cars" from Rueil station directly to the avenue which leads to the chateau, and spares himself the misery of walking miles of dusty and dull highway. The guard shouts "La Malmaison," and you wander up a long path, hedged by foliage which must have grown since Napoleon's time; then you turn to the right, and go up a graveled walk to a light stone building, whose exterior cannot be so pretty as the old chateau is said to have been. Looking out beyond, on a fine hill some miles distant, you see Marly and its ruined aqueduct, which old Louis Fourteenth built to carry water to his Versailles fountains, and over beyond the hill lie the ruins of the palace, where the old king retired when he was used up with the world, and the world was used up for him. Then, too, one gets a glimpse at Saint Germain's wonderful terrace in the

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distance, and on every side the scenery is magnificent. Napoleon had an eye for rural beauty, and the present Emperor would do well to desert St. Cloud for Malmaison.

A pompous official, in scarlet jacket, shows me the way of entrance, and in a moment I am at Napoleon's home.

Everything has been restored as nearly as possible as it used to be. The entrance-hall is a pretty room, paved, like all the other rooms on the lower floor, in black and white marble diamonds. The first room is the dining-hall, where Barras used to gorge himself, and where, afterwards, Napoleon used to sit down, eating in a hurry to get back to the library. The next room is the most important one, and brings the greatest torrent of recollections. It is the council-room, so called because the Emperor always met his generals there. The furniture is now all newly decorated in red and gold, but is the same, with the exception of the covering. The writing-table, however, has been respected; and the old cloth, faded, and with Napoleon's ink scratches on it, is left. Over the mantle is a fine bust of the Emperor as he looked when first consul; and the sphynxes, which do duty at the fire-board, recall the Egyptian campaign. The ceiling is paneled in wonderful blue and white, and the tables and seats are marvelously draped. One comes next to the library, which looks out upon the garden, and from one window of which a rustic bridge leads to the pleasant shaded walks. Great care has been taken in the

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reproduction of this library; and one may spend a pleasant hour here, seeing something new each moment. As in the council-room, the desk has its old covering, with his scratches on it, probably when the Emperor's other hand was in his hair, digging for ideas. A globe of the two hemispheres, swung in its frame, near one window, and the names of prominent Roman, Greek, and English historians are inscribed among the frescoes on the ceiling. A handsome bronze statuette of the Emperor tracing on the map of Europe with a pair of compasses stands on the old writing-desk; and elegant models of well-known Roman antiquities are placed here and there in glass cases. The library cases are all in walnut and green; and there is an immense array of maps and charts scattered everywhere. One peculiar feature is the great number of mirrors in the library. Why they were put there I cannot imagine. On the other side of the entrance-hall is the billiard-room, with its old-fashioned table and gigantic cues; and here are placed fine busts of Josephine and Napoleon.

Then, passing through a small ante-chamber, one arrives at the parlor. This, too, is cheery, and opens on the lawn; the furniture is the least bit gaudy, all in yellow and gold. Near one of the windows stands an embroidery frame, with an elegant piece of rose work upon it; and the last stitch ever taken on it by Josephine is marked by the needle which still sticks in the cloth. From this room one passes into the art gallery, a long, elegant hall, filled with fine paintings. It is

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built precisely like the "drawing-room" in the old English mansions, and is furnished with exquisite taste. Near one of the windows stands the harp which Josephine used to play, with the music-book still open before it; and on the stand, near by, lies her mandoline. This was the favorite resort of Josephine; and here, without doubt, Napoleon told his first tale of love.

Up stairs, and through an array of pretty bath and bed-rooms, and—tread softly, for you have arrived at the bed-chamber of the Empress. Over the couch fall the draperies of white satin, spangled with gold, and the tapestries are all of the richest and softest colors. The carpet sinks under one's feet, and the cushions, the chairs, the deep recesses in the windows, are as luxurious as heart can wish. Crimson and gold is the furnishing of the whole room, in panels and ceiling. It is only a step from this room to the ante-chamber, where stands the old bureau which served Napoleon through all his campaigns, and where autograph letters of himself and Josephine are exposed in glass cases. Then we come to the room which is most interesting of all. Most zealously guarded is it by soldier attendants, and one must enter without noise. On a raised pedestal stands the simple cot-bed in which Napoleon died, at St. Helena; there, too, is the great white wrapper which he used to wear, even the coverlet which was last arranged over his corpse; and the other platform, near by, is mounted by his old camp-chair, which was with him in so many battle-fields, and the hundred souvenirs which one cannot find room to mention here.

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A little painting, which is stuck in an obscure corner, merits attention from its drollity and original conception. It is by Steuben, and represents to the casual or careless observer the seven cocked hats which the Emperor especially delighted in. But, on looking closely at the background of the picture, one discovers the following typical etchings: Paris; Austerlitz; then the olive branch, denoting peace; then Moscow in flames; then Waterloo; then the island of St. Helena in the distance. The effect is very curious, and one doesn't know whether to laugh or be sad on seeing the hats and the souvenirs behind them. Then, in cases all around the room, one sees the personal arms of the Emperor, the little sword which is always represented in his picture, his other swords and pistols, his epaulets, the watch of "Josephine Beauharnais," pictures of the "little king of Rome, four months old," the last slippers worn by Josephine, and hundreds of little souvenirs, which have been scattered far and wide for years, but have been collected, by Eugenie's care, from the Louvre, from private collections, from every possible source, to figure at Malmaison this once that it is to be open, and to awaken remembrances of Napoleon and Josephine. And you wish, as you go away, that it could be open every year.

Rueil, where the unfortunate and divorced queen found her grave, was once the home of Richelieu. The old cardinal had his country-seat there, and used to come thither to refresh after his toils for France—and himself. The only other thing for which the little

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town is celebrated is its church, which has a tower built in the twelfth century; the rest of the edifice is of the time of Francis First. In this church, in one of the chapels in the nave, lies buried the Empress Josephine. The tomb is an imposing one, and it is because it is there that the old church has been kept in a constant state of repair by the present Emperor. In 1824, ten years after their mother's death, the Queen Hortense and the Prince Eugene purchased the chapel in the church, and erected the tomb there. The remains were conveyed there not long after. The monument is in white-veined marble; and under an arch the Empress is represented kneeling, with her face upturned in prayer. Strange enough, however, she is in court costume. The face, according to the testimony of those who knew the Empress, is a faithful likeness. The monument bears this single inscription: "To Josephine, Eugene, and Hortense, 1825." The tomb of Queen Hortense, mother of the present Emperor, is in the same church, but one descends into a vault to see it. The tomb of Josephine is dull and gloomy in the dark shadows of the nave, and it is a pity that she could not have rested beneath the roses at Malmaison, which she loved so well.

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CHAPTER XVII.

SUBURBAN SNATCHES.

H BIEN! Yes, a festival at St. Germain on Sunday, if you please, and one of the jolliest in the French calendar. Sycorax and I heard of it, in our nest at Hombert's; and Saturday night found us longing for Sabbath morning. Sycorax was a Bostonian, not long resident in Paris; and as the citizen of the Hub is famous for doing all sorts of wicked things when away, to make up for his extra virtue at home, he was crazy to see St. Germain on Sunday.

Hombert held up both hands when we talked of going to St. Germain. It was just the thing; and the fête, *mon Dieu!* if he only had time how gladly he would go with us. After a late breakfast at the little restaurant of the Trois Frêres Provencaux, which I have sketched for you, we were perched on top of a third-class car, even as when we went to Marly and Malmaison, and speeding away to the prettiest little town in all the Paris suburbs.

There are two annual fêtes at St. Germain; one is dedicated to St. Louis, and is held on the first Sunday

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after the 25th of August; the other, called the Fête des Loges, occurs only a week after, and lasts three days. But it was to St. Louis that we paid homage. Blessings on him, for he stamped one of God's beauty-spots forever in our memories.

From the top of the old aqueduct at Marly, some time previous, Hombert and I had seen the castle of St. Germain rising frowningly, with its grim and curious walls; and now, as we mounted the hill which leads to the forest entrance, the aqueduct, miles away, came distinctly into view. The castle was undergoing restoration, a sorry process, which generally belittles fine antique architecture. We paused to survey its massive proportions, and Sycorax made me translate the mottoes, written on its sides, in black letters on a white ground. I peered over the moat, and read here and there the savage moralities which the conscience of James the Second, who lived here a long time, had wrung from him. As they were all of the Fear-God-and-die order, and as the multitudes in the wood beyond were doing just the other thing, we made a detour around the old walls, and arrived pat upon the fête.

A characteristic scene greeted our eyes on our advent. A tall soldier, in fine blue and red uniform, was struggling with a rosy girl, who had refused him a kiss. A crowd of all classes surrounded them, applauding and laughing. This was no petty wood we now entered. It is a forest of 8,000 acres, in which you may wander for days without seeing a human being.

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But it is traversed by fine roads, and entirely enclosed with walls. The border of the forest has long been a noted pleasure resort for the Parisians and the dwellers in the suburbs. St. Germain has historic flavor. Francis First adopted it as a royal residence, and built the palace. In this palace Henry Second, Charles Ninth, and Louis Fourteenth were born. Even as a cradle of sovereigns, the old town is famous. Louis Fourteenth's track may be followed from St. Germain through all this lovely Seine valley. He always hated Paris, and when he became king, fled from the capital to this place. Here he began one of those paradises which he was always planning to rear around himself.

While I was meditating, Sycorax had gone to the terrace, and was on the outer edge of the great wall, peering into the vineyards beneath. A misstep, and he would have been picked up, thirty feet below, impaled on a huge grape-vine. Leaning over the railing, I pointed out to him the course of old Louis. Directly beyond the Marly aqueduct, miles away, lay Versailles, effort number two of the King at a terrestrial paradise. Thither he had hastened when Madame de Montespan became his mistress, leaving the chateau of St. Germain as a source of pin-money for the courtesan he discarded. When Versailles had been exhausted, and had exhausted him, he retraced his steps as far as Marly, there to lie down and die. So all the follies of this potentate were hemmed into the orbit of thirty meagre miles; yet what corner of the world has not heard of him and them?

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But the terrace! In all France, art has built nothing finer to add to a landscape's charm. Fancy the solid masonry, built up six times your height above the sloping hill, and extending a mile and a half, unbroken by curve, shaded by tall and ancient trees. The forest borders do not reach to it, and a great drive-way is left, which every Sunday is filled with rich equipages, and happy promenaders,—the same types one sees at Longchamps and Vincennes. The view down the valley is a trifle constrained, as hills shut it in on either side; but La Seine river flashes a radiant belt among the vines, and the villas seem to rise by magic from the nooks in the verdure. Music from the gardens where the peasants are dancing drifts up to your hight, and seems only the heard expression of the perfume from the flowers which bewilder your eyes. Paris shows one of its forts dimly in the distance. The dome of the Invalides Hospital and the Pantheon may be seen in clear weather.

So charmed were Sycorax and I that we left the fête behind, walked the whole mile and a half on the terrace's outer borders, turned its corner, and sat down with our boots rustling in a tree-top, to use our spy-glasses on a chateau near by. In the garden of this mansion we could see great matted beds of pansies, and the gardener, watering them through a long hose, heard our halloo, and looking up, gracefully kissed his hand to us.

Strolling back through the forest took so long that it was mid-afternoon when we arrived at the fête ground.

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The supreme element of the French fête is noise. A dozen rustic drummers pound themselves breathless rush to the nearest booth, snatch a stoup of wine, then begin again. Everywhere high poles were erected, bearing the national coat of arms and the imperial letters "N" and "E" interlocked. We passed up through a double lane of peddlers' booths nearly half a mile long. Here, on tables, were arranged great gilded squares of gingerbread, fancy boxes, imitation Sevres ware in profusion, and Catholic images. A saint praying in a gingerbread niche made Sycorax laugh. The canvas booths were all decorated with the "N, E," and in them were gay hundreds, drinking and singing. The rural theatres, in tents, excited our risibles. There were two separate streets devoted to Thespis. In one huge tent the "Battles of the King of Siam" were presented; and every twenty minutes, amid horrible din of drums and trumpets, the actors marched out in procession, showing their costumes, and each one personally soliciting the crowd to enter. Another company essayed the melodrama, "*Lisette la Grisette,*" and the audience, for lack of better seats, spread their handkerchiefs on the leaves, and took the ladies in their laps. Of giants and fabulous monsters there were no end. Here and there tents were allotted to the dancers, and the women tucked up their gowns that the men might easier whirl them aloft in their arms. A priest stalked by from time to time, his serge gown swaying in the breeze, and his meagre ankles twitching as if he, too, wished to dance. As for the soldiers, dance they did; and spent

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their little earnings, carefully hoarded for the occasion, as freely as if officers of highest rank. Over our heads, through the woods, for a mile around, ran the strings of wax candles and Chinese lanterns, in order for the illumination.

Inasmuch as there is a fête for every day of the year in France, the French people who had come out with us from Paris cared very little about the festivities, and we finally followed them to a cool nook on the wood's edge, where we could look off beyond the terrace into the beautiful valley. We rented two of the light cane chairs near by, and listened to the concert by the regimental band. The music stole softly out from the shade—'twas bits from "Martha" and the "Troubadour,"—and the dear familiar airs gave the very charm lacking to make our day one of unalloyed pleasure. Among the listeners we got glimpses of the French "family,"—Monsieur out with his wife instead of his mistress, and consequently staring at every pretty girl who sat near by. Madame let her children go whither the bonne listed, and chattered vigorously, despite the low melodies drifting to her ear.

So the afternoon was wearing away; and Sycorax and I had but just time to run to the chateau, and hurriedly *do* the museums and historical chambers before the relentless guards closed up. The interior court of the palace is very fine, and reminds one of that at the Schloss in Heidelberg, only it is smaller and fallen into worse decay. The chamber where Madame de la Valliere used to sleep is still pointed out, and a trap in

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the ceiling is said to have been made by order of Louis Fourteenth, who used to descend secretly through it to the chamber, because his dear mamma prevented his intrigues with the lady whenever she could. Modern French government has put many of the rooms of the palace to a good use; the finest museum of the pre-historic epoch in the world is established in them. A saunter through this museum is most interesting. All the excavations made in France and adjacent countries, disclosing remains of people and art whose origin and history are hidden, are illustrated by great models, enclosed in cases, and so charmingly natural that you perforce linger over them. Then, after a peep at the bed-chamber of James the Second, than which nothing is more prosaic, we climbed to the balconies overhanging the forest, and gazed down to the fête. Just as I had got fairly to moralizing on the little which it took to amuse the native Frenchman, Sycorax announced that the doors were clanging below, and we hurried down.

In the little church not far from the palace, crowds of people were kneeling at the vesper-service. For once, we knelt also; and by the time service was over, and we had gazed at the bold tomb erected by George Fourth to the memory of James the Second, the sun was getting behind the trees, and we sought the train, and sped away to Paris.

There were only two people, save ourselves, in the compartment—a young Frenchman and his mistress. Tired with his day's rejoicing, he shook out his curls,

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and laid his head in her lap, stretching his length on the cushioned seat while she sang the very snatches from the operas which the band had played at St. Germain. Beautiful singer! long shall we remember thee. When we stopped at Asnieres, where vines overhung the very train, a delighted crowd thronged at the window to hear our concert. Just as Sycorax was fairly captivated, and would have surrendered, the little witch turned to her *garçon*, and, rolling her accents, said, *Qu'il m' embete, cet Anglais*,—"How that Englishman annoys me,"—which I having interpreted, Sycorax was sulky until we had our feet on the mantel at Hombert's.

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The quarter of Paris toward Vincennes is one of the pleasantest to a stranger. It is free from crowds, and has a more home-like appearance than any other. Sycorax and I, mounting omnibus top at the Porte St. Martin arch one forenoon, started for Vincennes. From the Place de la Bastille, through the Faubourg St. Antoine, to the Place du Trone, is a kaleidoscopic ride. Now and then we came on one of the open air markets, where old women watch immense miscellaneous collections of linen, clothing, hats, crockery, etc., scattered about on the ground. The vegetable-peddler is near by, with the little wagon hitched to his or her toiling beast. From the Place du Trone, with its tall columns on either side, we rattled through pleasant trees to the fortifications, and the gate of Vincennes. Here, when returning, we underwent the *octroi* inspection. As every article of merchandise which enters

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the Paris walls pays duty, officers are constantly on guard to prevent smuggling. One blue-coat leaped to the imperial, and glanced at our umbrellas, as if he suspected radishes or ears of corn hidden in them; another peeped into all the baskets, and then, touching their hats, they bade the driver *bon jour*. This operation is repeated on every vehicle and person entering the city by its fifty gates. But the guards only nodded at us as we rattled out, and we were soon at the chateau of Vincennes.

From the Faubourg St. Antoine you can see the great centre tower of the castle rising, severe and simple, from its station on the plain. No building in France so impresses with its solidity. Sycorax and I went close up, and while he botanized around the moat, I essayed to climb down into it. It was a hazardous task. I had gained six feet of descent, when the hybrid sentinel at the castle gate, snarled out,

Ascendez, Monsieur!

Not relishing the thought of a bayonet in my abdomen, I ascended rapidly, and, forming in single file, we attacked the guard with the question if we could enter the court-yard. "Why not?" and we stood inside. How fine it must have looked, when the nine great towers, of which only one now remains, were standing! Louis Eleventh understood building strongholds, as well as Louis Fourteenth did palaces. Vincennes is now a garrison; and the dirty and weary soldiers were carrying bundles of straw, and provisions, with an air as dejected as galley-slaves. One smart

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sergeant volunteered as our guide, and took us to the arsenal, where thousands of muskets, pistols, and sabres were kept in constant readiness. The old guardian explained to us that not a speck of dust had rested on a weapon for years, so excessive was the care bestowed on them. Whole constellations of sabres and bayonets, arranged in stars, glittered on the ceilings; and the muskets formed great pyramids on their clean racks.

Entering the sombre court-yard, the old royal residence confronts you; at the left is a handsome Gothic chapel, built by Charles the Fifth; at the right, the solitary tower, rising grandly high, with its immense walls, nine feet thick. We climbed to the top, stepping here and there into the long disused cells. In one of these Mirabeau was shut up a weary time, and those sublimely tender letters of love to his wife, which have become one of the world's prizes, were written there. The cells hardly afford room to turn, and the slits in the wall only give a very faint gleam.

On the broad tower's top we lingered a brace of hours. The wind blew cool there, but the panorama below was superb. Vincennes contains almost as many soldiers as citizens, making perhaps eighteen thousand in all; and on that particular day, it seemed as if all the soldiers were out. Several companies were handling fresh straw outside the fortress. Their work-day clothes, of coarse gray pants, ugly setting blue frocks, and baggy caps, added to their slavish look. Officers stood primly by, with folded arms. Turning from them to the great plain, wrested long ago from the noble for-

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est, we saw artillery companies at practice, the caissons gleaming, and the shouts came up even to our ears. But the wood itself was worth all the rest. So beautiful! the only touch of thorough rusticity near Paris. The tents of a regiment in camp were the only disfigurement on the landscape. Sycorax pointed out to me the tree under which Louis the Good used to administer justice, and a subsequent walk to it showed that he was correct. Turning our backs on the forest, the panorama of Paris was delightful. A short distance from the tower, in the village street, blossomed a host of cafés and drinking gardens. When we had come down puffing from the tower, and looked into the ditch where the poor Duke d'Enghien was buried, after he was shot by Napoleon's order, only to be nobly enshrined, years after, we went into the village, and there we became involuntary spectators of a marriage festival.

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The bridal couple, evidently of the well-to-do class of farmers in the neighborhood, rode in a chaise decorated with orange flowers and honeysuckles. The pony's harness was garlanded from bits to hold-backs, and the gay little beast stepped as if he knew he were at a wedding. In front marched three or four couples, the girls dressed in white, with blossom-covered hair; and at one side of the wagon was a rollicking youth,—perhaps the bride's brother,—who was constantly playing jokes on the cortege. Now he pelted the bridegroom with flowers and twigs; now he cried

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"whoa!" to the horse, and clambered into the wagon to claim a kiss; and once, when the pony would not stop, he sat down in the road so resigned that the animal yielded rather than crush him. Laughter constantly rang on the air. Finally, Rosinante drew up before a long flowered alley leading to a café. Here the newly-married tumbled out, and the young rogue who had been making the fun rushed up the walk, trumpeting through his hand, "Place! place for her majesty, queen of my new brother-in-law's farm!" Wine flowed; then came the dance. Sycorax and I staid long enough to see the handsome bride fall panting into her brother's arms, after the dance with him; and the new husband (jealously looking on,) suddenly tripped up by a party of laughing girls, who dared him to play hide-and-seek with them. I suppose dinner came next, and after that another little ball, gayer yet, to last until the merriment-married bride and bridegroom should pony-chaise back to the farm, still tormented by the roysterers.

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Forgive one little picture from an opposite quarter, and from a very different suburban phase. Sycorax and I went one day to Grenelle, a pretty village on the Seine's left bank, not far outside the Paris walls. It was the rag-pickers' colony which we went to see, and there, from a garrulous old chiffonier, who was sorting over the refuse he had gathered the night previous, I learned a curious story. The colony is the very embodiment of wretchedness. I cannot conceive how

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such filth and poverty can be endured. A low, broken palisade surrounds the hovels where the rag-pickers consort. They live wholly by themselves, and many of them speak an incomprehensible slang. They are not dangerously vicious, but ignorant and superstitious. They work almost incessantly, rarely returning from their rounds among the city's garbage-heaps before early dawn, and spending a good part of the day in sorting the rubbish. Their cottages are full of heaps of bones, stale vegetables, dirty ribbons and smashed hats, and the odor is frightful. A café! certainly they have one, where the women, I must confess, get drunk on poor cognac quite as often as do the men. Here is real misery. The café bears the sign, "A la Calafornie," and the proprietor manages to furnish a kind of brandy at one sou the taste. The cheapness prompts dissipation.

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But the story, sad and peculiar enough, and literally true. Several years ago there came into the colony a clean, genteel old man, dressed in black, who rented the best of the cottages, and by kindness and firmness soon established himself as a kind of governor over all. He brought with him a little library, and taught some of them to read and write. Although he worked in the city every night, like the rest, basket on shoulder, he was their demi-god. Finally he established regulations of health and morals, which greatly benefited the colony. At one time he prevented the cholera from visiting them, by his knowledge of medi-

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cine. At another, he quelled a riot which would have been disastrous to them. He called himself Pere L'Epingle (Anglicé, Father Pin), and was always saluted by that name.

For years he guided the fortunes of the rag-pickers. One day, when he was ill, the whole colony surrounded his house, tears in every eye, and frightfully anxious, until he appeared to assure them that he should live. When a child was born, he christened it. When a colonist died, he saw him decently buried.

One morning, just as dawn was breaking, a *sergent-de-ville*, pacing the street at Grenelle, saw the corpse of a man hanging to a tree. The basket which that man had jumped from into eternity, and the cord which had formerly hung at his shoulders, but now strangled him, identified him as Father Pin. He was taken home to the colony, and great was the wailing. In his bosom was found the picture of a young and beautiful girl, apparently of noble family, but no scrap of writing anywhere to identify him as other than Father Pin. Here my story-teller stopped, and fumbled at his frock

But the picture,—was it never identified? Who and what had this curious benefactor been?

Fichtre! Monsieur, that is the mystery.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

MEUDON AND PERE MICHEL.

THE French language, to Sycorax, was an impossibility. Nature had placed in his way some impediment to acquiring a foreign tongue; yet he did not know it. He will never recognize the fact. There is no old woman in the quarter who has not hurled malediction, in the name of her pet saint, on his head, because of his frantic efforts to converse. His vocabulary of necessary things was copious, but it was simply a vocabulary. Josef, toiling up Hombert's stairs to answer the bell, always retreated, looking over his shoulder in dismay when Sycorax had thrust his disconnected substantives at him. But no man ever maintained more Tapleian jollity under difficulties. Sycorax was wont to return from a trip, and write in his diary glowing descriptions of conversations with the natives. In the sea of talk he caught the foam of a word now and then, and thought himself bathed in the talker's meaning. It was amusing to observe him at the theatre, following the play by the actor's gestures, and then giving to such friends as, like himself, did not understand, glowing translations of the actor's language.

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"Pere Michel," said Sycorax to me one July day, pronouncing Michel *Meekeel*, "is the true salt of the earth, and Meudon is henceforth my home. Come and see me."

How came he to stumble upon Meudon, and, above all, on Father Michel, and his rustic cabaret? Instinct triumphs where language cannot; and Sycorax was really installed, terms arranged, and neighborhood studied, without being able to talk three consecutive minutes to any living Frenchman.

Meudon of to-day is an earthly paradise. Commend me to it as the place to live, dream, saunter, and meet myself face to face. The world intrudes badly once a week, but not oftener. The village is old, perched on a rustic hillside, with villas and less ambitious country houses here and there. From the suburban railway to the road, which, winding and steep, leads from Sevres below to Meudon far above, you may wander in charming green alleys. It is a weary way, after all; and you are just beginning to tire of the ascent, when you turn a corner, as did Sycorax and I one hot afternoon, and the chief glory is before you!

An immense avenue, long, bordered by great elms, which bend their graceful tops and form a perfect arch as far as you can see. On the smooth ground beneath the trees, sun and shade make a flickering patchwork all the summer afternoons. Just at the avenue's entrance is a seat. Sycorax and I were thoroughly blown, and while reposing I tried to recall dim yet familiar memories of Meudon.

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"Rabelais lived in the village under the hill," said Sycorax.

Then it all came to mind. Here the author of Pantagruel and Gargantua used to preach, and here the Parisians flocked in crowds to hear him. It was at Meudon that Louis Fourteenth lost the prince, his heir; it was at Meudon that the old king spent his last days before he went to Marly to die; it was from Meudon that Henry Fourth went out to take the throne of France; and it was from Meudon's hight that, in the first Revolution, the news that the deputation of women was approaching Versailles was brought to Louis Sixteenth; here it was that Philibert de L'Orme did such marvels in overcoming nature, with his terrace so high in air, and the water to nourish it; here that Madame de Pompadour, a courtesan who rivaled Phryne in wit, built her chateau of Bellevue; and here it is that Prince Napoleon lives to-day.

Getting rested, we sauntered under the leafy canopy half way up the gently graded slope. A little stone house, overhung with vines, crouched in a pleasant enclosure; behind it Meudon forest stretched away, acre after acre of untamed nature. The little cabaret was very old, and the stone had crumbled a trifle here and there. The front yard was filled with tables, and a peasant or two, chatting with a bare-headed girl, lit up the scene with their gay costumes.

"This is where I live," said Sycorax.

As we entered the gate an aged man, almost disabled by age, worked his way out of the door, laughing, while

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an old woman, who had been scouring one of the tile floors, followed him, motioning as if to black his face. Presently the garçon followed, and Pere Michel, (for it was he being cornered,) was reprimanded for daring to come into the atmosphere of cleaning, and released unblacked. Just then we came in view. The woman fled, and he took off his hat.

Sycorax had been obliged to sacrifice something in leaving Paris. On mounting to his chamber it was obvious. The old walls were low and black with age; the room was sombre even in a sunny day. "But I only sleep here," pleaded he. "The arbors, the terrace, and the forest, are my haunts by day."

Back of Pere Michel's inn the hill originally rose abrupt and rugged. But terraces and alleys had been worked in, and on each terrace rose a host of little arbors, foliage-shielded. The vineyard above sent down its perfumes, and a cool breeze constantly fanned the leaves. We climbed to the topmost terrace, and the garçon soon brought us wine and fresh eggs, with a huge, long roll of bread. On Sunday this garden is filled with loungers from Paris; the wood of Meudon has long been famous as a students' haunt; even Murger had his little verse on its beauties. It is a lover's nest, *par excellence;* the amorous know where nature is most beautiful, and accords most with their humor. Pere Michel had attached to his cabaret a long dancing-hall; and there a wedding-party had already begun their festivities as we breakfasted.

From the cabaret to the great gate which opens on

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the chateau grounds, 'tis a short walk, always under the great elms. This avenue was planted at the beginning of the century, when their magnificent ancestors, under which Madame de Pompadour used to stroll, began to decay. We passed the sentinels at the gate, turned a corner, and stood upon the great plateau.

A solid wall, higher than at St. Germain, is built up from the hill-side, and extends two hundred and sixty yards, giving a promenade from which the view of Paris, the environs, and the forests near at hand, is enchanting. We looked forward, and Bellevue, the ancient town with its ruined chateau, lay at our feet; the tallest roof was far below us. Looking backward, great odorous flower-beds, little groves, and, in one corner, commanding the finest prospect, the chateau where lives that ambitious but noble Frenchman, Prince Napoleon.

In one corner, near the gate, lie three great stones, rudely carved, and said to mark the site of an ancient Druid ring. History doesn't connect the Druids with Meudon; indeed, the place was obscure until one day one of Louis Fourteenth's archers stole something from a church, and was given his choice, to submit, for the benefit of science, to a very delicate and difficult surgical operation for a disease of which he was a victim, or be executed for his crime. He preferred the surgery, and got well. After that, Meudon was famous.

But what care we for its history? Enough that royal luxury built it, and royal folly supported it. Below this wall, here, on which Sycorax and I lean, Madame

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de Pompadour used to govern France. As mistress she did more than she could have done as wife. Here, on this plain, the first attempt at telegraphing in France was made; and rude signals, like the arms of a windmill, were responded to from Belleville, miles away, in a corner of Paris. Once this great hanging garden was converted into an artillery park; who can tell what it may be to-morrow? From a corner of the terrace we can see, in the distance, a factory, where the Chassepot rifle is made; and Napoleon Third experimented with his new cannon here not long ago.

From the chateau and garden, Sycorax and I returned to the cabaret, where Pere Michel was the centre of a group of peasantry. They were drinking his health in *vin blanc;* and one or two of them, who knew Sycorax, telegraphed to him to sit down and join, which we both did. The old inn-keeper was jolly, and confessed that he was getting along well in the world. The garden was his mint. His arbors were always full. Sometimes Prince Napoleon deigned to quaff a glass of old wine here, as he sauntered about the wood. But he was very little at home now. What a man! what power! Ah, *Messieurs!* he means at least to have experience enough, if France ever calls upon him.

Sapristi!

Fichtre!

Mon Dieu!

These ejaculations escaped the peasants as they heard a shout of laughter from the dancing-hall, and they hurried away to discover the cause. Presently

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one returned, out of breath. "Will you believe it, Messieurs, there is in there a little grisette from Paris, who has nearly scratched out the eyes of her lover, whom she found making love to a young cook from Bellevue! These little demons of women!" And so thought we, when we saw the unlucky lover, whose peeled face told that anger, as well as love, may be vehement in the same nature.

I finally asked Pere Michel to show us the sights in the valley below; and, leaving the long avenue, we descended to Sevres, and strolled through the museums which trace the history of porcelain and pottery-making from remotest ages; then we passed over to the gate of the forest of Saint Cloud. There, an old woman, quietly knitting, was hailed by Sycorax, this time with a sentence of matchless accuracy.

Ou est le palais, s'il vous plait?

Said very slowly, each word thirty seconds apart. No response. Sycorax repeated his words more vigorously. The old woman looked indignant, and, setting her white cap, muttered, as he asked the third time, "These accursed beasts of Englishmen!" then nodded over her knitting as before.

In the forest we lingered hours, only one of which we spent in looking at the royal palace which was so dear to Napoleon the Great, because it was the scene of one of his first steps to fortune, in dispersing the assembly of the Five Hundred. The woods are grand, and show the same taste which Louis Fourteenth demanded of all his gardeners. Around the great foun-

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tain a crowd is always gathered, and it is superb. The water falls from an immense hight, upon cascade after cascade, until at last, in a jewelled torrent, it rushes into the basin below. In our successive suburban wanderings we had fancied Vincennes wood finer than St. Germain, Meudon as surpassing that of Vincennes; and now we carped at Meudon, while we vowed eternal allegiance to the leafy monarchs of St. Cloud.

We went back to supper with Pere Michel, and Sycorax danced all the evening with one of the bridesmaids of the wedding-party, who strangely lingered at their festivities. I moved one of the quaint old chairs into the avenue, and sat in the shadows, with the moon-light playing at checkers as the sun had done in day with the shadows, and fancying the ghost of the beautiful woman who used to govern France by her charms, exercised on its sovereign, wandering among her familiar haunts. Ugh! was that a step behind me—light, like a fallen leaf? Is Pompadour's ghost really walking? And these arms about my neck—*Au secours*—glare of lights, laughter, voices! So Pere Michel laid a wager with that little witch that she wouldn't dare steal hither in the dark and kiss me, did he? Well, she did it, and is fled like a fawn! So, Pere Michel, pay a bottle of wine, if you please, and divide it and others among your guests. *A votre santé, Messieurs!*

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CHAPTER XIX.

THE ASHES OF LIFE.

LET us trace the course of a woman, type of a caste which becomes more numerous yearly, and which some day shall stand distinct in history. Octave Feuillet has characterized these women—the lorettes—as like the "beautiful but immoral pagans of the seventeenth century," given up to frivolity, sensuality, and gain; but in neglecting to qualify their characters he grossly wrongs them. The attributes of Mimi Pinson were not wholly pagan; the daughter of Thenardier gave evidence of character admirable as irreproachable; and Marie's history shall show you that even the life of a lorette is not in vain.

Passing up the Boulevard des Italiens, on one hand is the glittering Rue Vivienne, and on the other the Passage Jouffroi. Around this circles a brilliant host of cafés, rich with gilding, mirrors, and, at eve, illuminations; but gayer far at night, by reason of the loungers there. At the Café des Princes you shall always see a group of lorettes, chatting jauntily with strangers and citizens, clinking glasses with abandon, and making the

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cool breeze ring with their pertinent and impertinent conversation. At one table, in a corner, in front of the mirror which reflects the faces of those opposite, one distorted by passion, another dignified by art, you shall now see Marie. Apart, yet once one of the class around her, she seems a sombre waif upon the sea of gayety to-night, and if she could be forced to disclose her secret she would tell you that she is thinking of a past. For to her once came the true life, and from her finally it almost went away. But it left her brave, a heroine in the midst of those to whom heroism sometimes seems a mockery, and unto whose sustenance error alone ministers.

Ten years ago this woman drifted up to Paris from Dijon. No matter who her parents were, nor whether they still live in the good little city; I am rehearsing a story from real life, and must not wrong the secrets of the past. Ten years ago! Since then Paris has taken on a totally different air. Haussmann has torn down many a street in which she walked, and Napoleon has felt the shock of war. Twenty-six is her age; lorette was her profession; to-day she is instructress in a little pension in the outskirts of Paris. She has known her sorrow, scaled the heights of love, descended to the depths of bitterness, and now her duty lies before her!

She never knew her mother. She only remembered that when five years old her father, a stern, gray-haired man, took her upon his knee, and told her that her mother had died in giving her birth, and that she

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looked like her so much!—with a kiss there, and an emphatic tear which even he could not conceal.

They lived then in a little Swiss village—Adam-les-Versel,—and her father tilled the land, a portion of which belonged to her, accruing from her mother. When she was six years old a new wife came to the farm, and Marie went to the pension. This life was so peaceful, perfect; and no trouble save when Sister Angelique now and then reproved her. One was so pure at seven years! Then she was growing apace in beauty and culture, and was put in the choir at chapel to sing. Sometimes the good Catholic sisters would start back in admiration, and call to her, "*Viens! ma petite ange, que je t'embrasse!*" Around her jolly visage, fresh and glowing with ardent beauty of the brunette, flowed her long and lustrous hair, rippling to her waist; in her tiny hands she held the book from which she chanted, half hiding passionful eyes; and her voice was like the nightingale's who warbled outside the pension window in the long summer nights. Sister Angelique loved her, and year by year she became more attached to her. They called her the little orphan, because she had no mother, and her father never cared to visit her.

Budded, blossomed, and was sixteen; the very embodiment of purity. The cloister had no more of the odor of sanctity about it than had the pension. She hardly knew breath of evil. So now she was free to enter the great world. Graduated with highest honors, she turned to the stern father whom she had

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not seen for so long, and found the new mother, and old times forgotten, at Adam-les-Versel. Choleric, impatient, and jealous was the other mother; and it was not long before Marie was quietly told that she was to live hereafter with her aunt at Paris.

The very name of the great city opened joyous visions to the young girl. Eager to escape from the stepmother's tyranny, she received her portion from her father, a sum which seemed enormous, and was soon in the heart of the Latin Quarter, in a quaint, narrow, old street, in a pleasant chamber, and to find that her aunt was mistress of a laundry, prosperous, bustling, a real *paysanne* come to the city to succeed.

Here begins the history. Marie, dazzled by the splendors around her, inspired by her studies of the pension, applied herself vigorously to study. How bravely she wrote home to sister Angelique:—"I shall cultivate my voice, and one day I shall do you honor." Back came sweet encouragement, spiced with the names of saints; and, under able teachers, the young girl's voice and soul ripened well. Her art, to which she was now passionately devoted, kept her pure. One, two years passed; and, she gradually became accustomed to Paris and its vanities. She did not join in them; she worked, she sang!

At last she entered the Conservatoirè, and fought faithfully for a first rank. Here her money began to fail, her aunt to grumble, and her prospects to darken.

What knew she of the world's ways? Life had seemed to her but one great blossoming shrub, to be

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plucked whence was to die. She did not know that now and then a blossom withers, droops its petals, loses its beauties, and becomes forever sere upon the stem. But her aunt chattered at her ear, and informed her that money was the necessity, and that if she could not curb her studies, and earn her daily bread, now that her resources were gone, she must leave Paris. Ah, the bitterness of it! So suddenly to stop, to leave behind the dear familiar school, and enter the laundry! Athanase at the Conservatoire whispered to the young girl of love, and all the delicate witchery of the Parisian error; she would be his mistress, and together they would win the world's praise in their art. But no! indignantly she refused, and went to her aunt's laundry—went to work! And Athanase, with true French malice, sent her his linen weekly, which she never failed to perfect with scrupulous care, and return, with the dainty note, *Doit*, etc., etc., by so many shirts, and such an endless array of waistcoats!

Of course it was hard and bitter to bear; more, she was now twenty, and temptation was around her in full force. Once she saved money enough to go back to Adam-les-Versel, to visit her mother's grave, and the farmer's boys looked at her with such great eyes! A few more months and her aunt died.

Now she was quite alone in Paris. Her father, in a cruel note, frigidly announced that she might come *home*, but that now other children claimed his care, and she must try to earn her living. Where was that talent of embroidery sister Angelique had taught her? Truly,

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where was it? She managed to earn something by her needle; and at last two ladies, who kept a café on the Boulevard Sevastopol gave her a place as *dame au comptoir*. She sat behind the gleaming counter, and gave change to the frequenters, meantime working her music into embroidery. But the wages were but sixty francs per month, and the dresses which she must wear there would cost her double the sum.

Again she fled from temptation. And this time she resolved to live by her needle alone. So she hired a little room in the Rue Coq-Heron, and there began her labors against the weight of sin. For six months she worked all day for a slender sum, which actually gave her not enough to eat. But she bore it bravely. One day she broke down; bread and olives were not food proper for a young girl, and this certificate tells the story:

"This is to certify that Marie ——, *lingere* (laundress), having given sufficient proof of her honesty and virtue, and that she is in actual want, has, this day, applied to me, Commissioner of Police, at the Bureau of Charity, and has received the sum of twenty francs. (Signed,) ——."

Like Fantine, but purer and quite as brave, she sold all she had in her little chamber to maintain life. Sewing and hoping, she labored on. But one day she became ill, "her system was ruined," said some one, "by privation," and she was taken to the hospital.

In after years that dull old square on the island of Lutetia, with Notre Dame towering black on one side and the ancient Hotel Dieu frowning on another, be-

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came a place accursed to her. For there and then began her first real misery.

She remembered so distinctly the long clean ward of the hospital where she was placed; how sometimes a sunbeam smote her on the face, and seemed to reproach her with her misery; how once a good sister of charity, whose ways were so like those of the sisters at the pension, hung a bird in the alcove near her bed, and let it trill a joyous lay. Then she, too, felt like singing; and remembering that it was no more possible, she wept for the first time. Her ills became too great to be calmly borne. In the long night watches, when nothing was heard save sometimes the slippered tread of an attendant, she learned deep lessons in suffering, and gradually the marvelous beauty given her at birth became tinged by sadness. While she could work she had courage; but now all seemed to have left her.

Very ill, and such long blanks in her life! Now and then regret, time, patience, suffering, all vanished, and she seemed only a disembodied fragment of the infinite consciousness, a waif on an immeasurable sea of life. Sometimes her soul seemed to go out with her breath, and only painful effort recalled it. Such stupors, said the young physician who came to see her, were dangerous. So perverse and difficult a case as Number 18 he had rarely seen. And Marie often heard him asking the attendants if they knew aught of her past history.

There was no effort on her part to live, no desire to die. The crisis of a few months finally became far

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from irksome to her. The inspiration of her former life seemed gradually drifting backwards. She was quiet, and she was well cared for. So she shut her eyes on the future.

One night, when stormy floods of rain beat around the walls of the old hospital, she felt herself growing so rapidly better, so inspired, that her voice came back. She almost choked with joy, and raising on one puny arm her head, while her long hair floated to her waist, she thrilled the moribund sleepers and watchers with the beautiful chant she had learned at the pension. Here and there in the wards quavered a responsive echo, which might have grown to the dignity of a volume of harmony had not suddenly a voice cried out, *Veux tu te tuer?*—"Do you want to kill yourself?" and the young physician, who had been watching in the still hours with a dying woman in another ward, came hastily to her, seemed to take her in his arms a moment, press a burning kiss upon her forehead, and then she saw that he was alarmed for her safety, and kindly reproved her, saying, "Art deranged, *pauvre enfant?*" But at the same time unspeakable joy seemed plain in his eyes, for it was evident that she would now recover. It was not like that of the swan, her death-song; it signalled return to life,—ah, yes! and to its dangers and sorrows.

He came now twice a day to her ward; and once he laid upon her pillow the tiny bouquet of violets which every Parisian wears in spring. So gracefully he laid it down, she scarce could notice that he kissed it.

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And love had hardly entered her head. She would sing, and be famous; nay, she would sing for the mere pleasure of singing; that was all to which she looked forward.

Gradually, however, as to every true woman comes the revelation almost by intuition, she knew she was passionately loved by the young physician. Daily he brought tokens of a regard which he had learned in the long nights when she had wavered between death and life,—when her face had impressed itself upon his heart. And so he felt almost eager to take into his own hands the trust of the life he had saved.

She knew so little of love that when he talked to her of it she was not even startled, nor did she feel great gratitude to him. It was fatality, she thought. She was to live and sing, and she rejoiced unspeakably in the thought. But lying alone in the darkness one night, she again heard the rain falling outside, and she thought of her bare and comfortless chamber, of the misery she had endured there. Could she trust in his love? But no; for she could not give him her own heart.

Next day he seemed to have divined her thoughts, for he told her as sweet a tale of love as ever woman's ear had heard. She should study, living and loving him; and although his parents would forbid him to marry a woman without fortune, he would marry none other than her. She should win her fortune by her voice; until then, being young, should they not both be happy, and live wholly for and with each other?

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Did she not see clearly the abyss into which, then and there, was imminent danger of falling? Perhaps. Could she have averted that danger? Were not the Fates against her? Had she not struggled long and well? She had no courage to go back to the misery she had lately left.

In a few days she left the hospital, and in company with the young physician; with whom for two years thereafter she lived faithfully, tranquilly. She resumed her studies at the Conservatoire. She thought she loved; she persuaded herself she was happy. She had paid the price, but the attainment of the ideal seemed at hand, and that—was it not worth while?

No! A thousand times yearly she said to herself, in answer to this question, No!

Once, in the twilight, she came down from the Rue St. Jacques, where now she lived so pleasantly, and gazed almost tremblingly into the black square, over which the towers of the old church kept grim watch. It was a summer evening, and the moon cast a weird light on the water of the rapid Seine. The flood for a moment seemed molten silver. She leaned over the parapet of the bridge to which she had unconsciously strayed, and reclining, the rose at her bosom fell into the flood and drifted swiftly down. Her fancy followed it in its course through the great city, onward to the pleasant faubourgs, where green fields locked the river in on either side, where fresh breezes blew, and perfume came from the innumerous flowers along the banks. Her fancy fled with it until she dreamed

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that her soul had gone forth upon it, a slender waif drifting to the infinite sea, where all was merged in dark chaos of unrest. She thought upon her past; and who shall say she did not cast the horoscope of her future? She wept bitterly, and all hope seemed gone from her. But the flash of lights below the bridge, the murmur of voices, the dip of oars, apprised her that something unusual had happened, and she turned in time to see a motley crowd following to the Morgue the corpse of a young girl who had been found drowned. Instinctively she at first shrank back, but a moment after something impelled her forward, and she passed to gaze on the face. So sweet, and yet such bitterness, such despair upon the compressed features! and, caught in the tangled breast-folds of the muslin dress, the very rose which Marie had but a few moments since lost, and fancied was still drifting seaward!

And so this was the end? Was there no redress for these embittered lives gone to their own destruction? What of significance had the rose's fate in it? Whatever it had she would accept it; and, catching it from the dead girl's breast, she crushed it at her lips, and replaced it close to her own heart.

She went home, to find on her little table, where the young physician had so often placed her favorite book, or those little mysteries of ganterie or lingerie which woman loves, a curt note, which signified that he had been recalled to his family suddenly. Serious illness of his mother! And no time even to bid her adieu! But soon he would return, and meantime, "*tout a toi.*"

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But the real truth was that the young physician, who had been gradually approaching his study's completion, had now finished, and obeyed, not without perhaps his little heart-burnings, the mandate of his father, who bade him home—and commanded him to cut loose from Paris and all his *connaissances* there, and make ready to meet Madeleine, who was fresh from the pension, and "altogether most charming." So Marie never saw him more. Good care he took of that, the *gailliard!*

Not wholly unprovided for was she left, and just ready to leave the Conservatoire. The ideal of song seemed always attainable, but how heavier grew the price! Did she stagger under the blow! God knows; nay, the porter knew, next morning, when she tripped down so jauntily to the lodge, returned him the key of the little room where she had lived so long, and went round the corner to sit at the restaurant table, with no familiar face opposite her.

She had known all along that it would come to this. Oh! in her heart of hearts how bitterly it burned. And that same day it rained, the skies seemed of lead, and she went to find lodgings, succeeding poorly, resting finally at night in an elegant apartment in the Quartier Breda, not far from the grand boulevards, and now firmly resolved to try to make her talent of voice profitable.

"They are notes of crystal, Mademoiselle," cried the delighted director of a popular café chantant, to which she applied for admission; "and you may sing

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now and then, only be sure to put more bloom upon your cheeks, and more artificial flowers on your head. You are too sad altogether, *ma toute belle!*" But when Marie came again, to practice her song, and anticipating her *debut*, her "engagement was cancelled," and, in fine, the director had taken a more violent fancy to a young flirt from the provinces, who sang with decidedly more abandon.

Too late, too late! This was the burden of her life. Nothing now seemed possible but to gradually descend the carefully prepared scale until she sank forever in degradation. She had sworn never again to repeat the folly into which the horrors of the hospital had forced her; and now she found that even to succeed as a singer she must sacrifice her nature. How bravely she fought until it was too late!

The current of disappointed ambition, of society, crushing out her purest aspirations, forbidding her to love, finally bore her down. For four years of her life we cannot follow her. In the mad fervor of carnival; in the gayeties of spring and summer at Mabille and the Chateau des Fleurs her history of those years is written. The battle was too strong against her.

But her time came to love, and the love she found upheld her. It drew her gradually from a life which to her was one continued round of misery; it opened the door of hope, and the soul which had seemed drifting from her came back. The rose no longer rested upon a dead bosom. The tree of life was no longer encumbered with sere blossoms.

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Can any good come out of Nazareth? Could she love well and truly, could she find true love? Ay, could and did she. It was a strong and honest love which found her out, which pardoned all, which lifted her from the indignity of the past to the possible worthiness of a future. It promised much, and offered all it possessed, but bravely did she put herself in penance, and to-day, the quiet little teacher of garrulous children in a *pensionnat des dames*, she awaits the consummation of her life.

To-night she counts it no disgrace to sit among her companions of the past, and, half cynical, half pitying, to remember that it was after all only a love which helped her to arise from their level. She is not yet certain of her strength. She only knows that so often as she would rise, she once fell; and that the struggle is lasting, bitter, but heroic. So in passing this café to-night, perhaps she thought a look at the old scenes would strengthen her. Once she lay in God's hotel, and heard the rain falling outside, knowing that she had no refuge save in the breast of charity; loveless, dependent, ill, she had sought life in the very evils which destroy it, and amid these very haunts: to-day, upborne by love, she flies from those evils, and but enters to look pityingly on those to whom, alas, love has never, may never come.

There be no gifts so precious as those of experience; let me accept even the dust which time has left at the cup's bottom. As I look at you through the café window, I put away all that is sentimental, I strive to

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be supremely just. From darkness to dawn you have journeyed, now in tears and now in bitter smiles; roses with and without thorns have been in your path; the bitterness of death and the chagrin which leaves gray hairs has encompassed you; the couch has been soiled with tears, and the toilet radiant with jewels. Cling to your hopes and banish your despairs; so shall incoherent longing give place to security; so shall love be merged in peace; so shall time fold his wings over you, content to let you pass into eternity, baptized by the struggle with impurity, unfortunate in birth and society, forgotten here, remembered—there!

While the leaves flicker in the wind; while the peasants sing their jolly songs in the quiet forests; while June showers its rains and blossoms; while God forgives the winter and forgets the spring; while even the cricket does not hesitate to chant full loud and long, I record this history, moulded into something of the epic by the suffering in it. O hearts of ice! melt in the rain of tears! O eyes of marble! relax in pity! O time, fly forward swiftly, and bring the good future, for you behold her sad when she recalls the past. Adieu and adieu! May you ever be cherished and strengthened. Forward! the way is not so long as it seems, and even the ashes of life have yet live coals hidden beneath them.

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CHAPTER XX.

NIGHT AT THE CENTRE.

WHO is that dipping his head in the great fountain in the Place de la Concorde? The dark is gathering fast, and he is concealed in its friendly shadows. Approaching nearer, I am surprised to see M. Thiers —the rascal!—emerging, fresh as at early morn, from his brain-ducking. He has come over from the legislative palace, where he has been speaking and listening intently since noon, and now he stands wiping the water from his shock of white hair, before he goes to dinner, and thence to the *Moniteur* office, to sit up all night correcting the proofs of his speeches. A fiacre drives by; M. Thiers signals it, and is speedily lost to view.

The twin statues in each corner of the great square are but dimly seen in the twilight. It was a fine idea thus to typify the importance of France; each seaport or commercial town is represented by a massive female figure, in stone, enthroned on a great pedestal. The obelisk which Charles the Tenth meant to bring to Paris, but which lay in its native sands until Louis

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Phillippe's time, stands lonely and impressive, the tallest landmark near, with the little French sparrows picking at its hieroglyphics. The two fountains keep up a continuous musical plash in their two basins, inaudible save to him who draws near, for the homeward tide from the Bois is not yet checked, and the postilions on the gaily dressed horses make the square echo with the cracking of their whips.

Near the Tuileries garden gate, and not far from one of the fountains, the *sergent-de-ville* whom I encounter tells me that the scaffold stood, in the Revolution's bloody days, where Danton, Desmoulins, all the Girondins, and Marie Antoinette, and Louis Sixteenth, lost their heads. Near by was once an old fortification; and hemmed in by this on one side, and the gaunt, blood-thirsty crowd on the other, the king could look at the Tuileries' towers ere he laid his head on the block. Right on the very spot now stand a group of *chasseurs a pied*, with their huge wicker-baskets filled with their rations for the evening meal. They do not fare so badly. The bread, wound in a cloth, is fresh and good; the wine is plenteous, and that pail contains something so savory that it takes the smell of traditional blood out of my nostrils, and I forget Louis Sixteenth.

Parbleu! how the carriages clatter. I would this hour of the return were past. Crossing over toward the Champs Elysees, I come presently to the pave, and under the thick spreading trees, where even the square's gas-light cannot penetrate, I wander, and turn

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finally into the "Widow's alley." You remember where this long, quiet promenade got its name. The same Madame de Pompadour who had the elms at Meudon planted, had many of the noble trees which bordered here cut away when she lived in the Palais de l'Elyseé. Yonder, behind these vine-grown walls, and in that charming park, the rich widows of long ago used to make this their favorite haunt of a sunny afternoon; if a man wanted a wife at a bargain, he needed only to come here, and watch the procession of relicts passing in their luxurious carriages. Few are the widows who favor it now with their presence; you only meet gay parties hastening to the singing gardens, or to the little pleasures so numerous here. I fell into reverie as I promenaded in the dark, and was still in serious doubt as to whether it was Madame de Pompadour's ghost or Pere Michel's little witch who kissed me under the elms at Meudon, when I turned a corner, and came upon the full glow of the "Elysian fields." At the corner, where the Hotel Meyerbeer stands, in front of the giant café under it, a crowd had assembled to listen to the street musicians. They were peasants, evidently—Auvergnats, from the dialect; but a black-haired damsel was singing *La belle Dijonnaise*, to the music of a good guitar, and four sturdy fellows, with brazen voices, were accompanying her. After each song the hat was passed, and the peasants adjourned to take a sip of cognac.

The avenue leading to the Triumphal Arch has smooth stone walks, broad enough for eight abreast

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on either side; and in the space between them and the street, chairs are placed, where ladies of every grade in society display their toilets, even under the gas-light. Then, amid the trees are the little theatres, and amusements for children, which give such a look of gayety. Whole groups of children are riding in the immense whirligigs, ornamented with wooden horses. They carry little swords, and the one who takes off the most rings from a pivot above his head, in his swift course around receives the acclamations of his comrades. The toy-merchants, in every variety of costume, haunt the bright alleys; and the guardian nurse-maids have but one word for them, so annoying are they—*Bete.*

Presently I hear the music of an orchestra, and a popular air mingles with the perfume. Where go these crowds of grave and gay, who chatter of the concert? I follow them, and introduce myself to a famous Parisian institution,—the summer café concert. Over this flower-laden arch is the word "Columbat," formed of gas-jets. So this is the "Dovecote." Let us examine it.

It is a great garden, filled with tables and chairs; in short, a café with no roof, and only nature's walls. At one end a pavilion is built, and there, in a glaring light, sit a dozen women in a circle, resplendent in toilet, and profuse in display of fans and nods to admirers below. You enter the garden free; but as you seat yourself at the table, the waiter takes your order for a glass of coffee, for which you pay a large sum. As if it were

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not enough to hear the concert, without extra charge for it! Really it disappoints you. The songs are local, glaring with coarse mannerisms and rude gestures, Theresa, of whom every one has heard, having spoiled the Parisian songstress by her bad example. Crash! the orchestra strikes up; a fat woman rises, makes a short, ungraceful bow, and sings a burlesque song. It is an echo of boulevard-life; another follows, and another. The audiences are more enthusiastic here than under roofs; they rise and swing hats and bonnets, they scream and throw bouquets, and sometimes a daring suitor goes to the footlights and hands to his goddess, in person, his offering of flowers or epistle of love. What most amuses the stranger is the audience itself. Every one talks in a loud voice, no matter how private may be his conversation's nature; the lovers adore each other aloud, and the commercial man intrudes his prices on the poet at his elbow. But the company at each table is a little world by itself, into whose orbit none other swings.

These concerts are insufferably long. Few people ever sit them through. The current constantly comes and goes. The Parisian feels it his duty to make the rounds of the gardens once a week, to get the new songs in his memory. On either side of the grand avenue these gardens flourish. A fine hall is attached to each, and if a shower interrupts, the songstresses emigrate to the interior, where such of the audience as wish follow. The Alcazar d'Eté is the most famous of these gardens, and there sometimes one may hear a good ballad or a

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bit of tragedy. In a rainy evening a visit to some of the smaller concerts is fraught with fun. The audience is of course thin, but the ladies struggle earnestly with their long programme. As it gets wearisome at the end, the young Parisians indulge in criticism open mouthed. "Oh, that fat one!" "Dost see the mouth?" "Ah, the false note!" "Behold my bouquet at her breast," and the like, to which the singers, between verses, respond with scornful ejaculations.

The five o'clock concerts on the Champs Elysees afford infinitely better music than these hybrid garden resorts. Not far from the Palais de l'Industrie, that ugly looking exhibition building of former years is the most famous one.

The Louvre court is the geographical centre of Paris, and the Rue de Rivoli, which extends from the Place de la Concorde far beyond the Hotel de Ville, is one of the pivots on which Parisian gayety turns The arcades of the Palais Royal are no finer than those of the Rue de Rivoli. Under the latter one may stroll for hours, constantly seeing new and strange sights. Whenever the Tuileries garden is the scene of a royal fête, the arcades are a museum of humanity. Coming home from a visit to Sycorax one evening, I remembered that Napoleon Third, Alexander of Russia, and William of Prussia, were to play at amity in the palace garden that evening, and hurried to the arcades. It was already late, and the mounted gend'armerie at every corner offered to ride us down when we tried to press forward. But a peep at so much royalty was worth

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while, and, after some hairbreadth escapes, behold me opposite the gate of the garden nearest the palace. Street and arcade alike were full. In the garden every tree gleamed with light; and I could see the Fauns and Hamadryads even from my perch. Will you believe that a fat peasant woman in front offered her broad shoulders for such as wished to stand upon them, and overlook the garden! Fee, five sous. Farther on, an old man had erected a step-ladder, to mount which cost ten sous. The gamins ran up and down, and begged his pardon for having left their money at home. Just as a vender of pictures, who had mounted his slender stand to see, went down with a crash, music in the garden announced the royal arrival, and by means of the step-ladder I saw the short, over-worked looking Emperor pointing out to haughty Alexander and dignified William the statue of the Laocöon. No on-looker could forbear the thought that Alexander of Russia was the most fitting type of manhood in the trio.

The aroma of travel lingers around the Rue de Rivoli. The great hotels, with English names and with the bewhiskered flunkies at the court-yard doors, speak of strangers from beyond the channel. The shops at evening afford amusement enough. They are niches, with great windows in front, where the whole stock is displayed. No need to enter unless you wish to buy; price and quality are conspicuous behind the glass. In the cigar shop, the soldier's widow, who monopolizes the trade in Paris, hands you your cigarette tobacco wrapped in a lottery advertisement. Luxury, not ne-

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cessity, rules here. If a restaurant peers out at a corner, it is sure to be an expensive one. No theatres or concerts intrude. A delicate commerce is the only spice of the locality. Here spend your money, or stay away. There is no tree, even, outside the Tuileries garden; the streets are full of bright carriages; and if a countryman's team dares to come this way, ten to one there is a blockade. If a gentleman descends from his carriage at one of the hotels, be sure he is a *milord*, a rich American, an ambassador, or a duke—nothing less. The only prose amid this poetry is an occasional regiment of weary-looking soldiers marching by.

One picture from night at the centre you must not lose. I stood one midnight in the Place de la Concorde, when a carriage, with a solitary lorette in it, dashed gaily by. Her cashmere shawl and gorgeous silks shed perfume as she rolled on. Suddenly the driver whizzed too near a fiacre; off came a wheel, in atoms, and our lorette tumbled on the stones. We crowded up to see. One leg was crushed, and her face was bleeding. "Where shall we carry you, Madame?" said the polite *sergents-de-ville*, almost touching their hats. She smiled bitterly. *Je n' ai rien, moi,*—"to the hospital." Not a penny save the carriage fare in her pocket; only the home that intrigue gave her; the clothes on her back doubtless borrowed from the "ladies' pawnbroker," and the hospital her refuge. Verily, 'tis not the outward show. So she lay moaning and writhing, while the hospital litter was sent for.

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CHAPTER XXI.

AMONG THE STUDENTS.

YES, it was a garden which seduced me from Hombert. When I gave the garçon five francs, and good-bye, he assured me that I should regret a permanent stay in the Latin Quarter. Monsieur will have to pay a hack so often, when he returns late from the theatre; for the old streets in that *diable* of a quarter were poorly paved and worse lighted; nothing easier than to break one's knee; and when it rained—*Horreur!* Then the cafés were not good, and Josef was sure that they ate horse-meat in the cremeries. In short, the good fellow pictured in strong colors the disadvantages of the Latin Quarter. Gesticulating, he followed me to the door, and bade me adieu as if I went over the threshold en route to a foreign land, *au plaisir;* and (confidentially) had Monsieur any old clothes? We were so near of a size.

Dante sat on straw in the open air, and heard lectures in the Latin Quarter, once upon a time. Primitive indeed were the scholar's habits in those days when university was superior to state, when the learned

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doctor made the king tremble on his throne. Napoleon and Baron Haussmann have thrust the finger of improvement here and there, always wiping out some antique souvenir. They cannot bear to destroy all the old landmarks, and the Quarter will keep its ancient physiognomy many a lustre yet. Often one stumbles upon a black and dingy avenue, which he may swear has not changed a whit since the students of 1500 used to sweep the pavements with their trailing robes, made alike to conceal and to amass filth.

Purely ideal is the Latin Quarter. It has no place upon the maps of Paris. It comprises the greater part of the city's fifth and sixth arrondissements; on the north, it is bounded by the Seine; on the south by the Boulevard du Monparnasse; on the east by the School of Fine Arts, the palace of the Luxembourg, and the Senate, and a host of colleges, ancient and modern; and on the west by the crooked and narrow Rue Bonaparte. The Pantheon, the Observatory, the Catacombs, are within its limits. Almost world famous, but little of its real character and appearance is known. The habitué of the elegant and commodious streets on the other side of the Seine is astonished when he strays into it. In vain his foot seeks the familiar asphalte. On the side streets he slips on round stones, laboriously hammered long since into the earth. In a rainy day one must have courage to wade. The Rue du Seine, leading from the Pont des Arts and the Institute into the heart of the Quarter, is one of the vilest avenues in all Paris. Even the strict regulations of this cleanest

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of cities fail here. On each side of the way are little shops, at whose doors are displayed miraculous old prints, broken bits of statuary, medals, and shelves full of old books. The farther one penetrates, the more plainly bursts upon his eyes the cheapness of literature. Even on the quays, the *bouquinistes*, as the second-hand booksellers are called, show you a quarter mile of solid books now and then. It is not uncommon to see them descend in the scale of prices from two francs to five sous in one moment of traffic. There was once an old woman in the Quarter, not far from the Luxembourg garden, who dealt in second-hand books, and whose establishment was variously named the "Refuge," the "Dunghill," and the "Sibyl's Cave." This antiquated witch could neither read or write, but her memory was a phenomenon. Whenever she bought a book she threw it on a great pile in the dim recesses of her lair. All was confusion and dust; but no matter how long afterwards that book was in demand, she had only to hear its name, when she would throw herself upon the mass, and dig it out with her ogreish nails, The students encouraged her vagaries, and drove many a good bargain with her, until the march of a new street swept her away.

It happened to rain as I entered the Latin Quarter, and Josef's prophecies seemed about to be realized. But romance does not alone exist in sunshine; even Venice is dull in rain. I hobbled over the stones, and finally came upon a broad, better paved street, bordered with immense, gloomy-looking hotels, with the inevitable

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book-stands at almost every third door. As the rain came down smartly, I took refuge in the entrance to a court-yard, which presently brought Monsieur the concierge to the door, with the remark that I was a stranger.

The smoky stairways and strong smell of cookery were not very inviting; but looking up and down, and finding everywhere the same type, I concluded to ask to inspect the chambers. It was vacation in the student-world, else I might have gone begging for quarters. But the concierge was delighted. A young medical student had just departed; but there were some arrearages, and his things were still there. Monsieur would pardon?

There were fourteen pipes on the mantel, artistically arranged in its centre; and a long ribbon, such as grisettes wear on their hats, hung at the dimity-curtained bed-head. Dust reigned supreme on the windows, which were large, with little balconies overhanging the street; and dust was suspiciously thick on the books which were piled in a corner. If these were the medical student's belongings, the concierge evidently had but slight security. The floor was of hard red tiles; and a tiny slipper, trodden down at the heel, lay upon it. Had our student such little feet? Concierge hastened to apologize for the dirt; but these students were so discouraging; disorder was one of their components; he had just cleaned the room like a palace, when the young *medecin* invited a dozen of his friends to visit him, and in one night's revel they effectually "discouraged" him.

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A dozen friends! But there were fourteen pipes on the mantel. I wondered if there was a lady, and if she smoked too?

He was faithful, was the concierge; and when my quarters were fit for human being, I took them. The medical student came back, vacation over, snatched away the ribbon, which I had left carefully hanging, hired a boy to carry his books, snarled *Bon chance* at me, and went his ways. Thus I had a home. My neighbors were nearly all students, who danced when they should have slept, and slept when they should have studied. It was never safe to knock at their doors of a morning, because some jealousy was sure to arise. They followed most faithfully Fra Lippo Lippi's advice:

"Flower o' the pine,
Stick to your mistr— manners, and I'll stick to mine."

This freedom has no parallel elsewhere. Whether hearing lectures, or attendant at institutions where recitations were required, they were always belated by headaches, or in despair on account of wasted time.

This is the great mart where the French provincial is hammered into the man of the world. Thirty years ago the student was a more lovable character. He cherished his pipe and his mistress equally with those of to-day; but whatever his faults, he carried the scholar's imprint with him. Outside Paris, with its fripperies and dangers, did not allure him. He dressed simply, did not dance to excess, and was sensible enough to allow place in his heart for the grisette of

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that day, who had not then degenerated into the courtesan. He lived, he loved, he studied; and, in due time, his excellences overbalanced his faults. To-day the student arrives in the dull old Quarter dressed like a fop; he lives only in his smoky room because it is the fashion; and his studies, unless he is a man of talent and energy, become at best but side issues. The world obtrudes too much; he is eaten by its petty vices before he has a chance to absorb its great truths. Fancy, too, that he goes back to his country home to settle among a population not one in ten of whom know how to read and write. Whatever is superficial in his learning will not show amid such glaring ignorance. He who comes to walk the hospitals, or to copy in the Louvre, or to hear lectures at the College de France, often wastes the most valuable portion of his life. He loses sight of his main object in the little vice-clouds surrounding him.

I am inclined to laugh at the French student's economy. The wretched expedients and make-shifts to which he is constantly resorting are needless, were he inclined to lead a manly life. He is generally allowed a round sum by his parents or guardian. It is ample for one, but he at once sets to work to make it support two, also to contribute to an exhaustive round of pleasure. Frankly, he often abuses the poor little grisette who brightens his dark rooms and realizes his visions of the Greek goddesses for him. He rarely has many scruples as to dismissing her when it is necessary; and he uses for his own good the pittance

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earned by her in shop or manufactory while he is peering into his books. When Victor Hugo drew Enjolras he confessed him a rare type; and verily Paris of to-day furnishes few such. The father addressing the son, "Love your mistress, but change her often," before he sets out for the quarter of schools and grisettes, is a character in real life as well as in comedy. And too much attrition soon strips delicacy from the soul of him who would at first have scorned such advice as this.

For cheapness, the Latin Quarter is the place. Food, lodging, clothing and books may be had at astonishingly low prices. Hence not only the French student, but the studious and economical of all nations, flock thither. Sometimes, however, they fail to fall into the spirit of the place, and quarrel as did a young American who came to study in the hospitals. He wished to live cheaply, and a friend found him a room. Shortly he sought out his friend with discontented air, "Oh, that will never do, I should die there. I want society, a parlor where I can sit evenings, and a family where I can talk with the ladies." Poor fellow! he had indeed fallen amiss! But there are hosts of Americans who "accord with the Romans while at Rome," and live happily, heartily, and freely, on a sum which would starve them in America. Three artists, for instance, hired two large and elegantly furnished rooms, not far from me, for ninety francs per month. Divided by three, this made but a trifle. One room served them as studio, reception-room, and parlor; the other as bed-

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room. Breakfast at the little restaurant near the old church of St. Jacques, only a few minutes walk from their abode, cost fifteen sous; the fare was abundant, with bread, meat, soup, and wine of good quality. Candles of purest wax, for two sous each, adorned their mantle; the garçon kept their bachelors' hall in order for the modest sum of five francs monthly; for schools they had the Louvre and the Luxembourg, as well as the paintings at the school of fine arts; for clothing, elegant garments which cost but little in the dozens of tailors' shops near by. These fellows were almost Sybaritical, yet they expended between them only what would hardly have sufficed a New York bank clerk monthly. It was a pleasure to see them tranquilly smoking their one sou cigars, and fraternizing over the cheap yet fragrant coffee sent in from the cremerie around the corner, at evening, after the day's sketching was done.

It is best to establish bachelors' hall thus in company, when one really goes with the object of study to the Latin Quarter. To live alone subjects you to a hundred annoyances. Then do not commit yourself to the care of the concierge at all times. You may be most grievously neglected. I remember one dingy lodging-house in which the concierge was an old woman, so rheumatic that she always climbed into her bed in her dark little lodge at eight o'clock at night, and one must pull the bell-cord loud and long to waken her. This horrible old woman was likewise wont to sip the coffee of her lodgers, as she carried it to

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them in the morning; and if one of them ordered a bottle of wine, to uncork it kindly on the way up to the chamber, and extract a small glassful with her shrivelled tongue. But what are these petty extortions compared with such as one submits to in the great hotels on the other side the Seine,—two francs daily for lights, compulsory to dine in the house, etc.!

Living in pension is very agreeable, and the American student often finds it his safest plan. A friend who was studying to enter the mining-school had a room as large as an ordinary town hall, in one of these institutions, for only twenty-five francs monthly. His board, furnished there, cost him but a trifle. The pensions, or boarding-schools, in the Latin Quarter, are numerous, poor, and glad to eke out their incomes by taking lodgers.

Garret-life is a great element in French literature. Its charms and horrors are glowingly portrayed from the actual experience of many a famous Frenchman. But the garret in the Latin Quarter is comfortable enough, and if the students did not desire to taste the romance of poverty, they need not. Ah, well; it is in the garret that one finds the grisette; there, too, it is that pipe-smoke mounts quickest to mingle with the purer clouds, and there that creditors climb rarest. The credit system of Paris is so seductive that it soon brings every incautious native student into its clutches. Furniture is placed in the young litterateur's room, with at first almost a premium paid on his custom; then he promises to buy, and pay by installments. Having

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found his bootmaker, his tailor, and, in fact, every shopman so willing to indulge him with long credit, the approach of each vacation finds him in agony over dozens of long bills. He struggles out as best he may, at great loss, only to plunge in again on his return.

The ingredients of the students' riot, that "formidable outbreak" to which so many interpretations are given, and which is always kept so quiet, are few and trifling. If the spies and policemen, whose name is legion, would let the students alone, there would never be serious disturbance. Some careless German, or light-headed French boy, makes sport of Napoleon, while flushed with wine or enthusiasm, and he is at once pounced upon and locked into a cold cell. His comrades, who dare not interfere in any arrest, are excited, and next evening go in a body and hiss the *sergent-de-ville* who carried off their luckless companion. He bullies them, they are enraged, and repeat the offences of their friend. So they, too, after a scuffle, are locked up, to be fined soundly, and let go with an admonition. The whole affair will not rise to the importance of an exchange of pistol shots, yet it is telegraphed all over Europe that France is in danger.

I was once riding with a most excellent and sensible student on the Boulevard Saint Michel, when he pointed out one of the new streets which Napoleon had thrust across an ancient alley. I cried out, sportively, *À bas l' Empereur.* "Oh, Monsieur," said my companion, pale and trembling with excitement, "do not repeat that, or I shall be obliged to descend

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from the carriage. How do I know that the coachman will not report us both to the nearest spy?"

The spies upon the students' actions do not prey simply upon their politics. Many a fond father puts Napoleons into the hands of some sneaking hanger-on of public places, who tracks the thoughtless son through all his course of dissipation. The urbane gentleman who sits opposite in the compartment when Adolphe goes on a Sunday excursion with his mistress, and who is so communicative and inquisitive, is perhaps a spy. The white-haired old fellow who eats in the students' restaurant, and makes himself such jolly company, declaring that he is studying human nature, generally writes home to a dozen parents. The garçons are often in the pay of guardians and uncles, who wish to know how it is safe to deal out the money. Whether a student drinks absinthe, how much he owes, when he goes to bed, and how, as well as how much he studies, are facts which a doting parent may well desire to know.

At the Odeon theatre the student element centres in force on the evening of a new play. Every man considers himself a critic, and to have a new drama hissed by the peaked-hatted fraternity of school boys, is effectually to damn it. The students even attempt now and then to carry their arbitration into the theatres across the Seine, as they did when large numbers attended Cora Pearl's performance, to hiss at her nakedness. The Odeon is a square, squat-looking building, sitting uncomfortably on a hill-side, and surrounded with omnibus stations and book stalls. It is a ren-

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dezvous for all grades of students, and there many of the so-called political disturbances break forth. The Odeon is very heavily subsidized by the Government; and much more liberal sentiments are allowed upon the stage than would be permitted outside Pays Latin.

The garden which seduced me from Hombert was that which old Desbrosses designed for Marie de Medicis, in 1612, when he built the palace for her on the site of the Hotel de Luxembourg. Here was absolute quiet, congenial company, to be found under any tree; and no such flaunting of toilets as tried the eye at the Bois. This garden is the paradise of roses; and here many a student lover steals the blossom which adorns his mistress's hair at the ball in the evening. In the long and vast alleys groups of students, come to refresh themselves, walk, chattering, in the fresh evenings; and there, too, is many a jealous encounter. The garden has been twice planted, the fine trees having been all cut away in 1782, to be restored in 1795. All the statues show marks of revolutionary rage. The garden in front of the palace is exquisitely lovely; long terraces blush with roses and geraniums, which reflect their glow even into the calm water in the lake in the garden's centre.

. . . . . .

I sat one day in the Luxembourg gallery, gazing for a long time at Müller's celebrated picture of the Calling of the Victims, in the Reign of Terror. Few pictures so fascinate by their intense realism. After musing among the relics of the Revolution's fury, one

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can appreciate this picture. I had but just come from the Conciergerie, where the Girondins ate their last supper together, and where Marie Antoinette had sat upon the cold floor the night of her execution, reflecting on her journey to the scaffold the next day. The group of victims embraces all classes. Dejected, worn by fasting and anguish, they are huddled in the great dark hall, and the Phrygian-capped guide has just entered with his fatal list, to call a tumbril-load to the scaffold. In the foreground sits a wonderful figure, Andrè Chenier, the poet, whose utterances brought him to the prison, and whose intense face is plainly marked with despair. Husbands and wives cling together; an old, white-haired man holds to his daughter, gazing defiantly into the face of the brutal jailor, who looks on unmoved; a brawny fellow seizes a fragile girl in his arms, and proclaims her as a victim; while a noble female figure, chaste in outline as a Madonna, stands shrinking, yet freely acknowledging her name, as it is called, and a guard points her out to him who reads from the paper. No man can look on this picture unmoved. You seem to gaze upon the living actors in this fearful scene, and to sympathize with their fears. Yet there are French critics who call Müller's style of coloring out of date, accuse him of having made his prison-hall resemble a boudoir too much, find in the toilette of the victims too much care, and advise you not to stop, but cast a passing look.

Before this picture, like myself, sat a reserved and spectacled gentleman, plainly dressed, whom I recog-

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nized as a professor I had now and then seen among the students. He spoke more favorably of the picture than do the modern art-critics, and we drifted from conversation on that into talk concerning student-life. I pictured to him my experience among the fraternity, to which he responded by a queer smile, and the remark:

"It was not always so, this round of folly and waste of energy, and it will be checked by-and-bye. Strangers are too prone to judge France by the various stages of progress or decadence in which they find her. Since the *coup d'etat*, domestic life in the Empire has been at a discount."

"And why?"

"*Eh bien!* I cannot explain, save that the present Government checks all healthy aspiration. Individuality dies out; the mass becomes inert only when the master wills that it move. The student has little hope of rising beyond a certain level, at any period of his life, and he makes mere living too much his object to attain great intellectual growth. He is a sorry fellow, for whom impulse is the only guide. We are eaten by the army, by centralization, by political intrigue. So we dance and sing, and persuade ourselves that we are happy. Thirty years ago the student craved domestic life; to-day he despises it, and joins in follies which formerly would have disgraced him. As for domestic life, when Government changes we shall have it. You are a stranger, but I could show you some very delightful families, relics of a quarter century ago.

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Just now France is charmed by the military basilisk. But the absurd talk about the nation's decadence—*c'est drôle ça;* nay, 'tis vulgar and unkind to speak of a transition period as a decadence."

Despite his words, as I glanced up at the great work of Thomas Couture, on the wall above us—"A Roman Orgy in the Empire's Decadence,"—I could not help pointing significantly to it, and asking him if it did not ably represent the condition of Paris of to-day.

"Yes; that little asthmatic-looking Couture is a satirist, and he thus has uttered his protest against our downward tendency; but the motto on the city's coat of arms has something of prophecy in it. *Fluctuat nec Mergetur*, my good friend; and it expresses our best hope."

In Couture's picture, a group of noble Roman youths are represented at a furious revel with courtesans; and two austere individuals in a corner frown on the banquet, as Juvenal doubtless did when he went up to Rome. The very acme of careless revelry is portrayed; but it cannot equal in picturesqueness, in wildness, in prodigality, the scene at a Parisian revel of to-day in the same social grade.

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CHAPTER XXII.

BOURLET'S HISTORY.

OF all the quaint and pathetic episodes which were sandwiched into my experience of travel, none touched me more deeply than that of poor Antoine Bourlet. Life is full of simple yet wonderfully sad tragedies; and in every great city these broken lives and shattered histories multiply until it seems as if misery were the rule instead of the exception. God bless you, good folks who are comfortable; do you know how, with the glitter of wealth at their very doors, many suffer and are consumed by sharp poverty? One doesn't think every day of his fellows who are poor; who feel the gaunt needs stalking in at their door, and tearing away at their lives, rending out comfort and hope.

Bourlet was a very common peasant fellow, drifted up from the provinces many years ago. He was born among the hills in a small town where the only daily event was the arrival of a diligence, or the celebration of an unusual number of masses; where the rough bracing winds did one's lungs good, and forcibly reminded one that the north of France was at least

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blessed with a vigorous climate. Even had you been able to speak most excellent French, among Bourlet's kinsmen and friends you would have been as much at a loss for speech as in Africa or the Indies; for they dealt in a patois which the native-born Parisian does not profess to understand. Their cottages were all thatched with straw and walled with stone; and the village was dropped in a kind of picturesque splash, in a small valley among the hills, as if the god of boundaries had set it down impatiently, to rest, without comeliness or regularity, until he should find time to improve it. Agriculture, with the most strenuous exertion day by day, kept the hand full of something to put into the mouth, and that was all. Bourlet's parents did not see meat more than twice a week, and made salads out of such poor grasses as they could collect on the hills. It was a rude life, but he was reasonably happy in it, knowing no other.

Although he was in a corner, the imperial eagle screamed out summons at him; and, strong youth that he was, with no money to buy himself out, he drew in the conscription, and of course drew himself into the army. So, in the fashion of the country, he pasted a diamond-shaped paper on his hat, let all his friends know that Bourlet was conscript, and marched off. He mingled in battles, and loitered in garrisons, and became, in every sense, a soldier—an ogler of servant-maids, a machine in uniform, without hopes, or any especial cares, and literally no ambitions. And one fine morning, after seven years of this life, he turned

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up in Paris, free from the army, but with the best part of his days gone, no trade learned, and a decided indisposition to exert himself without the commanding officer in front.

Paris is as much a problem to a provincial Frenchman as it is to a stranger. Its splendor impresses him, its unlimited license startles, then overpowers him; and finally the huge net sweeps him in. Bourlet had all the Gallic characteristics; and having spent the little money which he had in his pocket, in sight-seeing and treating his friends, he awoke to the fact that he must work or starve. It was very unpleasant; the old endeavor which he had been so used to make at home among the hills was distasteful to his dissipated soldier sense; and he would almost have gone back to the army.

But he reflected, and finally married a pretty servant girl, and set up a wine-shop on the outskirts of Paris. He became a *traiteur.*

A wine merchant in the city can make a most excellent living, and can even lay aside his little sum now and then; but Antoine had only borrowed capital enough to begin in a cheap way; and so, in a little cottage, just outside the central glow, he established his counter, and sold wine at twelve sous the bottle, and fresh eggs for a penny each. For a little while he had good luck; but by-and-bye came reverses, and he got involved for even his little debts. His wife struggled to help him, but he was angry with fortune. Always the same dull prospects; always to be popping corks

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on Sundays, when others went to see the fountains play! Effort discouraged him, and political exigencies in the empire pressed him down and drove him mad. He took to drinking his own wine, and fretted his blood with strong stimulants, and by-and-bye his faithful spouse found him unable to do anything, and herself and the children anxious for bread, and alive to the fact that bread did not fly into one's mouth without being paid for. The little shop was given up; there came duller times and duller yet; and Bourlet was down. No bread, no fire, no hope of either, and the wife and children looking at him with reproachful eyes.

His cousin was a Josef in Hombert's house; a poor fellow from the same province, and with an eternal struggle to get enough to support his wife, who tried to gain a living outside, and whom he did not see once a week. So I saw Bourlet at Hombert's.

Hombert kept open house, and was reasonably prosperous besides; so when he heard that the cousin was dying gradually of consumption, and his poor wife was struggling to keep his frame together until God got ready to destroy it entirely, his heart was touched, and Bourlet was often invited to the table and the fire.

He would drop in of an afternoon, with a deadly pallor on his lips, and would sit for hours stroking his face, and bitterly regretting his follies and fate. Then Hombert would cheer him up, when the day's hotel work was done, and get him to play at piquet, or to drink strong, pure wine; but it was no use. He got more and more discouraged, and times, brisker now,

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brought him no hope, because death lurked over him. His wife took courage, when the exhibition opened, and went back into the suburbs, on a little money—oh, so very little—and began a petty trade.

One day in June, as Bourlet was visiting Hombert, and the good old fellow was cheering him up, Bourlet said to his friend, "Cousin, I should like to go home. It is so long since I have seen those hills, and, *sapristi!* I feel stronger, and the air blows so much fresher there. Then Father Ligier, with his cordials and kind attentions—yes—can't I go?"

We were all busy at dinner, and gay as larks, but the cousin's tremulous voice smote us, and Hombert shook his head, as much as to say, "He is going to die." He tried to cheer up Bourlet, and told him his wife was now living well. But Bourlet knew his eldest daughter had sold herself to shame rather than meet grim poverty every day; he knew his wife grew more hard and world-worn; and he knew he needed rest.

"No," said he, "I am going home."

There was no gainsaying him; and although I took him to walk in the square, and told him a hundred stories to keep him in courage, home he would go; next summer he would return.

So we agreed that he should go. Hombert looked in the calendar, and chose a good day for the journey. His wife made soft pillows to support him in the long diligence ride which he would have after leaving the cars; and we agreed he should have a good first-class passage so far as he went by rail.

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What a party we had two nights before he went away! Such chattering and pleasant rallying of jokes and sentiments, such cork-poppings and pun-propoundings, I have seldom heard. Bourlet was propped into the arm-chair, and his poor, patient, over-worked wife was at his elbow; I verily believe as true and passionate love gleamed from her eyes as when the handsome, indolent soldier had won her heart. She was old, and bore hard, pinched lines of poverty on her face; he was dying, still clutching at the fatal fallacy of the consumptive, the surety that he was getting well; and that was the saddest of all.

We had mimic theatricals, all in the strange patois; and Bourlet nearly choked laughing at the children's antics, saying, in every third painful breath he drew, that he already felt well; and the poor wife cried one moment and cheered him up the next.

The second morning after, Hombert knocked at my door, at four o'clock, and entered, looking very foolish, and bearing coffee. He struggled out of his cap to say, "*Le cousin va partir*," (the cousin is going away,) and then asked me if I would not go and see him off.

Assuredly; and Hombert in morning coat, Josef in white apron and bareheaded, and I in such clothes as I could hurriedly collect, hied away to the Great Northern station to see the cousin off by the five o'clock train.

The strangest compound of umbrellas, and pinched-up meager parcels, and linen tied in a handkerchief, rushed out of the long waiting-room to meet us. So

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glad! and it was so sorrowful; voilà that he wouldn't come in a carriage; he would walk. The clock wasn't right, and he would eat no breakfast, and had slept none, and—oh, dear!

Where was he now? God knows, for he was not able to walk. So it grew quarter-past, half-past four, and we bought his ticket, to be ready. Quarter of five, and no Bourlet. His trunk was brought up by two stout peasants, and they, receiving their pay, stood staring at us, motley party that we were.

Ten minutes of five. In limps Bourlet, pale, and with mud on his clothes. "I tumbled down," said he, pointing to his new wooden shoes, such as peasants wear; "they played me false. I am afraid I am not very strong."

Then followed all the agony of a leave-taking which one knew to be final, and the other thought was temporary. The little children cried, and the old depot-watchman could not comfort them. Hombert had the influenza a minute, and asked me if it was not misty. The trunk was brought in, and Bourlet, too weak to stand, sat down on it. His wife brushed his clothes, and they drank a little wine together. Bourlet saw me. *Vive la republique*, said he, and saluted me kindly. Five minutes of five—one, two, three, four,—*en train, Messieurs;* the doors were opened, and the passengers poured out. You cannot enter the cars, nor go through the door leading to them, without a ticket, in France; and his wife had to trust to the conductor's tender mercies to fix Bourlet comfortably. He said *Au revoir*,

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and of course his wife cried again, and then marched away to her hard toil. "How can I get his letters," she said, "I who cannot read?" and Hombert promised to get them for her.

Seven days after, Hombert and Josef came into my room, and Josef said "*Eh bien!* the cousin is dead. The air of that country was too strong for his lungs, don't you see?"

"And what will his wife do," said I.

"I don't know," said Josef, "she earns very little now, and cannot go to the funeral."

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CHAPTER XXIII.

HOBNOBBING WITH NOTRE DAME.

TIRED of the hubbub, one evening I climbed the dark, narrow and dirty staircase which leads to the top of the church of Notre Dame, and stood alone with the gargoyles.

It was a summer evening, on the stroke of five. But a storm, peculiar and violent, was gradually gathering in the heavens, and, seemed to be climbing starward to look down upon it, as I came out on to the long plafond below the towers, and looked into the stormy air.

None other had mounted. Here was I as absolutely alone as could be wished. Gazing out on Paris, over which a strange mist was slowly creeping, I could bring the present to reassure me; looking up at the black towers above, I felt almost afraid, overcome by an awe of the weird and wildly grand architecture around. I fancied I should be sure to find Esmeralda in her tower, above, with Quasimodo watching her, and then cursed myself for having reperused Victor Hugo's great romance of this church, the night before, when I should have been asleep.

More sombre grew the light, more grim and myste-

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rious the heavens. Yet I did not fear the storm; I seemed to exult in my airy perch, and to find rest with every breath. But the gargoyles terrified me. The picturesque mind of the old architect could not have even an eave-spout bald of ornament, nor, indeed, would he have it recognized as an eave-spout at all; so, ranged along the railing on this plafond are great frightful monsters in stone, grinning hideously, yawning, peering into the gulf of space below. Griffins and dragons were side by side; one horrible hybrid has been chewing a bunch of grapes, with appalling grimaces, for the last seven hundred years. But one figure only startled me. As I circled the church roof, and approached that part which looks down upon a wilderness of lower roofs, and where the flying buttresses take their tremendous supporting leap into space, I started back aghast; for there, in the twilight, on the dizzy verge of the parapet, stood a figure who seemed to have walked out of 1100, and whose colossal proportions and strange attitude affrighted me. He stood gazing into the abyss below, his hair streaming in the wind, and one hand raised with that gesture one makes when intently listening. His peaked hat was pushed back from his brow, and his very eyes seemed to speak curiosity. It was some time before I could approach, and laying my hand upon the figure, assure my startled senses that it was intended for a stone eave-spout.

The legendary history of every great cathedral interests us as much as the veridical. It mattered not so

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much to me, loitering for a reverie in the changing shadows, that the Romans used to have a temple here, and that the poor Parisian sailors, (who navigated the Seine, forsooth!) used to come here to pray in Cæsar's time, as that I had read of Claude Frollo and his protegé Quasimodo, whose spirits had suffered so long in the cathedral's shade. How little interested was I to remember that Saint Stephen was the recipient of church honors here 300 years after Christ, and that the real Notre Dame of to-day was begun by Robert, the son of Hugh Capet, in Anno Domini 1000, when my mind wandered to the procession of the Truands, and the death of little Jehan Frollo on the front below, among the sculptured saints and martyrs! Hugo's romance ran in my head, and no amount of history-grubbing would drive it away. Here, on Notre Dame's gallery, in mid-heaven, architecture for the first time *spoke* to me. I felt it as did the architect of centuries past, when he wrought into it his loves, his hopes, his fears, his desires, when he made it his book, and spoke thus to the ignorant herd around him. The grandeur of the accomplishment, the massiveness of the edifice, pervaded all my being. I could have quarrelled with him who should have come then to disturb my thoughts.

But no one came, and I mounted slowly still higher, clambered through the trap, and found a blue bloused human urbanely begging my patronage. First, a spy-glass, then the little guide-book, and, finally, the small fee before one entered to see the great bell, and many

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thanks! How I envied that man his perch! He had a little hut at one side, sheltered from the wind by the massive tower which rose firmly; his umbrella tent was already raised, and under it he had been eating his supper while I was dreaming below. After a brief visit to the great bell, which was baptized in Louis Fourteenth's presence, escaped the fury of the mobs in the Revolution, and which weighs 32,000 pounds, I mounted to the tower's top. The northern tower formerly contained eight bells, but the revolutionists melted them down, as they did also the companion of the one I had just visited, "Marie," which weighed 25,000 pounds. Another spire, which in those days rose above the transept, was melted down for its lead, and the six bells which hung in that were destroyed. So that Notre Dame has lost her voices, and stands silent, impressive, among the modern improvements humbly creeping at her feet.

If there was ever a poem in stone, this cathedral is one. It is by no means the typical church of France; its very idiosyncrasies endear it to the heart of every art-lover, and make it impossible to forget it. Strasbourg and Rouen each have their distinctive phases of French cathedral architecture, and they are not like Notre Dame, as none of the later churches in the city are, because it is impossible to copy it. Maistre Jehan de Chelles, who built the southern transept and the portal in 1157, was a genius. The architects who followed him caught his spirit, and copied closely from his work as portion after portion was added. There is

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a marked degree of delicacy in the sculpture of the ornaments on the various sections of the church, which shows the progress of the centuries.

From the southern tower's top, all Paris lies spread out before you in panorama. Directly below you, a dizzy distance down, is the old square called the Parvis, which many years ago was so heaped with the soil of ages that a flight of thirteen steps led from it down to the threshold of Notre Dame. On one side of this square stands the Hotel Dieu, the largest hospital in the city; and all around are ranged buildings which have no taint of modernism. Behind the church, the island, (for this is ancient Lutetia on which Notre Dame stands, and there is an old tradition that the church is founded upon piles, driven long ago into the Seine's bed,) has taken on a green carpet, and rejoices in parks and flower-markets.

This old church went up marvelously quick, considering how few and impotent were the means of transport and how immense was the undertaking. The real church, as it stands to-day, save a few modifications, was begun in 1163 and completed in 1235. Much of its harmony and originality of design is owing to the rapidity with which it was built. It seems to have outsprung from the genius of the nation, the expression of all sublimity in the souls of the builders of that time.

Standing in the Parvis, and looking at the cathedral's sculptured front, when the afternoon sun smites its full brilliancy upon it, the effect is admirable. The whole

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immense front is studded with stone figures, which bewilder the eye; and one is obliged to look long and well before he can classify his admiration. The middle portal, which is rarely opened, is the most richly sculptured with scriptural subjects, although each of the three entrances is elaborate in design, and has afforded discussion as to the meaning of the statue grouping for centuries. The twenty-eight statues which extend across the outer edge of the gallery, above the doors, were said by a legend to represent the kings of France who had done most service to the church since the year 300; but the original statues were all destroyed in the Revolution, and it is to be feared that the restoration of what the architect intended for the Judäean kings is by no means perfect. The great rosace in the centre of the front, between the two towers, is encircled with a halo of glory on every sunny afternoon.

Notre Dame is cruciform, with an octagonal eastern end, and double aisles surrounding both choir and nave, with a series of external chapels occupying the width of a third aisle. The entrance commonly used is not at all imposing, and one shoves aside the hideous leathern screen which becomes so odious to the foreign visitor of churches, because so lacking in unison with the grandeur of the original portals. To stray in out of a blinding sunlight, and wander under the cool arches until the whole scene bursts at once upon you is the usual experience. The vastness impresses, but not until you have wandered back into the recesses of the choir. The side chapels are but sorry affairs, com-

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pared with their ancient grandeur; yet they interest by many works of art.

A withered old man sits near the entrance, penned into a little crib, and clad in black robes and skull-cap. Doubtless he never sees the sun rise or set. He loves the cathedral, and willingly immures himself there. Toward every one who enters he thrusts the *toupet*, or stubby brush, dipped in holy water, and with the moisture from whose bristles every good Catholic is expected to make the sign of the cross on his forehead. High mass there, when the archbishop is present, is a most imposing pageant. The scores of chanting priests, whose awkward garb and sometimes awkward manners furnish ample chance for ridicule, vanish from one's sight before the sublimity of the music which, from the organ loft, floods the dim aisles and wells up to the arches. Now a choir of pure voices from some unseen gallery take up the responses, and the stentor priest-chant is pleasant enough, if one is not pained at the mummery connected with it. At mass you may always hire a chair for a small sum, the same as at a military concert. In the middle aisle one generally sees the sincere worshipers kneeling devoutly on the cold stones, the barefooted market-woman from the Parvis close beside the jewels and lace from beyond the Seine. This grand commingling of the masses is more noticeable at Notre Dame than in any other of the great Paris churches, save, perhaps, St. Eustache.

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"Monsieur is perhaps aware that the tower door will

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soon be closed? And so dark in the stairway!" *Horreur!* So, as I groped down the three hundred and eighty steps, clinging fearfully with my soles to the worn stone, and at last drew my fatigued form into the portal's shelter, to ward off the rain, which now fell fast, I recalled the legend of the worker in iron, who, when Notre Dame was building, found his work so unsatisfactory to himself that, in despair, he implored the devil's aid. The devil undertook to forge three magnificent doors, if the artisan would deliver up his soul, to which he agreed. The devil set valiantly to work, and produced the two doors so wondrous and so much admired to-day; but he found that the third was that through which the Holy Sacrament passed, on procession-days, and of course he could have nothing to do with such a door as that. So the third remains without ornament to this day!

How modern church architecture in Paris suffers by comparison with this noble offspring of the dead eleventh century! The newest and most ambitious of the religious edifices erected under the reign of Napoleon Third, the Church of the Trinity, sinks into insignificance after a visit to these bleak towers under whose shade I shrank. It is even too symmetrical. Grandeur always has something of the wildly uncouth; and the quaint designs on Notre Dame's outer galleries make an impression which must be eternal. Only at Rome does the modern church approach anything like the dignity of the ancient, and there it is generally in interiors. For instance, the new church of St. Paul, out-

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side the walls of Rome, infinitely surpasses St. Peter's in interior arrangement. But Paris and its people are now too light-headed and too irreligious to make a church. There is a certain religious sentiment only to be expressed in art, and no modern Frenchman possesses it. The spire of the Church of the Trinity is clumsy, and the three entrances are to those of Notre Dame as

"Moonlight unto sunlight, and
As water unto wine."

The fountains in front, too, seem in questionable taste, (although they may have a spiritual meaning,) attached as they are to the front of the church. The Pantheon, the Madeleine, and St. Eustache, are really the only impressive churches, besides Notre Dame, in Paris. The modern French architect makes a cheerful but not a poetic building. He cannot do it, because he is too intensely material, as is the American. Where have we churches worthy the name? Go learn your lesson from Notre Dame, and then assert that the ideal church, the real religion carved in stone, must be sought in this modern day in vain. Cavil as we may at building worship to God, and reiterate as we may that we must ourselves be living temples, we cannot deny the religious influence of a cathedral like Notre Dame. It is an appeal directly to the soul, a sufficient inspiration in itself to lift man's thoughts toward that beyond him—indefinite, unspeakable, unknown.

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Begging is prohibited in France; therefore the

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churches are reasonably free from those worst of nuisances, the old women who take their knitting and their withered bodies to the church doors, in pleasant weather, to swindle strangers into needless charity. Boxes are fastened to every other pillar in all the Paris churches, labeled, "Help the Poor;" and plenteous contributions enter them weekly. Now and then, when the beadle is not looking, some withered limb or palsied neck is exhibited to you, with a hint at prospective sous; but the Emperor's birthday is the only occasion when this is not done surreptitiously.

Sycorax, my Boston friend, never could be persuaded to take his hat off in a Paris church. He always got to the very altar's front before he remembered the notice at the door. It didn't seem like a religious atmosphere to him, he once confessed; these bare stone floors, and pillars with great flower-buds, as he called the capitals, at their tops, forbade any feeling of reverence. To his apprehension, religious architecture was a humbug, and I could not help smiling at his characterization of high mass. He called it "the priests' carnival."

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As I get away from the shadows of Notre Dame, into the Parvis, and take a parting look upward to the gallery of the gargoyles, I see my old friend of eleven hundred, who startled me so, spewing the rain-drops on to the buttresses below, practically doing his duty, despite the romance with which I had momentarily invested him.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

KALEIDOSCOPIC VIEWS.

WHEN one awakens in the morning in Paris, no matter in what quarter, far above all the other dins arise the curious cries of the street peddlers. A motley crowd indeed they are. In midsummer, the flower-seller's wagon makes a bright color-spot in many a dingy side avenue. At early morning its perfume is wafted to you, and the cry, "Pansies! Daisies!" comes up loud, long, and shrill. One thing surprises you. It is always an old woman, homely as a Fury, who vends blossoms. She drags her little wagon herself, a strap attached to her waist, and travels many a round mile daily. The orange woman too, is an institution in each street, and she understands how to make it very uncomfortable for you to pass her, unless you buy. A little satiric underbreath of criticism, pungent as orange juice, may remind you to help the poor. Madame Hombert never goes a stone's throw from the house to buy her dinner. She has no cellar fitted with the necessities of the table. Everything comes to the door, fresh, daily. The potato-man arrives at ten in

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the morning; there are always two together, although their income just buys their meals; close on their heels follows the vegetable man (you don't hear the potato called a vegetable in France). On his wagon are piled the little cabbages and the beans, so popular on French tables, and the composites of the salads. The cries are so odd, and totally different from the names of the articles sold, that one ingenious fellow lives by inventing them. The chief requisite of a cry is that it be loud, long, and piercing on the last syllable. I have often seen an old lady standing at a corner, head thrown back, and mouth distended as if she anticipated catching the typical silver spoon in it, for a full minute. She had given the preliminary howl, and was waiting for the above mentioned piercing last syllable to escape.

It is a hard life, dragging the clumsy wagons all day, and far into the night, and pouncing up and down dark stairways every few minutes. Potatoes and other vegetables are sold by the pound, and often you may see a well dressed lorette, who practices economy, gravely standing by while an old hag weighs her out a pound of potatoes.

Street peddling is a fine art in Paris. If it is a warm day, half a dozen old men follow you with as many kinds of lemonades and liquorice water. If it is cold, at a corner you will find a clean boy with a brazier, over which simmers the best of coffee. On a sunshiny day a white-bearded old man always promenades the Boulevard des Italiens, holding in his immense hand

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two little white poodles, no larger than guinea pigs. The ladies buy him out, but next day he appears with another handful. Where he gets the breed he will not tell, but he is said to have made his fortune by his puppies. Even on an omnibus-top you are not safe from the news-vender, who runs from his kiosque with a long split pole, in the cleft of which he reaches up to you a journal, and if you buy it, you drop its price into a little box affixed to the pole. Every peddler of minor or major importance wears a label at his neck, bearing his name and number.

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Where a stranger first notices the ignoring of domestic life is in the shops. He enters for a cigar, and finds the boy from the cremerie just bringing Mademoiselle her supper, tied in a napkin. She munches it, staring boldly, and talking with her mouth full; wiping her hands to wait upon you, and pronouncing anathemas at the same time if the little bottle of wine is not as good as usual. A good Parisian shop-girl always reads the Petit Journal, a paper sold at one sou, while she is eating her supper. Some of her beaus usually drop in at supper time. It is a miserable way to live, this hybrid subsisting; and the city graces do not manifest themselves as they would if one had home as a correcting influence. In some shops, however, the most dainty politeness is always conspicuous. There is a glove store in a certain arcade on the boulevards, where a girl of ravishing beauty waits on you; always insists on settling the fingers for you, and when you have made

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your purchase, presents you a little knot of pansies. The counter-jumpers in the great open bazaars have a politeness hard to equal, and, as they are generally street-born and bred, I cannot conceive how they attain it.

The number of people who carry their trades on their backs is astonishing. The glazier, the painter, the whitewasher, wander from street to street, screaming wearily, and resting generally where night overtakes them. You see them eating tranquilly on some doorstep at noon, waiting for a job to turn up. The idea of doing anything further than earning their daily bread never occurs to them; how should it?

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Advertising is reduced to a science in the gay city. Every third shop is dedicated to some patron saint, and the moment any building is torn down, leaving the blank wall of its neighbor block exposed, that wall is at once covered with a huge picture of some saint, and immense lettering below it. I know that I bought a coat, finally, at the shop of the "Good Devil," because when I first landed in Paris his image and superscription stared me in the face. The moment a new play is produced, some catch-word from it occupies every available spot. Little dogs run loose in the streets with their sides painted with some dealer's name. A tailor takes one of his employes, dresses him in the latest style, and sends him out to lead the life of a gentleman, only as recompense now and then recommending "Monsieur X, the tailor of whom I bought

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these clothes." The modiste seeks out the most fashionable lorette, and fairly beseeches her to wear a certain magnificent new dress two or three times, just to inaugurate the style. The hat-dealer who tops you always asks in what hotel you live, and the next day deluges the unfortunate landlord with his cards. The daily newspapers insert but few advertisements, and consequently the intelligence offices are the central points for general advertising. There thousands of written and printed placards may be read any morning.

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An old man, all dressed in blue, with a horribly shrivelled face, goes slowly along close to the café awnings, continually dropping on one knee. Every time he does it his grimy claw clutches a cigar stump, passes it to the other hand, which throws it into the sack on his back. These stumps go to make snuff, (which almost every old Frenchman takes,) and also to produce a species of contraband tobacco. The tobacco trade is a Government monopoly in France; he who can compete with it, in ever so humble a way, gets rich. On the by-streets, at a corner, usually sits a polite fellow, clad in the worker's blouse, who has before him a little table covered with money. He is the street broker, and lends a franc for one sou, on condition that it is returned at night. If it is not, he demands franc for franc. He gets rich fast. In some of the obscure quarters still flourishes the shop of the public writer, who puts into proper phrase the ignorant lover's thought, or frames a bill or receipt for the

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peasant who cannot write. But he is dying out. If you are out very late at night, you may see the "angel guardian" taking home some drunken man. He is generally an able-bodied fellow, who employs himself days, and watches at the little wine-shops nights to help home whoever gets flushed with too many cups. His living, thanks to temperance, is rather precarious. The man who makes a trade of waking people up must not be forgotten. He carries a time-book, and tramps his rounds at early morn, howling vigorously under windows and in stairways.

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At Clichy there are numerous round raised platforms, covered with clean gravel, and curbed neatly with limestone, around which the workmen gather in pleasant evenings, and wait for some traveling mountebank to turn up. Presently appears an old man, whose long, matted hair, and dark, shrewd face, proclaim his native country,—Spain. His wife and babies follow, trudging wearily, and a troupe of flea-covered dogs bring up the rear. The woman starts a wild music upon a hurdy-gurdy, while the husband, having stationed his dogs, makes a short address, full of hits at the day's follies, after which he seizes a large stone, doubles himself on the ground, winds it in his hair, then throws it far over his head with a force which would leave an ordinary man bald should he attempt it Then he doubles himself through a small hoop, tries the muscles of his neck by mimicking a hanging, with himself as a victim, puts the dogs through all

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their manœuvres, and finishes by stripping to the waist, and climbing a greased pole. In the next circle, a juggler is swallowing a sword, hilt and all, and thrusting ten large nails into each nostril, all for the sous that are showered upon him.

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The old gentleman who officiated as guide at the prison of the Conciergerie used to regard me rather suspiciously, because I came so often. "Seems to me I have seen you before," he used always to say, with a puzzled expression; and I was finally obliged to assure him that I was no spy, but a student of this great landmark in French history, this silent witness to the nation's only gigantic struggle, and its fearful madness. The Palace of Justice, where now one hears only law jargon, and may laugh heartily at the strange costumes of the pleaders in any of the court-rooms, looms up, vast and gloomy, on the left bank of the Seine, and impresses one with the idea that it is the motley conception of some overworked architect, doubtless owing to the fact that portions of it have been burned and rebuilt since 1600. Its first walls went up in the eleventh century, under the patronage of the same king who began Notre Dame. It is gloomy and illy arranged; the only thing in it approaching to grandeur is the "Hall of the Lost Steps," which contains a fine monument to Malesherbes, the upright man who had the courage to defend Louis Sixteenth when Paris clamored for a king's blood. The sight of the statue recalls the Conciergerie to memory, and it was before

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it that I first bethought me that I was treading on historic ground.

The two black feudal towers which confronted me, as I sauntered under the walls of the Conciergerie, recalled the ancient origin of the prison. When the Palace of Justice was Louis Eleventh's residence, even these towers served as living graves for human beings, and the *concierge*, or keeper, who then had some dignity as palace bailiff, gave his designation to them and the cells which extend under the palace far and wide. A card from the prefect of police, whose quarters are near by, procured me passage through the immense iron gate, and the guards, touching their hats, pointed to a long flight of steps, at the left, which I descended, and stood in a dark and dingy hall, stone paved and roofed. Here the Revolution has left its mark. The guide tells, in a sombre voice, the story of the two hundred innocent prisoners massacred here, at one fell swoop, because the cells were over-crowded, in 1792; and as he takes his huge bunch of keys from his pocket, to lead me into another passage, he whispers confidentially, "The custom is to pay nothing; but if Monsieur wishes to be shown all, when we pass the corner,—Monsieur may exhibit his generosity." So I buy the old fellow's favor, and we pass into the hall, on each side of which are the cells of prisoners awaiting trial for various offences. When I ask if a certain noted criminal is confined here, he tells me he is forbidden to say. So strict are the regulations of a French prison. When a political prisoner has friends outside, anxious for his

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fate, he is secretly transported from prison to prison, that his whereabouts may not be learned.

The guard took me to the window which overlooked the open court-yard, around which, as in American prisons, cells were built in stories one above the other. The prisoners were out taking the air, and as many belonged to the lowest classes, their slang was incomprehensible. They were the most abject, degraded, ill-looking set of ruffians, it has often been my lot to see. Old men, boys, sturdy young workmen, and here and there a seedy intellectual looking personage, were huddled together, pushing each other, playing scurvy tricks, and pointing at us, as we gazed out, with grimaces like madmen. I tired of the sight, and we went back through a little alley to the dark passage which leads to the cells of Marie Antoinette and Robespierre, and the chapel where the Girondins ate their last supper together, ere they rode proudly in the tumbril to the scaffold.

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One has to stoop to enter the door which leads to Marie Antoinette's cell. In her time, the thick partition, now separating it from another cell, which had for its outer wall the chapel side, did not exist. The cell for a long time remained as she left it when she went to her death, but in Louis Eighteenth's time it was transformed into an expiatory chapel, and the crucifix before which she last prayed stands on the altar. In 1830 all the decorations of this chapel were taken away, and now only the place itself calls to one's

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sight the bloody scenes of 1792. Here, in this corner, says the guard, an armed soldier used to sleep behind a screen, ready to watch her at the slightest suspicion of a movement; and outside, in the passage, three or four soldiers laid in front of the door. On the damp floor she sat, rather than recline in the presence of her brutal guardian, and spent her nights in prayer. In the chapel, where the prisoners now worship every Sunday, I could discern but few relics of revolution. This is the scene of Müller's great picture, of which I have spoken, and by that door yonder, over which now stands an image of Him crucified, daily entered the red-capped tumbril drivers to drag their victims forth. Who knows but the Conciergerie may hold other royal victims yet?

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The radius of new streets from the Triumphal Arch, which frowns on the splendors of the Champs Elysees, is destined to be one of the chief glories of Paris. It forms a perfect star, with the grand avenues leading to the Bois de Boulogne, and the Tuileries garden as the central ray. Standing on the arch's top, with all the city spread out before you, you are prone to confess that imperial Rome, in its best days could not have furnished a much finer out-look. This arch was the great Napoleon's pet idea, and 'tis a pity that he could not have lived to see it complete. His cynical-faced nephew has done his best to make its surroundings attractive. A view from its top, 152 feet in the air, just at dusk, when all Paris is setting its streets and win-

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dows winking with gas-lights, is superb. Down the avenue, in the Champs Elyseés, the myriads of carriage-lamps remind one of the fire-flies at play in country roads at eventide; and the continuous whir comes up faintly, having blended with it the notes from the bands in the gardens and the cries of the gamins at play near by. Although it is no older than many of its admirers, the arch already impresses one to reverence it, towering, as it does, sublimely, with its colossal sculptured groups almost persuading one that they are alive. The groups in front are especially fine; and that recalling to mind the triumph of 1810, in which Victory is crowning Napoleon, is said to be most remarkable for the figure of the Emperor, which resembles him more closely than any other in all Paris. The corner-stone of the arch was laid on the anniversary of the First Napoleon's birthday, as some lines scratched by a workman on the stone testify. Thirty victories of the French arms are immortalized in the exterior decorations. One thing the French people may be thankful for. This monument is truly a national one, and as yet has no taint of tyranny upon it. Nothing on it bears the imprint of Napoleon the Third and the Little. The great arch speaks of conquest; but inseparably connected with its history is the war for emancipation, out of whose ashes the present ruler sprang. He shall have his day, and go down, and the arch shall not speak to the future of him. Under these broad stones many a noteworthy procession has passed; and, in 1848, the Republic's provisional govern-

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ment commanded the distribution of flags to the national guard and the army at its foot. Many a year and many a revolution may ebb and flow around it, but the grand structure stands supreme, a symbol and monument of the national valor, as is Notre Dame of the Gallic race's religion.

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The *sapeur pompier*, or Paris fireman, is a curiosity, and nothing is more provocative of a smile than to see him when on duty. Of course he "belongs to the military," and is uniformed in a short jacket, loose pants, huge boots, and a brass helmet which would make an excellent soup tureen. There are fifteen hundred of these firemen, organized in two battalions of six companies, and under the direction of the minister of war. There are one hundred stations scattered throughout the city, where they may be found night and day. As fires, however, are regarded in Paris as special dispensations of Providence rather than as common accidents, and as they occur very rarely, owing to the solid character of the buildings, the Paris fireman waits until he is sent for before he goes to save property. Alarm-systems are almost unknown in the city. If some one sets his bed-curtains on fire, and the flames spread to the room, the house-owner rushes to a *sapeur pompier* station, and eight or ten men are ordered out, and, two abreast, march with dignified step to the scene. Anything like a run, or a halloo, would subject them to disgrace. They take with them a little pump, hardly large enough to water a garden with, and on their arrival,

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send a man up to see where the fire is, find the place, squirt it out, take a glass of wine all around, and retire sedately as they came. Stone floors, thick oak partitions, and habits which keep Parisians but little in their own rooms, give small chance for destructive fires.

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Adrift! Inscribed! When the tide is out on the Paris pavements; when even the waiters at the cafés are wearily putting up their shutters, taking off their aprons, and shuffling home in their slippers; when the gay voices in some upper chamber become hushed and stifled, no longer favored by the hubbub below, then you see the "inscribed" stealing home with weary steps, her nightly work of shame and misery over, to begin again ere she shall fairly have felt rest touch her fatigued brain.

The best of French philosophers, even Sainte-Beuve himself, almost the only modern Gaul who knows really how to respect woman, will tell you that the fear of misery, rather than misery in reality, brings the greatest number of victims to the pavement. So inherent in the Parisian soul is the love of pleasure, of a sufficiency and harmonious enjoyment thereof for every sense, that we of other nations are wont to condemn Paris as a modern Sodom, whose denizens are given over to vice, and delight in sensuality. No; the evils which have produced the victims of the pavement are precisely what every city where the one man power controls has to contend against: an utter lack of domestic life, a constant attrition with the base as well

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as the pure, *above all, insufficiency of compensation*, and consequent actual *misery*, and of the most bitter kind. "I was alone in the *hotel garni*, and *ils m'embetaient*," is the history of many a woman who could have solved God's purest problem of love had chance been given her. No remark is more common among the lorettes of the present day than that bitter apology, which rises to the dignity of an appeal, "My heart remains pure; necessity alone has forced me into this kind of life;" or *C'est la fatalité*, which is as near as Frenchman or Frenchwoman may get to saying, "God wills it."

Facts? Figures? Do not hasten me. Presently they will multiply upon you. Note how near you often at the café sits Mademoiselle the young lorette, mistress to Auguste last year, to Charles to-day, and to Jacques to-morrow. Flattered and caressed at this moment, one, two, three years from now how shall she drag her weary limbs over the very scenes of her former triumphs, passing hotel and theatre and café, forbidden to enter the latter under penalty of arrest, sometimes resting her tired frame on the benches under the trees by the gutter, and gazing in on the splendors she can no longer know, a very spectre at the feast!

Inscribed! If ever there was a hell upon earth, this word comprises it all in its nine letters. It is the Omega of woman's destiny in France. Beyond it is neither home, nor husband, nor child, nor parent, nor lover. It slowly, quietly, patiently, drags its victim down.

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"Everything at Paris," once wrote a Frenchman, "solicits woman to fall." Partially true, and some what false, like all Gallic epigrams. The temptation to the poor girl who, by honesty, can gain hardly enough to keep body and soul together, not to speak of the little luxuries which are almost composites of woman's nature, is terrible. There is always some prince for the poor Cinderella, but he is generally ugly, old, and with money as his only attraction. So a young girl, with no education save that of her eyes, and the attrition of a pension, perhaps, which left her utterly innocent of the world's ways, being solicited, falls.

In the working classes, the evil is far wider spread than in America, for misery comes into Jean's family often, and the children of fathers who are sometimes by no means models themselves learn quickly what vice is. Entire families occupy one room, eating and sleeping there in litters, like animals. Innocence fades in this atmosphere precisely as in London and New York; the same causes exist there. It is almost impossible for woman to marry in France without she brings a dowry to her husband; no matter if it be a hundred francs simply, a dowry she must have from her parents. But the inexorable law which makes men soldiers destroys the principle of home; the father in moderate circumstances spends what he earns, and in the city generally would as soon think of saving money to buy the Champs Elyseés as of hoarding it to give his daughter a dowry. So it comes about that thousands of children have neither father or mother; that nature

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sets society at defiance; and that the workman often finds his concubine has bred to him a race of concubines.

Inscribed! The word will not be written without a blot upon the page, as if it would efface itself from the history of the time. When a girl has no longer any hope or desire but the street, she enters one of the secret bureaux of the police department, and there her name is placed upon a book, from which, even though thereafter she should rise to society's level, that name can never be erased. All proper questions are asked, and dissuasion is used; but if the irrevocable assent to the registering is given, name and number and inspection alone identify the final wreck of the soul which has five thousand fellows in Paris. These five thousand are so many warnings to the thirty thousand lorettes who flit beneath the gas-glare of the "middle world," but who rarely heed visions of the future until it is too late.

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CHAPTER XXV.

HOMBERT HAS A HOLIDAY.

SUNDAY being Parisian holiday, you will not be surprised at my melange of visits herein recounted, all made on a bright May Sabbath. And who shall deny Hombert the faithful the pleasure of struggling out of his skull cap, into an ancient hat of the first days of the empire, and going with me. Madame Hombert has locked up the keys, and gone to mass, and we commit the house to the care of hump-backed Pauline, and climb the omnibus which goes dashing northward, to look in upon one of "God's acres." Perhaps Hombert objects, internally, to burdening his mind with thoughts of death, and would not go but for his natural politeness; but go he does, and we climb the Boulevard Clichy, get away from the hum of the crowds, and into the cemetery "Montmartre."

Above, on the bleak sandy summit, the wind-mills are whirling, and seem to be stretching out their meager arms, and beckoning to all Paris to come to its final bed, the grave. Here, on either side, as we turn into the avenue leading to the cemetery, are rows of little

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cottages, with lugubrious looking old women at their doors, beckoning us to buy white and black and green wreaths, to strew upon the graves of our friends who may perchance lie buried beyond. But it is an alien grave-yard to us both; these are not our tears which the willows have drawn up through their roots, and wept down from their foliage upon the mounds.

By good luck, we come upon the manager of the cemetery; everything is *managed* in France. Will you believe it,—he is an ancient dramatic author, broken down in imagination, and taken to burying bodies because the public buried his plays. We introduce ourselves, and after we have seen the tombs of the famous, about which you care nothing, we go down the avenues lined with rose and myrtle, and come to the "common ditches."

Excellent taste in the old fellow, to bring us here! Marvelous commentary on the vanity of all flesh! We are almost angry that we are mortal, as we gaze upon the scene before us.

Hombert lifts his hat. I did not know it was the custom, but I follow his motions mechanically; for a funeral procession is passing. A poor funeral. At least he tells me so—with a half pitying smile—as he points to the plain pine box, covered by the coarse cloth, and carried carelessly by two rude workmen. A slovenly priest follows, as if it were a duty easily dispatched, and behind there are but two mourners.

This must be a funeral of the "seventh class." The poor get but hasty burial. Funeral expenses rank from

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$600 to $1.50; and the expenses must always be met. If your relations are too poor to buy you a grave, the city will give you a very poor one, and the priest will say but short prayers.

I see before me a long dark ditch, as if Death had thrown up his intrenchments here, and dared Life to besiege him. I do not understand, and the manager, who does not scruple to talk aloud, even under the priest's nose, says, scornfully, "This is the common ditch."

Here is where they are piled in. In piles, in rows, in ghastly bundles, here is where the soulless shell wastes away. I wonder how birds can sing above the noisome place. Yet, high in air, a thrush carols—and carols.

The funeral rites are short. The box is a little one, and this section of the ditch is so nearly full, that there is no need to lower it. A workman scratches on it in red chalk the number of this interment, the name and age. "Amelie, infant, four months, May—," and the dirt is thrown in.

For, although it is not yet noon, there have been many burials to-day, and the ditch, ten feet deep, is already full at this end. The coffins are piled upon each other; only the red chalk distinguishes one from another, and the bones and boards are left to mingle.

Who knows how well the baby rests? God alone has it in his keeping, and God alone has put it in the mother's heart to come back here some day, and scatter flowers on the spot which her eyes have marked so

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well. On All-Souls day all Paris visits the graves of its loved ones, and she will come and mingle her pansies with the violets and forget-me-nots of others. But should she come five years from this May day, she cannot even distinguish her child's resting-place, for strong corroding agents will have meantime been at work, and consumed all that was mortal; the ditch will again be opened at the same place, and new coffins placed among the ruins of the old ones.

Curiosity, even in so horrible a scene, masters us. We descend into the ditch, and treading on lime mingled with sand, we look at the ghastly collection of mortality which the workmen are rapidly closing in. This is an old workman buried at the bottom; the red marks on the box tell the story; next is a young girl, 18, and in the strong, nervous handwriting of a man we read the words, *Emilie, bien aimeé.* Poor fellow! that his "well loved" should come to this! No voice, no memory, can reach so low. Here are so many ruined, blasted, fragile lives piled one above the other, that one cannot divide his pity. The next, and next are workmen, and "buried by charity." Ah! here is a casket of more precious wood, and with the name daintily written on it; the poor pittance that could not buy a grave could at least furnish a fitting shrine.

And to think that, in after years, a Hamlet in a blouse may finger these skulls, to make room for other ones! Let us leave this horrible place.

Verily, it is not a happy life—that of the Paris poor. The "Manger" in infancy, the street in childhood, the

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"Mount of Piety" in the distresses of after years, the hospital, and last, the "common ditch." Time was when Paris law decreed that every mortal should have a separate grave; but people die too fast now of mingled ills—the cemeteries are too crowded.

"Why is it not all right, monsieur, since it is necessary; besides, one can have a good grave by paying for it."

"Yes, but I find it so strange, and is it not inhuman?"

"Ah well, the dead folks have never been heard to complain!"

And with this subtle clincher the guardian of Montmartre dismisses us, politely asking Hombert to join him in a pinch of snuff.

Conscience puts a flea in Hombert's ear; he ought to attend church at least once to-day; he has not been since the grand mass at Notre Dame; and shall we go to the Hotel des Invalides, and hear the military mass?

By all means: and this is a more cheerful picture. We descend once more to the heart of the city, and walk along the banks of the Seine. Finally we wander up the broad esplanade which leads to the hospital where the Empire cares for its veterans.

The great park in front of the hospital is filled with the old heroes this morning; one, paralytic, is wheeled about in his chair by two others with wooden legs, who go at the rate of half a mile an hour; on a bench near by is a row of three, telling stories, and sunning their shrunken faces. These are the remnants of the men

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who fought with Napoleon; now and then you may find a man who knew the great general when he was only the "little corporal."

Hombert is known to one or two of the old fellows: a few sous ingratiate us in their favor; and there is a little tempest of long blue coats and wooden legs about us. In ten minutes, we learn that the first stone of the hospital was laid in 1670, and that it is the greatest asylum in the world; that Napoleon lies buried in a crypt beneath the dome, and that—

"Military mass, Messieurs, the finest thing in the week for us, will be said at twelve; do not fail to be present."

Under the great stone arch, and along the colonnades in the court we go, until we arrive at the chapel door. And into such a novel chapel it has never been my fortune, before or since, to go.

Fancy a grand, dimly-lighted chamber, with incense floating around the altar, and drifting up to mingle with the war-smoke lingering in tattered flags still above. Hundreds of flags are arranged everywhere; standards that Napoleon's eye has seen fall; banners that have waved over Sebastopol, the haughty Prussian ensigns, a hundred Spanish draperies, all hung in triumph in a church. I wonder if the old soldiers worship the saints, or the flags, when they come here.

There is a standard which came from Boston in 1773, another from Quebec, and still another—how came it here—from Lexington?

It will soon be noon, and the worshipers of the

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parish begin to pour in. Strangers come too, for the music is said to be superb. While the nurse-maids and their soldier lovers are dropping on their knees here and there, a long burst of melody comes from a hidden band, and a solemn requiem for the dead is played. The priest kneels silently before the altar. By-and-bye a chorus of pure voices chants, above our heads in some unknown gallery, and the music of an organ swells on the air.

Crash! a dozen drums, the monotonous roll of the tambour, and the unequal tread outside the doors announce that the invalids are marching in to attend service; the doors open, and a huge beadle, stamping his ponderous mace on the stone floor, ushers them in.

Bent and shrivelled, worn and wasted, supported by crutches, canes, and kindly arms of stronger companions, in they come! Bat, bat, bat; their eyes seem to flash fire as they gaze upon the flags, and now and then an old hero stands so erect that his medals are seen plainly on his wrinkled breast.

Halte!

The whole line is transformed into blue statues, patched out with wooden pieces. One old rogue winks wickedly at a small boy when the mass begins, and pinches his neighbor. The gray-haired commander, almost in his second childhood, blossoms all over with conceit and happiness. Military evolutions are performed, and then the music surges downward among the flags once more. Snatches of masses that these warriors have heard sung over their dead comrades in

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foreign lands, sometimes bring a tear, but oftener a smile. Soldiers are happy-go-lucky fellows at best.

Now heads are uncovered and bent, as the solemn Kyrie eleison is chanted. The line is motionless.

En avant!

The old commander orders attention, forward, and march, and they hobble out, and meet you in every out of the way corner, asking if you would like to see the tomb, and always finishing the little conversations which they invent with "Monsieur will please to remember an old soldier!" Which means that a small present will be acceptable.

And what does Hombert next propose? The mass has cheered him up, and he dares me to ride across the city, and go down into the bowels of the earth to see the "streets of skulls." Have we not been sad enough at the common ditches? But no, he will not be denied, and an hour afterwards we are away in a corner of the Latin Quarter, where one street stumbles blindly on another, and we are about to brave the catacombs.

We stop before an old, moss-covered entrance, in the Rue d'Enfer. Here crowds are assembled, and we equip ourselves with a wax candle, a tin candlestick and a staff. By-and-bye a clever official, warning us to keep our candles burning, opens a dreary entrance, and we descend step after step into the earth.

As we go down, Hombert tells me how the catacombs were once quarries, and hundreds of years ago came very near engulfing one section of Paris. How, when

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an old architect, as we all know, was building the Paris observatory, he saw its foundations crumbling, and found the whole site undermined. How robbers worked diligently in the soft rock, and carved out resting-places for themselves, from which they used to sally into open air to cut throats and purses.

And how, more than half a century ago, when the authorities began to find their cemeteries crowded full, and that it was necessary to inaugurate the "common ditches," it was decided to put all the skulls and bones in these dark passages.

During the Revolution, when dozens of men and women perished daily, bones accumulated so that, a few years after, long trains of carts might be seen nightly wending their way to the entrance of the catacombs; priests in black surplices chanted funeral prayers, and the rattling, undistinguished pieces went down to be piled in rows, and heaped into ghastly formations. The leaden coffins of the mistresses of old Louis Fourteenth were preserved in a corner of these avenues, only to be destroyed years after. All who perished in massacres and riots, who were strangled in prisons, starved in dungeons, were sure before death that their bones would lie here.

Step after step, round and round in giddy descent, and at last we touch earth once more. The avenue is narrow, and water glistens on the ragged walls; here and there a workman rises up out of darkness, and shrinks back like an animated skeleton in a fright. At last we come on long rows of skulls and thigh

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bones, we walk between walls of them: we walk until we are tired, and everywhere we are surrounded by them. They grin at us from their perches, they frown on us, they affright us. Now and then a candle goes out, and its owner utters a shriek of dismay.

Step by step, until we come to a huge chamber built of skulls and bones: here the victims of the revolution of 1793 rest, and here, upon the walls, in quaint characters, we learn that

"He hath cast down the haughty and exalted the humble."

Sometimes we mount upon a little mound and look into a horrible pit, where the earth has been treacherous, and may yet revenge itself by engulfing the architects. Now and then a rusty chain forbids us to wander off into unknown avenues, where we might grope and starve for days, without a chance of having our skulls tastefully arranged for half a century.

Here below is silence and grim death; above, rattle in carriages and tilt upon pavements those who must come down by-and-bye; perhaps some day the bones of the poor woman who was so bitterly weeping over her child's place in the "common ditch" to-day, will lie side by side with the bones of that child here below. This is death's carnival; here is he fortified. Our voices are stifled; right glad are we to ascend, miles from where we entered; to smell fresh air, to shake the clammy dust from our feet.

We straggle out. An old peasant woman, standing at the entrance, as is the custom, snatches the candle

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from my hand; a party of rude school-boys attempt to capture my candlestick. I am too wonder-sick to defend myself, and Hombert, although he rolls one of the boys into the ditch, and saves my souvenir, is pale as a ghost, with his long sojourn among the dead.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

CHEZ GARNY—DESSERT AND DISSERTATION.

FIVE o'clock! I know a corner of Paris where absolute tranquillity and infinite pleasure of palate may be obtained. A truce to cafés and their gossiping crowds, and I am bound to dine to-day with Garny. So down the Rue Drouot, and past the huge hotel where wonderful bargains in old mirrors and jewels are always to be obtained, through this long arched passage, up the steps under one portico of the Imperial Opera, then to the left, into the charming arcade, past a bookstall, and here, at the end of the passage, is an obscure stairway. Up this, then, and at table.

Early to-day, and none here save the solemn old gentlemen in black who are always so particular as to their wine, and stop between mouthfuls to read the papers. So I have the cool middle room all to myself, and Gustave being slow in appearing—I think.

By comparison, Garny's is the place for me. *D'abord*, it is quiet, a requisite in Parisian restaurants not always attained. I care not for the Diner du Rocher in the Passage Jouffroi, nor for the fashionable Diner de Paris,

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where one sits sweating in crowds with nothing to console him save a finger-glass. Practically, Hombert's little round table, with Madame's breezy cap fluttering at one corner, and with Augustine changing the plates, is my preference; but when I go out for dinner, commend me to Garny for the really good, and for a tranquil haunt.

It is Macon, the wine, and while I have been gazing down to the passers below, Gustave has brought the soup, and stands waiting for the name of the *plat* which I shall first order. Over the soup I fall into a reverie, which seems about to prove as long as Southey's "Doctor," and I fear to indulge it; so I turn my attention to what the children of Lutetia eat, and how, and where.

We have hung round the Frenchman's neck the medal for cookery, but we have given him by no means all the praise he deserves. He is a marvel in the culinary line. He makes palatable all sorts of things which in equally civilized countries are despised. He will make soup from cheese, beefsteak from horses, wine from water, (almost); he will cook you your eggs in three hundred different fashions. Your comestibles come to you so neatly parcelled that your appetite is excited before you open them. The whole process of dinner, as the Frenchman arranges and consummates it, is delightful. And nowhere more so than *chez Garny.*

There are never any decaying restaurant odors here. You may now and then find them, across the Seine, in the little haunts frequented by the students; but in

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general even they are fresh and clean. Here to-day, although outside the sun beats down with Gallic ardor, no speck of dust dims any of the glasses, no tiniest insect crawls athwart the napkins. The waiter has even changed the *menu du jour*. The frame which holds the bill, a neat one just suited to the hand, seems varnished anew. From the penetralia of the restaurant now enters to us Gustave, *garçon*, who shall be pictured, briefly, thus:

There stands he, listening, easily poised on one foot, to the old gentleman who insists that the *petits pois*, green peas, shall be especially succulent. Of medium height and mercurial complexion, Gustave might be mistaken on the street by a stranger for an actor at the Gaieté, or perhaps proprietor of a lodging-house; but a Parisian would smell the garçon on his garments even were he inside the grating in the Tuileries yard. His caste is marked, first by an excessive politeness, which sometimes overwhelms; as when, for instance, you lift your wine-bottle, and Gustave takes it from you, deprecatingly, as if he would say, "Vulgarize not yourself with the detail of dinner," and dusts it daintily, pours first from it a trifle into one glass, and then, if you are two at table, fills the other; second, by his neat broadcloth suit, a trifle worn, but properly preserved, and the napkin swung so daintily over his arm. Then, while you discuss the bit of soup he has brought you in a shallow dish, he whisks away to bring your second installment, which, if you are sensible, will consist of an excellent *bifteck*, (pardon the French spelling)

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garnished with fried potatoes, delicately sliced, precisely, O, city-born, as you have seen it at Delmonico's.

The potato is a much abused vegetable in Paris. Rarely, if ever, does it appear in its proper form. The poor oval comestible gets its jacket torn off, its symmetry destroyed, and is twisted into ringlets, beaten to pumice, rolled into balls, sliced, simmered, but never shines forth as potato. When, ah when shall I forget the horrible grimace made by a Frenchman as he recited to me the sensations his stomach had experienced while looking on at a repast in East London, where the workman's family dined off cold potatoes, and drank musty beer. It was his purgatory to look at them.

Gustave whisks away the *bifteck aux pommes*, and substitutes a delicate plate full of fried sole, the fish most esteemed in Paris. And I fill my glass with Macon, and a bit of ice tinkles into it from his attentive fingers. After the fish, come vegetables. The bill of fare gives you in these almost infinity of choice. You shall have cabbages, tiny and melting on your lips, peas, great beans, cresses, artichokes smothered in oil and vinegar, or aught else you desire. But you will order only one dish, and you will degust it sans meat, and with only bread to assist you. The bread, by the way, I had forgotten to introduce you; it lies daintily on the table, an immaculate roll, at least three feet long, and you carve therefrom sections, letting your opposite neighbor cut into the substance from his side.

This strikes an American most curiously of all, this

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system of courses, and the strictness with which it is kept up. When the universal Yankee proposes to feed, he has the restaurant exhaust its resources upon his table, and a dozen flavors mingle in his mouth. Not so the Frenchman. Watch how here in Garny's hall, that old gentleman in the corner has first sniffed his wine, then tasted his soup, next disposed of his meat, then his fish, after it vegetables, finally dessert, and now how leisurely he is adjourning to a neighboring café to sip his coffee? To drink wine with soup seems to him a physical outrage; not to drink it with meat would argue you insane in his eyes. Between the courses, to his thinking, you have chance to digest, to dream over the day's affairs, to anticipate; most heartily would he disagree with the hasty Yankee who often has fish and flesh on his plate at the same time. And what wonder that he has been an hour at dinner?

In this the Quartier Breda, where Garny's restaurant has long been a landmark for the hungry, flourishes many another *restaurateur*, who decks his walls richer, uniforms his waiters more elegantly, but gives no better food. In the Passage Jouffroi, which leads from the grand boulevards to the Faubourg Montmartre, is the Diner du Rocher, a long hall, to which one ascends by a cheery stairway, at whose foot tropical plants blossom around a charming fountain. Entering the long hall, one pays to Madame, sober and staid, at the counter, two francs for breakfast, and four francs if it be the dinner hour. Here one may see the Parisian waiter in the real acme of hurry. The cuisine is at the

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farther end of this long saloon, and old and young garçons run alike rapidly, constantly crying out, "I am coming! Behold me! I am there! In one tiny second! Monsieur will be forced to pardon! The poor garçon is desolated to see Madame without her *cotelette de mouton.*" When the rascal cries "I am here!" be sure that he has indefinite delays before him.

One of the saddest sights in all the fashionable restaurants is the great number of women taking their meals alone, munching, without much of the traditional French gayety, in the corners, or the richly-gilt stalls, at the sides of the halls. The waiters know the lorette, and although she is a good patron, do not fail to abuse her, unless she is accompanied by a cavalier. Then their politeness knows no bounds. The best dishes are placed before her, and Monsieur is considered a shabby fellow if he does not leave at least a franc on the table for "service." If he dare to plank the traditionary two sous, he is haunted by scowls, and pursued by malicious grins, until his coat-tails flutter out at the door.

The Diner de Paris, on the grand boulevards, is the place where strangers who live in the quarter drift in most readily. It is always crowded at five o'clock, and the neighboring cafés get installments from it until the clock strikes eight. After dessert, if one chooses to take coffee at his table, he may do so, and over the clear black surface of the liquid he empties a tiny glass of cognac, which flares into flame when a dainty wax match brings out its caloric. After wine, coffee

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brings the epicure to that delightful degree of benevolence when he is prepared to be munificent with the waiter. He scarcely reaches the door before he encounters some friend, under the awning at the neighboring café, and he renews his dose, while conversing lightly, and wasting time indefinitely, with one eye on a comic journal, and the other on the *piquante* crowd around him.

Let us talk a little of breakfast, returning to Garny's, and ordering from Alphonse a dessert of delicate Swiss cheese, and finely flavored bread. When may a man more wisely consider breakfast than after dinner? The latter, in the French capital, is an artistic meal, which leaves one in an epicurean mood. The breakfast, or dejêuner, here, is served at two francs and two francs fifty centimes, respectively, according to the wine you may desire. Not dear; and yet as good as you will get in America for one and two dollars. Dejêuner is the meal into which the Frenchman enters with much gusto. After the coffee of early morning, and several hours of attention to business or pleasure, this meal pieces out the day admirably. Have you not generally felt a distinctive hitch between morning and afternoon, when your habits were regular and American? And how completely that was lost when you indulged in a late breakfast! Everywhere, on the principal streets, at eleven A. M., groups are gathered in the restaurants, discussing the fresh eggs, or beans (succulents are very popular at breakfast,) which constitute the first course. Following this is a slice of

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gigot, or cold beef, overlaid with water-cresses or lettuce salads. Wine is plentiful at the dejêuner, and the poorest workman in the *cabaret* has that, when he perhaps cannot afford the luxury of meat. The broken-down lorettes, too, who sometimes, let us confess it, come to Garny's to dine, are always aristocratic in their choice of wines, although they must economize the ten sous in their dinner. You will often see the poor painted, furbelowed creatures haggling with the garçon to smuggle them the best brand, and promising him a gratuity at some far-off time.

I know just how it looks at that little restaurant of the Trois Frêres Provencaux, (not far from Garny's hall, but in the narrow Rue Cadet,) when the breakfast hour arrives. Although not in the gay quarter of pipes and grisettes, it is a festive place, where laughter is the rule, and he who dares look glum is scorned. The waiters climb up the steep stairs which lead to the most frequented rooms, and presently in strolls the clothes-merchant, from across the way, and orders his first course. The little bottle of red wine is set before him, and the long roll of bread placed near by. "Bread at your discretion," the bill of fare always generously says. While the clothes-merchant uncorks his bottle, enter to him the book-keeper from around the corner, and profuse hand-shakings follow. The two tip back their chairs, and indulge in a popular refrain, until course one, fresh eggs, or beef *a la mode*, appears, smoking hot. No vegetables, mind; but the jolly commercials cut each a huge round of bread, and de-

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voured it with meat, washed down by wine. Meantime a motley crowd has arrived; even the vegetable seller clanks in, on wooden shoes, and is extravagant twenty sous worth. Loud cries salute him—and he smiles pleasantly as he hears his professional cries caught up in mimicry around the room. A couple of shop girls, bareheaded, attract attention by profuse laughter, and by the artfulness with which they get extra dishes without extra compensation. At course number two the vegetables appear; delicate little cabbages, or pickled artichokes, or beans swimming in wine colored juice—or the potato, in its usual disguise. Bread—bread is still eaten in astounding quantities. It is really the staff of life here. Then comes the dessert. In restaurants of moderate price, this is a savory cheese, potted and covered with straw, or a charming little jelly, or an apple. The meal is finished, but so artfully served, and so thoroughly calculated, that the eater is precisely filled, no more, and cases of indigestion are rare.

The last drop of wine is drained, and the gentlemen twist their cigarettes, and the ladies the ribbons in their hair; but they do not hurry back to their business and pleasure, ah no! After breakfast comes the blessed pause from labor, in the restaurant of artisan as well as of commercial man, student, or speculator. Groups are formed around the tables, and, dispensing with introduction, everybody talks to everybody else. After half an hour of chat, people begin to look at their watches, and go out one by one, as if it were a

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hardship, paying at the counter a silver franc, and dropping into the brazen urn two sous for the waiter.

Breakfast at Garny's, or in the elegant restaurants, has the same characteristics. The professional men, artists, people of rank, linger thus, and chat thus, and make merriment thus, only over more costly wine, and a greater number of courses, at a larger price. A *mazacran*, or glass of hot sweet coffee, often closes the morning meal.

Duval's restaurants are justly celebrated for their miraculous cheapness, cleanness, and democracy. There are at least a dozen in the city, and equally distributed in the various quarters. As you enter the door of one of them, a black-suited waiter hands you a card, on which are printed the names of hosts of dishes, attractive and savory. You glance over the card, and the waitress (for Duval employs pretty little girls from Alsatia in place of the garçon) checks the dishes you wish served, with the pencil attached to her waist. A napkin costs one sou, soup three sous, meat, a plentiful supply, six sous, bread two, half a bottle of wine eight, coffee six, dessert three, and so on through a tremendous array. You may dine munificently for fifteen cents, or you may spend as many dollars, as you choose. Broadcloth and blouse are at the same table. These restaurants are a blessing to the poor, who fare well upon the slenderest income. The largest of these restaurants is in the Rue Montesquieu, and accommodates at least one thousand persons. It is established in an old church, built by a Methodist denomination;

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but the disciples of Wesley found it hard to flourish in Paris, and were obliged to sell out. Here the waiters are all men, but in none other of Duval's establishments. Tasty butchers' shops, managed by Duval, are always established near these restaurants, and great fountains keep the immense rounds of meat in them cool. After Duval, the next resort is the *cremerie*, where food is furnished cheaper yet, and in one of which an American artist whom I knew lived sumptuously for twenty cents daily. In the Latin Quarter, whole bevies of students exist on very small sums, in the restaurants such as I have described in the Trois Frérès Provencaux. The shrewd fellows have a trick of entering in triplets, and ordering dinner for two only. The third one fares well on the contributions of the two patrons, which proves that one French dinner is more than ample for one Frenchman.

Restaurant, word and establishment, are exclusively of French origin. Before the Revolution, the *traiteur*, a species of green grocer, now almost lost sight of, and the "master of the cabaret"—flourished most extensively; but in 1778, in a black alley-way near the Palais-Royal, the Parisian restaurant sprang into being. Lamy, that was the proprietor's name, made his place cheap, tranquil, plenteous, and the Gauls of that time took to it wonderfully. They had even then got tired of living inside their houses, the wretches. Restaurants multiplied almost as rapidly as cafés, and the Republic continued them in its early days as Louis Sixteenth's epoch had left them. Only a few of the

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first-class, then the mediocre, and finally a crowd of inferior ones, where the food was hearty, but badly served, grew up. It was only in Lamy's time that a cook had the esprit to parody a passage from Scripture, and inscribe over his door, "*Venite ad me, omnes qui stomacho laboratis, et ego restaurabo vos.*" His efforts and those of some *confreres* of taste soon established the reputation which the French cook has never lost.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

THE EMPEROR'S BIRTHDAY.—TWO NAPOLEONS.

ONE wakes early on the morning of the Emperor's birthday. For once the Parisian dispenses with the charms of his laziness, and hurries upon the streets, to honor the memory of Napoleon the Great, who saw the world's light on a mid-August morning—and to amuse himself. Paris at play! how much those three words express! And they are amply exemplified yearly, on the fifteenth of August. Hombert and his wife linger longer than usual over the déjeûner, and little Ludovic is released from school, to wander at his will, and dispense pennies to the importunate beggars who then reap their annual harvest; afternoon and evening the theatres throw wide open their doors, and amuse their audiences gratis; in every public square mountebanks chatter and exhibit their tricks, and from the Place du Trone to the woods of Meudon the workmen are mad with joy, and resplendent in neat broadcloth coats. Only the restaurants and cafés do a flourishing business. The omnibuses whirl back and forth, with great placards at their sides, announcing the day's attractions at every popular re-

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sort on their route; on the Seine the fussy little steamers puff hither and yon, loaded to the water's edge with passengers; soldiers, officers, companies, regimental bands, go helter-skelter, humming little songs, and cramming the pavements, hardly turning out for the more modest citizens; the gay little washerwomen from the suburbs rattle in to the city's centre, in immense wagons, garlanded with green boughs. Hundreds of omnibuses have been improvised from farm teams, trundled in from the country to prey on the increasing crowd of pedestrians; on the steps of each stands a rosy peasant girl, who, when competition waxes warm, shouts, "Places! places at ten sous each, and a kiss thrown in!" which at once crams the extempore vehicle, as the young woman verifies her promise.

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The Parisian who would not patronize a beggar on this day of days would be held up to contempt. Every corner blossoms with most hideous deformities. On each bench, for miles along the boulevards, at least two or three mendicants exhibit withered shanks, shaking heads and hands, sightless orbs, and placards giving their dolorous histories. Their hats and contribution-boxes are often filled, and as often carefully emptied, lest some one pass them by, thinking them satiated. It is said that beggars from the provincial towns for miles around come into Paris on this day, to make the citizens contribute to their next year's living. The beseeching multitude howls, writhes in well-counter-

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felted anguish, gnashes its toothless gums, and pockets its gains. Old soldiers hobble in front of hotels, on the side streets, singing patriotic melodies, and dexterously catching sous thrown by grisettes from the seventh story windows. Opposite the Grand Hotel, and on the Rue de Rivoli, where strangers congregate most, regular begging gangs are organized, and hem in even the most miserly. Hale and hearty workmen have the assurance to assume a limp, or close an eye, or conceal an arm, and wink at the *sergents-de-ville* who rebuke them for playing impostor.

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From every corner of France, the peasants, the rich bourgeois, people of rank and fortune, litterateurs and artists, have thronged up to Paris to celebrate this day. Last evening every train had three or four engines at its head, and a score of extra cars at its tail. The peasants, especially, make the fifteenth of August a holiday, and a trip to Paris then is the height of their ambition. They bring with them provisions for a couple of days, even the needed wine and the material for their salads, and as they file out of the stations the restaurant keepers stand back in dismay, thinking their occupation gone. In groups and processions they pour down the boulevards, often stopping to give food from their parcels to the importunate and delighted beggars.

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I found myself, on the evening of the Emperor's birthday, drifting to and fro on the boulevards, aim-

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less, and almost helpless among the immense crowds, when I ran plump into Hombert, who, while recovering his wind, managed to gasp out the word, "Trocadero;" and then, shoving an old beggar aside, sitting down, and grasping his paunch, asked me if I meant to see the fireworks. He had assisted at a score of these displays, Monsieur; and, word of honor! there was nothing more grand above ground. If we could manage to find a fiacre, said I; but he laughed as he assured me that no horses could be found in Paris streets that night. Monsieur would read of too many accidents. So, after much puffing and pushing, we came to the Place de la Concorde, and thence looked up the long avenue to the Arch of the Star. On each side, far as eye could reach, glittered double lines of gas jets, protected by luminous glass globes; and right in the street, where usually was an entanglement of magnificent equipages, now marched the children of Paris. It grew late as we approached the arch, and the long lines of soldiers were already impatient at the yelling and laughing crowds. In darkness and silence above the arch seemed to whisper of the great Napoleon's memory, and suggest that it was hardly best celebrated by sound and fury.

But fury, sound and glare came upon us. Hombert trod on my toe, I on a woman's dress, and one female was carried off in a dead faint, all because the thunderous powder in the fireworks around the arch, began to speak. Long lines of light trailed away toward the Bois de Boulogne, and the women, frantic

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shrieked as hundreds of rockets went up, for fear of the shower of sticks which might come down. Never before had I seen such magnificence. First, at the arch's base burned a sullen flame, as if the earth had opened and sent up its central fires to consume it. Slowly this crept on, while in the air above, from every side, roses, enigmas, mottoes, constellations, blazed in momentary splendor. Short, sharp commands were heard at intervals from the managers of the spectacle, but, as the light grew more intense, and the noise more terrific, we forgot them. Suddenly, the great figures on the arch's front came into full view; then above, on the whole top, glowed an encircling fire, which seemed to advance toward and recede from us—to waver—to blend—to tend skyward.

Crash!

Four women behind Hombert were carried away, pale and faint, and Hombert was open-mouthed. A shower of flame had descended on all sides of the arch, and the noble pile stood out in bold relief on the soft darkness of nature. For miles around, responsive displays lit up the heavens, and the roar was like that of battle. For a full hour the spectacle lasted; and when night's pall gradually settled upon us, we pressed forward to Trocadero.

Trocadero is a great plain, lately wrested from the embrace of the hills, and overhangs the Seine at the same elevation as does the Arch of the Star. To-night it is a dazzling stretch of lights, music, perfume, great open theatres, booths where gingerbread and crockery

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predominate, and the shoutings, the explosions are deafening. You mount to Trocadero by long flights of immensely wide steps from the Seine banks, at the lower end of Paris, and are at once in the midst of the festival. The theatres are merely extensive booths, open at one side, and capable of accommodating half a regiment of soldiers, who fight over again the latest successful campaign, or improvise one, in satire on the lack of war. The other exhibitions are promising without and petty within. A kaleidoscopic look at them is entrancing, but a near approach rather destroys their enchantment. Hombert and I got home in the morning, wearied with walking, and with our pockets emptied by the beggars, to go heavily to sleep without even a benediction on the Emperor's birthday.

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However, waked at noon next day, by clamorous Josef, with coffee at the door, I recall the festivities of yesterday and yesternight, and many yet unmentioned salient points thereof. On this particular yesterday, over which I half dream, as I munch the fragrant bread roll, I call to mind three of the most prominent persons in Paris, and what they were doing on that day. Girardin, the editor who makes Napoleon tremble, had gone a-fishing; Eugenie had deserted the Tuileries; and Napoleon was at the camp of Chalons. The latter personage did wisely to withdraw himself from the city of his building on that day; the celebration to honor his uncle could not be usurped to feed his own conceit; even the patient Parisians would hardly permit that.

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I fancied him turning restlessly on his bed in the dead silent night, and rubbing his worn eyes as they sparkled with new ambitions, destined never to be gratified; and gradually his impressive, fatigued, peculiar visage formed distinctly in the aromatic mist which floated upward from my coffee cup:

The most tired face in Europe, after Bismarck's. A face which seems perpetually working into ripples of unrest, with now and then a great wave of calm fluttering across it, majestic, tremendous,—gone! A face which you may see only once, and never forget; which crystallizes in the memory like those strange figures seen in dreams. Savagely practical, and intensely human, without being in the least humane. Like that of all great men, the side view of it is the most imposing. Here and there quivers a repulsive nerve, as witness those at the corners of the eyes, where wrinkles now proclaim Time's sway. It is very hard to see much of the old Cæsaric type, even in the medals where the fictitious laurel crown graces the brow. This is a man of expedients, subtle, always ready to clinch a thought rapidly with a deed; given to mistakes, and therefore constantly watchful, too alert to be pleasant. The sunshine never softens the face, costume never hightens it. The sombre Luxembourg palace were far more fitting as his residence, than the ornamented and cheery Tuileries. The face would show best in a dim apartment, where the weak lines would be lost in protecting shade, and the queer gleam of the eyes might better show forth. There is a perpetual over-night air

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about it; the brain seems to weigh heavily, to need more natural, instead of unnatural stimulus, continually; the eyes in the daylight, tell of a burdened, anxious stricken soul, which always *braves* its way, but never nobly asserts it. It is a face of make-shifts, of bargains; in no case, under no inspirations, one of earnest principle. It tells of severe labor, of much dissipation; it speaks very little of the vexations, the imprisonments, the adventures before the arrival at the throne; but rather of the anxieties, the risks of maintaining the seat upon that throne. Not one whit would it blanch on the scaffold; not one muscle would it move at the sight of a barricade, until the triumph came. The soul which looks from the eyes contends to the bitter extreme for material aggrandizement, and the body, like Cataline's, knows no limit to endurance of every kind, so long as hope endures. No sudden blow could crush this face to earth; only persistent battling of superior force can turn it from the foe. It is incapable of fright; rarely sensitive, in public, to emotion; always speaks more of the love of power than of real power itself. The hidden force is not fully expressed upon the lips; but craftiness is written there by a master hand, which never yet struck a false line. So now the coffee gets cold, and I swallow it, and go to the window to see the regiment of chasseurs marching by.

How and when have I seen this Napoleon Third, whose hold is now so firm upon France that it may strengthen into the grip of a dynasty?

A common sight enough as he trundles to the opera

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of an evening, or whirls in from St. Cloud at six o'clock of a summer morning, or through the Rue de la Paix, or the Tuileries Garden of a Sabbath afternoon, is Napoleon, Emperor. Very few Frenchmen ever take off their hats as he passes. Once when all the tailors in the city were holding bravely out in a strike, not one mouth cheered him as he rode, with a royal guest, from his palace through the streets. Yet he manifested no surprise, and seemed to be aware of no extraordinary crowd. The same old spirit which prompted him to rebuke the policeman who first looked into his carriage after the infernal machine had exploded under it, because he did not at once let down the steps, rules him, and through him rules the French people now. Whenever he conciliates, he takes care that all shall think he dictates in his own interest. When the assassin's ball sped close to his head last year, from the pistol of the Pole who wished to kill his royal Russian guest, he did not even move his arm. His life's very crown was when he sat, in panoply of war, near Bismarck and King William, with Alexander of Russia close at hand, and sixty French regiments marching and countermarching before him, yet there was even no satire in his look. The habitual restlessness of his face betrays nothing; many a man takes his firmest scowl for a smile, and *vice versa*, so rapidly the ripples chase each other. When Napoleon rode to the Tuileries with the Czar of Russia, in the year of his great triumph, his establishment, although an usurper, on a footing with all sovereigns, his face was really ra-

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diant. At no other time have I seen so much acknowledgment in it.

Rumor hath it that Napoleon Third shunned two things in the Paris exhibition of 1867, as he would the plague; one was the great Prussian cannon, a war-monster, built by the famous Krupp, and the other was Vela's statue of the "Last Days of Napoleon First." This statue, which won the first gold medal, represented the great conqueror seated and leaning back in his arm-chair, in his exile at St. Helena, with the chart of Europe upon his lap, and his fingers wandering aimlessly over it. The great eyes seemed looking backward into the past, and the lips were curved in inexpressible sadness. A picture was published during the exhibition, representing the present Emperor standing close to the statue, and gazing upon it with a look which spoke of misgiving, of lack of confidence in his own future; but this very expression leads one to doubt that the Emperor ever encountered his uncle's "counterfeit presentment." Napoleon Third does not air his fears.

Now-a-days, when he goes to the opera, there is very little of the scrupulous guarding of his person, so carefully attended to years ago. A mounted gendarme, at the corner of each important street he has to pass, is the only indication of his approach. Of course M. Elroy, the chief of the secret police, has his forces properly arranged for an emergency; and it is best to obey the man who shoulders you aside, in an authoritative manner, when there is a street blockade,

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because, although in citizens' clothes, he may be a police agent. A few soldiers of the national guard stroll outside the opera house doors, and in the passages; and the Emperor's carriage, with his fat old coachman on the box, is always waiting on a side street half an hour before the representation is over. So that you may put your hands on the horses, and even peep into the carriage, without being ordered away, if you have an itch to observe the belongings of royalty.

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All day long, on each anniversary of the Emperor's birthday, the great guns in front of the Hotel des Invalides are fired by the old veterans, and crowds make pilgrimages to the crypt in which Bonaparte reposes. Yesterday morning, was it not—yes,—Hombert and I strolled thither, and found the whole esplanade in front of the hospital blockaded by the fences around Nadar's mammoth balloon, the ascension of which is one of the day's sensations. So we went a round about way, arriving at last at the angle of the great wall which guards the entrance to the crypt, and here got entangled in the crowd. Far above us rose the majestic dome, only marred by the stagings which spoke of its incompleteness. The old soldiers were worse than when we went to military mass—and seemed to want all we had in our pockets, to procure eatables, drinkables, and smokables. I am afraid some of the old Invalides are dreadfully intemperate, but it must be because they now lead such a monotonous life, after the hurly-burly of a soldier's career.

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I drew one of the old veterans into a conversation, while I treated him to hot waffles, from an out-door merchant's little range, in a shady corner of the wall.

"Does the Emperor often come here?" said I.

"*Parbleu!* he is here already, I should say, and has rested well this many a good year," said the toothless old fellow, showing his gums with laughter, as if he intended to make me understand that *he*, at least, recognized only one Emperor, alive or dead, on this most important of French fête days.

I had to fee him even for thus joking me, and was glad when the gates leading to the chapel and tomb opened, and let us in. The policemen beat back such as hurried to the detriment of order, and we all had to assume a proper and staid gait and appearance, ere we ascended the steps.

Although Napoleon's tomb is, in most respects, the finest in the world, its surroundings are not all in the best taste, and the sinking of the tomb in a crypt, into the top of which spectators may look, standing around it precisely as a crowd surrounds a bear pit, is especially improper. Many of the tombs at Saint-Denis were, to my fancy, much more imposing than this where Napoleon the Great rests. The sepulchre is exactly under the great tower, and in the chapel commonly called the *Dome*, because old Mansard built it beneath his masterpiece which crowns so gracefully the tower, 138 feet high. The total height from the ground to the summit of the cross on the dome, is 323 feet. As you enter the chapel, the magnificent high

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altar, at the farther end, at once strikes your eye, with its columns ornamented with bands of vine leaves and wheat ears, and the angels, upholding censers. In the lateral chapels are the apotheoses of saints; and above, in the lower vaulting of the dome, are the unfortunate figures of the early French Kings, which, in the Revolution's fury, were changed into portraits of Greek and Roman philosophers, and now, in the days of the Second Empire, have again been converted to their nationality and sovereignty.

Descend this flight of steps, and you stand before the tomb of Napoleon. All above and around runs a covered gallery, supported by twelve pillars, on which lean a dozen figures of victory. These each face the tomb, and by attitude and gesture seem to call upon the dead soldier to arise and follow them to fresh conquests. As one enters the vault, he is almost startled by a wondrous statue of Napoleon, which stands in a niche of black marble, over which a lamp hangs, and throws a weird glare upon it. Here the Emperor is costumed for the consecration which made him king. On an antique altar, before this statue, lie the three keys of the coffin in which the Emperor's remains were placed at St. Helena, a crown of gold offered him by the city of Cherbourg, the hat he wore at Eylau, and the sword he carried at Austerlitz. On each side, in the vault, are suspended the flags taken in the various campaigns, and sent to be grouped around him who had seen them fall, by the chamber of peers, when the remains were transported to the chapel, from their tem-

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porary resting-places of St. Helena and an obscure church in another quarter of Paris.

Napoleon's old marshals, Duroc and Bertrand, repose near him, in tombs on either hand. The Emperor's sarcophagus is a rough monolith of Finland granite, given for the purpose by the Emperor of Russia, and resting on a pedestal of green marble. Inside this block the body lies, enveloped in five coffins—of tin, of mahogany, of lead, of ivory, of oak.

The inscription on the tomb, taken from Bonaparte's own lips, is doubtless what Napoleon Third often repeats to himself, thinking how well it were for him to have some such sepulchral catch-words, to blot out the remembrance of his tyrannies:

"*I wish my ashes to repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of that French people whom I have loved so well.*"

But as Hombert and I stand in the vault, conning the sentence, it is still doubtful whether or not Napoleon Third will die in Paris, in bed, in battle, or by stealthy bullet.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

EXPOSITION SNATCHES.—HOMBERT AND THE DAISY.

I am one of those not ashamed of their friends, no matter how humble they may be, and was surprised, in turn, to see that Hombert and his wife were astonished, to think that I one day invited them to accompany me to the "gasometer," as the Parisians called Napoleon's ugly palace of the Universal Exposition of 1867. Precious little time had my good landlord had for sight-seeing, as the flow of the world's rich to Lutetia had given him extra work as well as gains, and he hailed my invitation as the sign for a holiday. Madame climbed into the interior of the omnibus. Hombert and myself bumped on the top, across the city to the Seine, over the gay Pont de l'Alma, and down a long avenue to the very borders of the Champ de Mars.

It was early, for Paris, when we arrived, being high-noon, and as we had purposely refrained from taking breakfast at home, to tempt our palates at the exhibition, we entered a long board shanty, and there found my old friend from California, who surprised my French companions by giving us vegetables in the same course

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with meat, coffee as the standard drink instead of wine, and "what do you call it, *āplpee*" (apple pie) for dessert.

The Porte Rapp, the most frequented entrance to the Exposition Palace, after that at the Pont d'Iena, confronted us, ere the medal and penholder and "Plan of Paris" sellers would cease clinging to our garments, and beseeching us to buy their wares. A perfect tempest of fiacres endangered life and limb, despite the systematic assistance of the policemen, who only allowed one to pause before the gate, and deliver its passenger, at a time. At the gate, so arranged that but one could enter at once, we deposited a silver franc each, and stood upon the enchanted ground.

It was all like a dream to Hombert, who had insisted in coming in his skull cap, because he could not easily find his beaver, and who was constantly struggling out of it, in admiration before some statue, bit of stained glass, or charming girl. Around the outside of the great circular iron and glass structure swept a clean asphalte pavement, sheltered by the projecting roof, to which were appended myriads of gas lamps. This outer circle, as all the world knows, was completely occupied by the ample restaurants which represented the world's cookery, and by the reading and writing and toilette saloons; and every restaurant had the real Parisian café chairs and tables ranged in front of them. It is no wonder that Hombert wished to make that tour first. But we dissuaded him, and went wandering between the long counters covered with attractive guide-books and pictures, until the whir of machinery

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struck on the ear, and we were in the sixth group, listening to the blending of the notes of the massive organ in

"A low melodious thunder,"

with the fall of trip-hammers, the clash of shuttles, the whirl of wheels, the hum of spindles, and hiss of pistons. It took us a good hour to get down the long passage which led to the central garden, because Madame had to stop so long and wonder. But the perfume drifted in to us on a miraculous little breeze, and we hurried through the different groups to this oasis in the palace's centre.

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Hombert loses his hat and his consciousness at once in admiration. Here we are at the centre. Dense beds of blossoms extend along the gravelled walks, and airy statues of nymphs, fauns, satyrs, and dozens of the creations of the lively Greek fancy rise on every hand. In the centre stands the pavilion devoted to the exhibition of coinage, and weights and measures of all nations, and all around on the walls of the palace are inscribed the names of the various nations into whose department we may enter. While my good friends go to wonder over the guns in the American department, I wander into the Italian sculpture gallery.

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Penetrating to the vestibule, I find at the entrance Saint Michael triumphing over Lucifer, the fiend fallen and groveling, with the smile of despair on his lips.

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At one side I am confronted by the massive brow and cynical lips of Dante, whose bitter frown seems to scorn the idea of all this pomp and display; and near by, in broad contrast, two Mænads are helping home a drunken satyr. Galileo and Columbus guard the second vestibule. The bust of the discoverer of America is magnificent. From the patient look in the eyes, the proud reserve of the lips, the disdain of the arched brow, one gathers the idea of greatness, of faith. Galileo's head is equally positive, aggressive, self-reliant; even the wart on his face seems to swell with indignation, when ignorance persecutes him. I pass this vestibule, and enter a long saloon. Above is hung cool white drapery; on one side are niches filled with statues and busts, and on the other rise the facades and decorations of Russia, from which country the saloon or avenue takes its name. I would have had it named the street of beauty, for none others can compare with it. The walls on the Italian side are decorated with designs of the fine arts, and above the niches those letters which one now finds only on broken monuments and buried stones, "S. P. Q. R," figure proudly. Near the entrance of the saloon is the statue in fine Canova marble, representing the last "days of Napoleon I." Frenchmen go into tears before this. Utterly different from this, and not eliciting so much regard from the careless, is the wonderful figure of the dying Christ, with Mary at his head, the crown of thorns pressed to her bosom. At the entrance of the second portico stands a resurrected Christ.

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One of the great beauties of this department arises from contrast. For instance, I stand before a statue of our mother Eve, "new born from Adam's rib" (as the catalogue, romantic for once, indicated); but I can not find it my ideal of the woman who tempted Adam to eat the apple. The serpent is trailing at her feet, but there is a cynical, reliant smile upon her lips, which I cannot reconcile with the character which the Bible gives the first woman. Further on, mark you, I find another statue of Eve, the apples in her hand, and the serpent whispering in her ear. Here nature is "naked and not ashamed;" here primal innocence, led astray by rebellious power, is plainly enough portrayed, and were the second sculptor present, I could thank him for his contradiction of the ideal of the first. In other cases this contrast of conception is remarkable. Two artists have exposed marble versions of "Camilla," the huntress-virgin of Virgil's song, and the statues are utterly different in matter and manner. After all, is not art absolute? Has it any standard? Does not imagination rule in the air?

Passing marble innocences gazing in fountains and dreaming on pillows and playing with feathers, I pause before a gigantic statue of Peter the Great, the builder of the Russian empire. This is the work of an Italian artist, and it is the wonder of the saloon. Life seems to penetrate into every pore of the marble face. I could not have imagined art so powerful before seeing this. Farther on is the statue of Charlotte Corday, the brave girl who killed Marat in the old

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French Revolution. She is seated, thinking; the girlish face knitted like iron, and the eyes turned as if to fathom the sincerity of her real purpose. One can read in the face, "Shall I do the deed?" While I pass at the feet of Arnould, the revolutionary monk of Brescia, and regard in a niche Cupid tickling the ear of an amorous lion with his bow, I come suddenly upon an immense statue of Columbus, raising his hands in triumph, while the New World, in the guise of a frightened Indian girl, peers out at her dark future, clinging trustfully to his side. A revelation to me, a new ideal, is a statue of Lucifer, son of the morning, fallen from heaven and seated in the burning lake, with his hand lifted half defiantly, half regretfully, to heaven, and his wings poised as if he would return. Here is the angel who feels for once his inexpressible loss and the bitterness of sin; but all other ideals that I have seen before have been different. Gustave Doré's "Lucifer" at the moment of his fall is a wicked creation, who, judging from his looks, one would think ought never to have been in heaven at all, and was justly turned out. The hand, lifted to the skies as if at once to pull them down and drag himself up, is the whole strength of the work before me.

Groups of bronzes from the museum of Naples follow, and then I find myself suddenly again amid the rush and rattle of the machinery department.

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Refreshed with this, I go now to the American restaurant, which looks out upon the glories of the park,

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and find Hombert and Madame puzzling their heads over a sherry cobbler, and a negro waiter—two things heretofore unknown to them. They point out to me what I had never noticed before, that the Germans all preserve the cobbler straws to be carried away as mementoes "of the American drink." Sam, who is a good specimen of our irrepressibles at home, finally brings us coffee, and, afterwards, some soda from Dow's fountain. Over this Madame falls into a shiver, and to restore her hilarity we enter the Tunisian café, and listen to the refrain of the Algerian orchestra. Seated cross-legged on gay cushions, the four bespangled musicians thump their rude instruments, and hum over and over again the same monotonous tune. This disgusts us soon enough, and we wander outside gazing now at the hideous Swiss girls in their stiff angular costumes, the Russian moujiks, serving hot tea and heavy viands on their beautifully carved tables, the Viennese waiters, twelve beer glasses in each hand, hurrying to fill their orders, and the Chinamen supping tea at the counter of their gay and uncouth little commercial pagoda. The white caps and scarlet dresses of the Swedish and Norwegian girls, in the Scandinavian restaurants, attract Hombert, and Madame declares the English eating-saloon, with its mammoth bar, and blonde long-haired bar-maids, highly disgusting. So we go around the entire outer circle.

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A brilliant idea strikes Hombert. Word of a man! his feet already burn with fatigue, and Madame will

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faint; the day is long still, (he counts the hours until midnight) therefore let us spend time judiciously, in visiting three or four prominent curiosities of the Exposition. And if Monsieur will be pleased to name them! only let us take the picture galleries, the marbles, and the historical museums at some future time.

Well, then, let us leave the palace's interior until another day, and content ourselves with seeing the omnibus-restaurant, taking a stroll around the International theatre, peering at some of the queer buildings, going to hear Strauss' concerts, and walking home by moonlight. Quite enough, think they, and we begin.

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On our way to the omnibus-restaurant, I happen to meet an American family, who deserve especial notice. Father, mother, and two daughters, finding that I speak English, ask me in the same breath for some needed information, and then Hombert, thinking them my friends, insists on their joining the party. He and the American paterfamilias become well acquainted by signs, but the women get on poorly, strange to say; and I am glad when we are seated at table.

"Been to Rome, hey?" asks the father, and his daughters echo the question.

Yes—of course. "And isn't it a terrible place? But them brigands ain't no account besides them of our'n on the Chauns Elizee. Our landlord charges us ten sous for a miserable little wax candle, don't you think; and, oh, there! do see that Frenchman eating bread without

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butter on it! Oh, Pa, I forgot! Why don't that little girl come and take the order. And oh! Mister, what plan does this restaurant work on?"

Which reminds me to say, in fact, that it is an immense temporary structure, capable of accommodating a couple of thousand persons at its tables, and conducted on the plan of Duval's restaurants. It is picturesque to a degree, this little world of eaters, in every costume and variety of complexion, with its lithe waiter girls, shooting across the clean floors to take the orders constantly shouted for. Hombert and wife and I modestly demand a mazacran, a deep cup full of hot coffee, some soft Swiss cheese, and a little bread with a quarter pint of wine each; and the American family indulge in a host of things they do not want, bewildered by the names and the variety. We pay fifteen sous each, and our friends five francs each. So much for knowing how. I explain it to the old gentleman, who, I suspect, was a wholesale grocer some time in his life.

"Wal, the fact is, I don't much care," he answers. "Not that I want to be wasteful, you know, but then, we've got along in the world, and we're bound to have all the good 's to be had in Europe, d'ye see. Me 'n my wife 're 'bout decided to stay over this side till that Pacific railroad 's done, and then we're going round the world home by the Frisco line of steamers from Hong Kong, and down to Maine from the Rocky Mountains. After all we've seen, we would n't give the real out and out Yankee style of living for all your French fixings, Mounseer," waving his hand to

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Hombert, who accepts it as a compliment, and bows gracefully. "Come up and see us, Avenue Friedland, number —. We ain't used to living up stairs to hum, but here it's the fashion. Good day to ye." And he takes his brood off, his face set with an inflexible resolve to see every square inch of the exhibition and Europe, before he starts for Maine, via Hong Kong, San Francisco, the Rocky Mountains, and New York.

So rapidly we pass in review China, Japan, Siam, Morocco, Roumania, Turkey, Egypt, Russia, with its model cottages and splendid stables, Prussia with its minerals and projectiles, America with its locomotives, sewing-machines, and steam-pumps, England with its labor-saving marvels, and France and Italy with their delicacies, that Hombert begs to be allowed to drop into a café concert, which is kept going day and evening, and where the songs and recitations in his native tongue are varied and pleasant. As we sit resting there, I cannot but reflect how few people who have not been abroad appreciate the nature of that popular amusement which the Parisians call the café chantant. Let us take the Eldorado (classic name), on the Boulevard Sevastopol, as the best specimen of these places, and examine it thoroughly. It is a richly, elegantly decorated hall, built on the plan of a theatre, with the exception of the sittings, so planned as not to allow any distinctions of caste, and all having tables in front of them, where the spectator, who enters at the door free, is expected to have his coffee, beer or lemonade placed before him. Strong liquors

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are rarely seen in these places; the Parisian taste does not require them. The New Yorker swallows his hot whisky in moody silence at the Metropolitan bar, and then hies away to seek his pleasures in ways which are infinitely worse than the debaucheries even of the French demi-monde. But the Parisian comes to the Eldorado or Alcazar, finds good artists on the stage, his cigars or coffee served in cheap, yet fine style, and spends an occasional evening pleasantly and profitably; that is, he is amused; and we are beginning to find in America that work is not the chief end of man; he must have some relaxation. Tragedy and comedy get their full share of attention on the stages of these cafés; the life of the street and mansion is reflected, and politics are satirized in the ballads; and the immense floating population finds novelty and amusement in a legitimate manner. It has been said that Americans would not fancy this class of entertainments, but the gilded doors of the Alcazar swing open as often before the representatives of Yankee land here as before the incoming French and Germans. One would think, not having seen the modus operandi of these café concerts, that the freedom of action in the audience would debar anything artistic upon the stage, but I have seen hundreds in tears over the "Imprecations of Hermione," or in ecstacies over the variations of the "Daughter of the Regiment," in these same concerts, where the waiter brings you at once a programme of music and drama, and a cup of Mocha, sending up its incense to the altar of enjoyment which

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good sense and excellent taste has created here, and supports in a legitimate and respectable way.

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The charm of wandering in the park at the exhibition is found in the wondrous contrasts constantly afforded. It is only a few minutes' walk from the model American school-house to the palace of the viceroy of Egypt, where the twelve mystic Sphinxes frown upon you, as you pass up to the hieroglyphic-covered doorway. Here you tread upon flowers; near by upon sands. An iron foundry's clamor disturbs you; you rush away from it, into the nest-like quietude of La Creche, or asylum for babies. At one corner of an alley stands an Egyptian, a dirty colored individual, wound in a coarse blanket; close to him is an elegant Viennese, fastidiously examining him with his eye-glass. As it grows evening, the electric lights, from the great iron tower which rises out of the lake in the park's centre, throw a glamour on the Seine which makes it doubly enchanting. The immense row of booths, around the outer circle of the palace, and facing the restaurants, break into gas glow. Grave looking Turks are selling amber beads, strong perfumes, slippers and fez caps; a Yankee has a cheap boot and shoe store; a Chinaman hints at smuggled opium at a bargain; the French woman with the gay cap on offers chocolate bonbons, *champagne frappè* and beautiful cigarette cases, close beside the exhibitor of filthy reptiles, and torturer of his body into frightful shapes. The Bible societies give away their tracts near the international club-room,

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where the wicked and festive make themselves at home; and the open shops where one judges of the quality of wine by freely tasting the different brands, without money, and without price, are not far from the medicine bureau, where one pays very high prices for even the smallest suddenly needed remedy.

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Night settles slowly down, and the great palace begins to grow deserted, save in its circle of restaurants and cafés. Groups wander to the International theatre, around which a curious crowd is gathered, listening to the jargon of the Cuban orange-peddlers, and noting the American Indian who parades up and down near by. We enter, and while the varied performance is in progress, I muse a little on the nature of the Paris theatre in general, and its audience in particular.

Although the city has forty establishments which pretend to the theatre's dignity, the majority of them are no better contrived than those in the other great capitals of the world. They are badly ventilated, and such famous ones as the Porte St. Martin, and the Theatre Français are by no means imposing architecturally. The architect of the new Grand Opera has done what the appropriations would allow him, to make a fine building, but even he has in a measure failed. Of course in interior arrangement now and then a stroke of French taste is visible; but no Paris theatre is comfortable on a hot midsummer night. The taste for glittering spectacles and trashy melodramas, now gradually being replaced by a return

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to the noble standard drama of the country, has allowed Paris to lag in its theatrical architecture. Managers have spent all their money upon their stage decorations, in their efforts to vie with each other, and have seen too late that they had nothing left with which to improve their audience rooms. But the new theatres going up here and there in the city may remedy all these defects.

Nothing is more democratic than a Paris theatre. The workman in blouse may go wherever his purse will permit him; and is as often in the parquet as in the gallery. When the Frenchman goes to the theatre, he goes in heartily for amusement. Even if he is at a tragedy, he is sure to have some fun between the acts. As there is no music, the moment the curtain thumps upon the stage, every one rises in his or her seat, and a lively hum of conversation is heard from all parts of the house. Old friends hail each other, trumpeting through their hands from orchestra stall to highest gallery. Peddlers of fruit and wine, of lemonade and ice-water, yell at the top of their voices. The people above knot their handkerchiefs, and, appending an orange, let down the string to bump some bald old gentleman, and to draw it up slowly, when he becomes enraged. Just before the curtain rises in the last act, the old women who insist on checking your overcoats, hats, and canes, at what is called the *vestiaire*, as you enter the theatre, push noisily in through the crowd, and return them to you, demanding a gratuity. When the play is ready to proceed, three loud raps change

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the tumult to dead silence, and seats are resumed in a moment

As we do not care to see Arabs eat live coals and dance their native dances, and as this is all the amusement the International theatre furnishes on this particular evening, Hombert, Madame and I desert it, and steal, amid the changing glow of the electric lights, across the park to the great club-house, likewise called International, where Johann Strauss and his band from Vienna, are discoursing most ravishing music.

The nervous master stands amid his orchestra, playing one of his own waltzes, and keeping time to its lilting strains by quick movements which show that he is filled with music. An intense, passionate, dreamy-faced man; his long, black hair lifted back from his high brow as if by the night breeze; a real Viennese, handsome, haughty, self-reliant, but so wrapt in his music when he plays! That violin, lifted so tenderly, struck so masterly, with long, yet quick sweeps of the magic bow, carries all its hearers beyond themselves. Space and time are forgotten; the melodies and their interpreter conquer us. As he stands among his sixty musicians, he seems a god. Perhaps it is a little waltz, with the trill of a bird, the perfume of a rose, a gleam of moonlight, the matchless cadence of a song, all mingled in it, with inexpressible perfection of execution! First he plays; then the whole orchestra joins, and above all the instruments rise the clear, lovely notes from Johann's violin. Erect he stands,

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pale, beating the stage nervously with one foot, swaying his form a trifle in unison with the chords; then a sudden hush, a short bow, a quick turn—he is gone, and we dare to breathe again.

Hombert has soul enough to remark that this is a fitting close to a day rightly spent; and the old fellow actually grows sober and reserved. But only for a moment; for now he is laughing heartily because Madame Hombert has picked up a trampled daisy, which some girl has thrown idly by. As she cherishes it, he persuades her to make it tell whether or not she still loves him as of yore. Pluck now five petals, Madame, and one of these five sentences must you repeat for every petal torn away,—now, then; "*One, I love thee,—two, a little,—three, very much,—four, passionately,—five, not at all.*" Good. Over and over again, until the petals are exhausted, and bravo for Hombert, who is in luck, as the last petal testifies to *I love thee!*

At this Hombert is so delighted that he struggles out of his cap, and bestows a kiss on Madame then and there, while the Strauss music, recommenced, grows wilder and sweeter, and withal so enchanting that we think we had better hear it an hour longer, and then adjourn to a café near by, to talk it over before we walk home by moonlight. *Parbleu!* says Hombert, "we might have gone to that café in the first place, heard all this music through the open windows, and saved forty sous by it."

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